The Mothers *of* Some Distinguished Georgians

Of the Last Half of the Century

COMPILED BY

SARAH HARRIET BUTTS

"These do not wear
Trappings of state, nor gird upon their side
Resistless steel, nor any symbol bear
To show they wrought a nation's life and pride.

These do not crave
Fame's voice, for their high task is far above
Her wavering tone, soon muffled by the grave:
These, in the royal consciousness of love,

Ask but to gaze
On their great work, and, seeing it is good,
Put graciously aside all meed of praise,
Content in God's best gift—pure motherhood."

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SARAH HARRIET BUTTS

TO THE MOTHERS OF GEORGIA

For you these wreaths of laurel—not the rue,
  Borne with lament and tears to churchyard bowers,
Where there is naught to wail, nor to bestrew
  With sad memorial herb or fading flowers.

Since you are not the perished from the earth,
  Though each no more in her old sphere doth move,
To grace the cot or mansion of her birth
  Noble alike in toil and truth and love;

Yet you are mothers to a race of men
  In whom you live and move in the great State;
Speak in her councils, wield the sword, and pen,
  And at Heaven's altars faithful serve and wait.

LOUISE PALMER SMITH.

DEDICATION

IN MEMORY of two mothers who were the inspiration of this Mother-book, it is lovingly dedicated:

To *mine*, who in the flush and glory of young womanhood, with Christian faith and joy, passed into her Father's House.

To *his*, who through more than the allotted span of life and changing fortunes, bore the heat and burden of her days with dignity and faithfulness, and her crown of years with grace and gentleness until she fell asleep,—her beneficent influence resting like a benediction upon all who knew her.

S. H. B.

MOTHER-LOVE

There is a love that asks for no returning—
  That sheds its radiance on life's darkest ways;
A soft and steadfast fire forever burning,
  To guide Man's footsteps through his length of days.

When friendship fails, and other love is dying,
  To this devotion how the tired heart clings!
On Mother-love his steadfast hope relying,
  To Mother-love Man's noblest, best, he brings.

FRANCES DU BIGNON.

Preface

It is with great reluctance that I send out "The Mothers of Distinguished Georgians." No one can be more fully aware of its incompleteness than myself. My hope is, that an intelligent public will grant it that gracious charity which the subject merits.

There is no pretense of any fine writing in these tributes to Mothers. They have not been "edited," and scarcely a word or expression has been changed from the original MSS., and their charm of variety and naturalness will appeal to all.

That I have had great difficulty in making this collection, it is useless to assert. From the first I resolved not to intrude upon the privacy of a family without the permission of its ostensible head, and I regret to say, in a few instances I failed to interest this particular member, and refrained from further effort.

In other cases, a few to whom I applied made no response after more than one appeal; others, so desirable, would promise time after time, I am sure with good intent, and still the sketches would fail to arrive.

I judge that many would have contributed had they understood fully the spirit of the book, and it is with immeasurable regret I close the volume without these illustrious names adding their lustre to its pages.

To that greater number who have, with unfailing kindness, aided me in my efforts; who have with such courtesy and consideration rested a time from their pressing public duties to have these sketches prepared; in some notable instances, the illustrious sons with their own hands writing the tributes, I can only express my sincere thanks and appreciation.

I like to say that it is to the young—the children—I hope these Mothers will appeal, and to that end the more enduring binding has been selected, rather than one fancy or fashion might have dictated.

In conclusion, the Mothers are before you in a book, and as it has been the incidental cause of many a mother lost to sight and almost to memory being brought forth to light and influence, view them with that kindly and reverential interest which has inspired

THE COMPILER.

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Contents

	PAGE
Malinda Cox Gordon	1
Anne Eliza Gartrell Grady	3
Sarah Williamson Bird Lamar	5
Loretto Rebecca Lamar Chappell	7
Mary Anderson Lanier	9
Louisa Maria Northen	11
Julia Knox Hull Wheeler	13
Elizabeth Ware Long	15
Esther Habersham Elliott	17
Charlotte Bull Barnwell Elliott	19
Margaret M. Calhoun	21
Janet McRae Brantley	23
Ann McIntosh Ward	25
Ann Quarterman LeConte	27
Ann LeConte Stevens	29
Caroline Ann Smith	31
Ann Holbrook Goulding	34
Frances Lloyd Bartow	36
Carolina Wyatt Starke Coleman	38
Laura Robinson Rootes Cobb	40
Martha Jacqueline Rootes Jackson	42
Sarah Battaille Cobb Rutherford	44
Mildred Lewis Rootes Cobb	46
Phœbe Adgate Lipscomb	49
Mildred Lewis Cobb Jackson	51
Martha Cobb Grant	53
Malinda Lewis White Benning	56
Sarah Eliza Pope Barrow	59
Ann V. du Bignon	61
Margaret Grier Stephens	63
Matilda Lindsay Stephens	65
Jane Warner	67
Margaret Stanley Beckwith	69
Mrs. Charles Howard	70
Annulet Ball Andrews	72
Catherine Winn Fleming	74
Mary Louisa Bacon	76

PAGE

Mary Wilson Hill Clements 78
Susan Stearns Calhoun 81
Hannah White Munnerlyn 82
Sarah Skrine Howard Evans 84
Catherine Bathsheba Fleming 85
Nancy C. Matthews Candler 87
Martha Beall Candler 89
Mary Ann Dent Longstreet 90
Hannah Randolph Longstreet 92
Sarah McClellan Means 93
Catherine Rebecca Parry Stanton 95
Hannah Lord King 96
Sarah Ann Houstoun Anderson 98
Margarette MacPherson Berrien 99
Julia Adelaide Erwin Howell 101
Catherine Davenport Johnston 103
Martha Mosse Lawton 105
Anne H. Dunham 107
Cynthia Sumner Mell 109
Lurene Howard Cooper Mell 112
Anna Fitch White 114
Clara Corinne Knight 116
Rebecca Freeman Hillyer 118
Elizabeth Fain Trammell 120
Ann Eliza Estill 122
Keturah Pringle 124
Nancy Lane Colquitt 126
Sarah Parham Hill 129
Matilda Septima McIntosh 131
Elizabeth Griffing Edwards 133
Sally Brown 135
Elizabeth Brown 137
Susannah Tomlinson Fort 139
Martha Fannin Fort 141
Mary Brent Hoke Smith 143
Mary Anne McDonald Atkinson 145
Rhoda Paisley Gaulden 147
Jane Eleanor Martin (Zinn) Foster 149
Sara Jane Kirby McClendon 152
Nancy Harris Slaton 154
Jamima Briggs Hall 156
Margery Spalding Baillie Kell 158
Elizabeth Alexander Winship 159
Sarah Trulee Park 161
Louisa Ropeler Lucas Stovall 163
Mattie Wilson Stovall 164
Augusta George Anna Kirkland Black 166

PAGE

ADALINE ELIZABETH WRIGHT 168
POLLY BUFORD MCFADDEN GASTON 169
LOUISA M. HOUGHTON EDWARDS 171
SARAH JOYCE HOOPER ALEXANDER 173
AUGUSTA DOROTHEA OELENHEINZ WENTZ 175
ELIZABETH CAROLINE JONES-YOUNG 177
CAROLINE REBECCA HARRISS 178
THEODORA PHELPS ATKINSON 180
SARA STRAUS 182
FRANCES ISABELLA GARTEREY URQUHART GARRARD 184
JULIA MCPHERSON BERRIEN WHITEHEAD 187
SUSAN ANN HOWARD SMITH 189
CATHARINE HULING TOOMBS 191
SARAH ELLIS HARDEE 193
SARAH R. TERRELL 195

Illustrations

	FACING PAGE
Anne Eliza Gartrell Grady	2
Loretto Rebecca Lamar Chappell	6
Louisa Maria Northen	10
Margaret M. Calhoun	20
Caroline Ann Smith	30
Carolina Wyatt Starke Coleman	38
Sarah Battaille Cobb Rutherford	44
Mildred Lewis Cobb Jackson	50
Martha Cobb Grant	52
Ann V. du Bignon	60
Jane Warner	66
Annulet Ball Andrews	72
Mary Wilson Hill Clements	78
Hannah White Munnerlyn	82
Catherine Bathsheba Fleming	86
Mary Ann Dent Longstreet	90
Catherine Rebecca Parry Stanton	94
Sarah Ann Houstoun Anderson	98
Julia Adelaide Erwin Howell	100
Anne H. Dunham	106
Clara Corinne Daniel Knight	116
Elizabeth Fain Trammell	120
Ann Eliza Estill	122
Matilda Septima McIntosh	130
Sally Brown	134
Elizabeth Grisham Brown	136
Martha Fannin Fort	140
Mary Anne McDonald Atkinson	144
Jane Eleanor Martin Foster	148
Sara Jane Kirby McClendon	152
Jamima Briggs Hall	156
Elizabeth Alexander Winship	160
Mattie Wilson Stovall	164
Adaline Elizabeth Wright	168
Louisa M. Houghton Edwards	170
Augusta Dorothea Oelenheinz Wentz	174
Theodora Phelps Atkinson	180
Sara Straus	182
Sarah R. Terrell	194

Malinda Cox Gordon, the mother of John B. Gordon, was the daughter of a planter and the wife of a preacher. We shall find few startling incidents, but much that is inspiring, in her life—a life so lived that all who knew her were drawn closer to God and to duty. This short sketch is given that those who love and honor her son, the soldier, statesman, and orator, may pay just homage to her memory.

Her father was Ichabod Cox, a man whose strong personality made a deep impress upon his community. His plantation was in Talbot County, Georgia. Here she was born in the year 1800. Hers was the wholesome child life of the old plantation days, when the activity of body and mind was balanced, and for every hour spent in learning the housekeeper's art and in study, there were hours of out-door sport. She was taught to ride in her early childhood, and never lost her enthusiasm for this sport, often riding gallantly after the hounds, on the fox and deer hunt, with her husband and his friends.

Her nature was strongly spiritual, and her girlhood was full of religious enthusiasm, expressed in a practical religious life. She taught in the neighboring Sunday-school, and was always a leader in charitable work. One Sunday morning a young minister—a stranger—filled the pulpit of her church. His attention was caught by the beauty of a voice which rose above the congregation. It was the voice of the slender young girl with the auburn hair who sat near the front. As soon as the service was completed he was introduced to her and her father, and was invited to dine with them. He accepted the invitation, and this was the beginning of a story of love which ended only with death.

The young minister's name was Zachariah Gordon. She became his wife, and was his true helpmeet as he served in Christ's cause, preaching in one place after another for seventy years, never accepting a permanent call and never accepting pay. He lived to be ninety-one years of age.

He owned a large plantation in Upson County, and here she spent the first years of her married life. Their home was near the border line of the Creek Indian settlements, and they lived in constant danger of attacks from the Indians. The soldierly spirit of her afterward famous son was often stirred in his boyish heart by the muster and drill of the neighboring farmers. In order to be ready to protect their homes, they came together once or twice a year, with such arms as they possessed, and went through the ordinary drill—a brave though ununiformed band, commanded by her husband.

It was at this period of her life that a strange prophecy was made of her, which the after years fulfilled. An old minister who was visiting their home told them one morning of a vision which had come to him the night before. "I was taken to heaven in my dream, and there, Sister Gordon, I saw you and Brother Gordon surrounded by twelve children." "I have but two children," she laughingly replied, "so I fear it was not I whom you

saw!" When she died she had had twelve children, eleven sons and one daughter. She was a careful housekeeper, but domestic cares did not keep her when duty called her husband away. She went with him on his circuits, often enduring great fatigue, and by her gentleness and goodness she illustrated the strength and beauty of the spirit of the Christ her husband preached.

After a few years they moved to North Georgia, and their home was on the highway between LaFayette, in Walker County, and Dalton, in Whitfield County. Both of these towns were county sites; and the lawyers of the day, travelling back and forth in private conveyance, were all entertained at her hospitable board. Judge Underwood, who was the most noted wit of his day; Hon. William Henry Stiles, who was afterward United States Minister to Russia; Hon. Mark A. Cooper and Judge Augustus R. Wright afterward a member of the Confederate Congress, were among her friends; and Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, when conducting his memorable political campaigns, was also a frequent guest in her house.

Thus living in the even tenor of her way, she neared the great sacrifice which her country was to ask of her.

When the voice of the peacemaker failed, and war was declared between North and South, all of the five sons who were living at that time volunteered to go to the front, the youngest being only fifteen years of age. She gave them with the agony of a mother, but with the fortitude of a patriot. She was living at the time in the mountains of Georgia, near the Tennessee River, and here she stayed, praying for her sons and the cause of her country until the Northern army appeared on the opposite side of the river. She then fled, with what she could hastily gather, to Columbus, Georgia. But the terrors of war followed her. She was now advanced in years, but amid the destruction and devastation which surrounded her, she was brave and calm, and her spirit as undaunted as that of her son, who was then in far away Virginia, winning the stars of a general, and earning his title, "the Chevalier Bayard of Lee's army."

She died in 1865, in Columbus, surrounded by her husband, her daughter, and the three sons that were left. She met death, as she had met life, with the consciousness that " underneath are the everlasting arms."

As she lay dying, her husband repeated a few lines of a hymn which had been a favorite with her:

" Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel as soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

And as the last life-light faded from her eyes, she smiled with heavenly sweetness and said, " Yes, I am breathing my life out sweetly there."

ANNE ELIZA GARTRELL GRADY

Anne Eliza Gartrell Grady, the mother of Henry W. Grady, was born in Nacoochee Valley, Georgia, January 23, 1831. Her maiden name was Anne Eliza Gartrell, being connected with many of the oldest and most distinguished families of the State, such as the Lamars, Bennings, Cobbs, and Gartrells, who were noted alike for learning, statesmanship, brilliancy of mind, with highest culture and sterling worth. From such ancestors came the wonderful talents with which the late Henry W. Grady was endowed. Mrs. Grady's mother died when she was six years old. Her father took her, with her little sister and two brothers, to Clarke County, to his sister, Mrs. Anne Gartrell Kennon, who was indeed a mother to the motherless. Mrs. Grady has often said all that was good in her was due to this devoted aunt. Two older brothers remained with their father. After his second marriage the children all returned to his home in Dahlonega. This wife lived only a short time; again these children took up their abode with their aunt, who had also moved to Dahlonega. Anne Gartrell remained with her aunt until she was married (after one month's engagement), at the age of seventeen, to William Samons Grady, of North Carolina. She went to Fort Hemtree, a trading post in North Carolina, where they lived only a short time, then moved to Athens, where Mr. Grady established himself in business. After the birth of two sons, Henry W. and William S., Jr., Mr. Grady was seized with the gold fever, and with Mrs. Grady's father and brothers went to California. Not meeting with the hoped-for success, Mr. Grady returned to Athens, where he afterward accumulated a fortune. While in California Mrs. Grady's father was drowned, and one of her brothers shipwrecked. This was a most trying time for this brave young woman left at home with her two boys. Letters were four months in reaching her. Yet she never gave up, and after Mr. Grady's return all was bright and beautiful. Five other children were born to them, fortune smiled and happiness reigned supreme until the dread tocsin of war was sounded. At the first notes Mr. Grady responded. He went to his old home in North Carolina, raised a company there, was made captain, and joined the Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment. He was afterward made major, and fought gallantly until he fell fighting in one of the battles around Petersburg. Major Grady was struck by a shell, wounding him in the breast and head, and breaking both arms. Previous to this Mrs. Grady had lost two lovely little girls within ten days of each other. The third one lived to feel the effect all her life of that dread disease, scarlet fever, contracted from a soldier Mrs. Grady had taken in for a night. As soon as tidings came of Major Grady being wounded, his devoted wife left her remaining little ones and hastened to his side. As the Federals advanced on Petersburg, they had to move the wounded man to Greenville, South Carolina, where, after three long months of intense agony, the gallant major died at the age of forty-four years, leaving his faithful wife a desolate widow at the age of thirty-three years. Major Grady left to his children a considerable fortune,

and what was far better, a name without spot or blemish, and died as he had lived, a perfect Christian gentleman. Mrs. Grady returned to her four fatherless little ones. In a few months after, the youngest, a beautiful boy, died. This was not all this sorely stricken woman had to suffer. During this time two brothers had died of consumption; another one was killed in one of the battles around Atlanta. The last remaining brother, Captain Henry Gartrell, died three years after the war closed. Her handsome property dwindled away until she was left without even a home. By this time the fame of her son, Henry W. Grady, was spreading all over the States. We all know how he was cut down in the zenith of his fame. After his death in Atlanta Mrs. Grady and her daughter Mattie returned to Athens to live. In June, 1891, Mattie was married to Mr. W. A. Kennon, of Brunswick, Georgia, where Mrs. Grady went with them to live, but not for long; for in October of the following year Mrs. Kennon died. This was a crushing blow to this poor mother, so oft bereaved. Mrs. Kennon was a brilliant woman, with the same talents that so marked her brother, Henry W. Had her health permitted, she, too, would have made a name in the world. Mrs. Grady again returned to Athens to lay this dearly loved daughter with the rest of her family, who all lie there except Henry W. Grady, who is buried in Atlanta. In the spring after this, Mrs. Grady's only sister, Mrs. John W. Nicholson, died, leaving Mrs. Grady the sole survivor of her family. William S. Grady, the only child now left, went to North Dakota for his health. His mother followed him there. His health improved, but he was stricken with paralysis, and died about a year after going there. Again this stricken mother turned her face toward Athens, bringing the precious body of this last remaining child. Ninety miles they had to come through the bitter, biting cold by stage before they reached a railroad, and then five days more ere the journey was at an end. How she lived through this one can scarcely tell; how she suffered, no one knows. Few have suffered as Mrs. Grady has. Sorrow after sorrow crowded upon her. She knew grief in many forms, till her life seems almost a record of woe. It seems almost to obliterate the brightness, yet her nature was so sympathetic, her disposition so joyous, ever ready to rejoice with those that rejoiced, or lend a hand wherever needed, that she is noted among her Athens friends for her cheerful, unselfish disposition. Gifted with a wonderful memory, and a rare fund of humor, she is always hailed with pleasure whenever she appears, for as a raconteur she is unsurpassed. Notwithstanding the trials that have befallen her, she is still a well-preserved woman, though a great-grandmother. Her brown wavy hair has scarcely a tinge of gray, and her bright, dark eyes sparkle as of yore. As a friend, none is more loyal and true. Joining the Methodist Church in early youth, she has ever been a devout member and a zealous worker. Bringing up her family in the same faith, they all entered in that membership.

Sarah Williamson Bird Lamar, mother of Justice Lucius Q. C. Lamar, was born in Milledgeville, Georgia, on the 24th of February, 1802. Her father was Dr. Thompson Bird, a native of Cecil County, Maryland, who had been educated at William and Mary College, afterward at the celebrated medical college in Philadelphia, moved to Georgia, and was renowned as a physician. Her mother was Susan Williamson, daughter of an officer distinguished in the Revolutionary army, and herself one of six sisters who were celebrated throughout Georgia for their wit and beauty.

Sarah Bird was married March 10, 1819, when only seventeen years of age, to Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, then a young lawyer of Milledgeville, but later one of the most beloved and honored jurists of the State, who came to be commonly known as "the great Judge Lamar." He was brother to Mirabeau B. Lamar, later President of Texas. Her marriage and married life were especially happy. The active genius, lofty virtues, and profound erudition of her husband gratified her pride; his varied scholarship, poetical tastes, and eloquence stimulated her intellect; his purity, amiability, frankness, and love satisfied her affections. It was an ideal home and life. Yet it was visited by affliction, too; for in 1821 she lost her deeply loved only brother, in the next year her mother, and a few years later her father. For her consolation under these deprivations other ties formed themselves, and eight fine children were born, of whom five attained maturity. They were Lucius, Susan, Thompson, Mary Ann, and Jefferson. Of the three sons all were largely endowed by nature, all achieved more or less of distinction. *Lucius* became the great statesman and jurist; to say nothing of lesser achievements, he was twice professor in the University of Mississippi, member of Congress for four terms, special commissioner of the Confederate States to the Empire of Russia, United States Senator for two terms, Secretary of the Interior, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The happy married life of Mrs. Lamar was rudely terminated on July 4, 1834, by the sudden death of her honored husband. Left a widow by this cruel stroke at thirty-two, with five young children to rear, she was not overwhelmed by so great a calamity, but bravely gathered her mental and moral forces to meet the duties cast upon her. She was spared the trial of poverty. Her husband left her a comfortable property, which was considerably increased by the skilful management of his brother, Mr. Jefferson Lamar. Shortly after her husband's death she moved to Covington for the purpose of educating her boys at the old Georgia-Conference Manual-Labor School. About the year 1838 the labor school was merged into Emory College, located at Oxford, and Mrs. Lamar, still for educational purposes, moved thither, erecting a handsome residence in the village. Here she remained for a number of years, and educated her youngest daughter at good boarding-schools; she graduated Lucius and Thompson at Emory College, Jefferson at the University of Mississippi, and Thompson at the medical college in Philadelphia.

Her generous hospitality, her agreeable personality, and her enthusiastic Methodism made her home the rendezvous for the Methodist clergy of that time, and "Sister Lamar" was known far abroad. There such fathers in the Church as Sam Anthony, James Evans, Lovick Pierce, and many others whose names are historic in Georgia, congregated; and their ennobling and fervid influence contributed largely to the formation of the characters of her children.

In July, 1851, after remaining a widow for seventeen years, she married Col. Hiram B. Troutman, of Vineville, near Macon, Georgia, and moved to his home, where she remained until her death.

In the biography of L. Q. C. Lamar, it is said of her that "she had much in this world—beauty, intellect, education, social position, a competency, admiration, friends, dutiful and bright children—and she had need of them all, for her life was often stricken by the sharpest darts of agony. In September, 1862, her youngest son, then a lieutenant-colonel of Cobb's Legion, fell while leading his command in the engagement at Crampton's Gap. In 1864, also, her second son, then colonel of the Fifth Florida, was killed in a battle near Petersburg. In the closing period of her life there came both upon her and upon her second husband, the companion of her old age, the great shadow of darkness, the horror of blindness. But amid all these continuing troubles she had the great consolation. From early life a humble and devout Methodist, the native strength of her character was not her only resource. She had taken the eternal truths into her heart, her feet were planted firmly upon the Rock of Ages, and her hand was clasped closely in that of the loving Christ. On the 31st of October, 1879, she died suddenly of heart disease. It was her last request that her body be taken to Milledgeville, and there be buried by the side of her first husband."

The blindness spoken of in this passage was relieved before her death, as also was that of her husband, by successful operations for cataract. Writing of this period of her life, Bishop Joseph S. Key said, "She anticipated its coming, and stored her memory with many precious passages of scripture on which to dwell in meditation in the darkness. A most touching sight it was to see the two aged saints sitting together under the cloud of their blindness, repeating to each other the promises and hopes of the Word of God."

She possessed that perfection of personality which adorns every circle into which one may be thrown. Tall and queenly in figure, beautiful in feature, she had an equable and amiable temper, sincerity, truthfulness, grace, dignity; gifted with great and varied talents, she had a wide and thorough culture; steadfast in piety, she was liberal and charitable in her views; humble in prosperity, strong in adversity; and she presided ably over a large domestic establishment, dispensing a noble hospitality. "Her life was monumental goodness, her end was peace."

LORETTO REBECCA LAMAR CHAPPELL

Loretto Rebecca Lamar Chappell, daughter of John and Rebecca Lamar, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, on July 18, 1818. She was born and reared on her father's plantation, in one of the most beautiful country homes in Middle Georgia, located about half way between Milledgeville and Eatonton. She was the youngest of eight children, four sons and four daughters. Her four brothers all became distinguished men. They were Judge L. Q. C. Lamar, an eminent jurist, and father of the great Mississippi Senator L. Q. C. Lamar; Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, soldier, poet, and statesman, and President of the Republic of Texas; Dr. Thomas R. Lamar, a once renowned physician of Macon; and Hon. Jefferson Lamar, who became one of the most successful and wealthiest planters in Georgia. Many of the descendants of these four brothers have risen to distinction in various professions and callings in Georgia and in other States.

Mrs. Chappell received her education principally at the schools in Eatonton, and at a famous seminary in Scottsboro, in the suburbs of Milledgeville, taught by Dr. Brown, a very noted educator of that day. She spent much of her young ladyhood in Eatonton and in Milledgeville, both of which places were famous at that time for their high social culture. In Milledgeville she took part in the charming gayeties that used to enliven the old capital during the sessions of the Legislature, and that attracted the best society from all parts of the State; and many times she was a guest at the brilliant receptions and balls given in the grand salons of the Governor's Mansion.

At the age of twenty-three years she married the Hon. Absalom H. Chappell, one of the grandest men that Georgia ever produced. He was a lawyer of great ability and a distinguished statesman. He took an illustrious part in many important events in the history of the Commonwealth. He was for many years a member of the State Legislature, and at one time President of the Senate, and he was a member of the United States Congress during the administration of President Tyler. He was the author of a book entitled "Miscellanies of Georgia," which is one of the ablest and most valuable contributions that has ever been made to the history of the State. He was one of the last of that grand type of moral and intellectual manhood which in former years rendered Georgia illustrious, but which now, alas, seems to have passed away forever. He died in 1877, at the advanced age of seventy-six years, and was laid to rest beneath the sacred, conscious sod of the dear old State that he loved and served so well.

During the Civil War no Georgia woman was more heroically devoted to the cause of the South than was Mrs. Chappell. Her own sons were mere boys, too young to go into the army; but many of her kindred, noble, promising young men, poured out their life's blood on the battle-fields of the Confederacy. She was the first President of the Soldiers' Aid Society in Columbus, and throughout the four years of the war she toiled, with her

own hands knitting socks, making garments, preparing bandages and lint for the men at the front, and day and night she nursed the sick and dying soldiers in the Confederate Hospital at Columbus.

Mrs. Chappell is now (1899) eighty-one years old. She feels the physical feebleness of old age, but she still retains in a very extraordinary degree that remarkable brightness and vivacity of mind that has always characterized her. She shows not the slightest sign of the "second childhood" that is usually so manifest in persons of her advanced years. In this respect she is the wonder and admiration of all who know her. A warm, loving, sympathetic heart; a bright, vivacious mind; remarkable powers of conversation; and perfect, high-bred manners—these qualities, which have always rendered her an attractive woman to all sorts of people, have acquired an additional sweetness and lustre with her beautiful old age, and make her to-day a most interesting and charming octogenarian. It is impossible for any human being—man, woman, or child—to know her even casually without loving her. She is passing her last days on earth happily and serenely at her home in Columbus, where she has lived for more than forty years.

Mrs. Chappell has five living children—one daughter, Mrs. James H. Toomer, of Portsmouth, Virginia, and four sons. Her four sons are all men of marked ability and lofty character, and they have all attained distinction in their several callings and professions. They are President J. Harris Chappell, one of the most distinguished educators in the South, and the upbuilder and head of that great State institution, the Georgia Normal and Industrial College; Hon. Thomas J. Chappell, a leading lawyer of Columbus, who has served with great distinction many terms in the State Legislature, and who at present holds in that body the important and responsible position of Chairman of the Finance Committee; Hon. Lucius H. Chappell, one of the ablest and most successful business men in the State, and a recognized leader in all of the progressive movements in his section, and who is now serving his second term as the efficient Mayor of the city of Columbus; and Mr. Lamar Chappell, who moved out West in his early manhood, and who now lives in Memphis, Tennessee, where he is manager of one of the largest cotton-seed oil mills in America.

Mary Anderson Lanier, the mother of Sidney Lanier. The greatest of the earth have paid tribute to motherhood. English and American prose and verse teem with these testimonies of love and filial acknowledgments. Brave warriors and gentle singers join in expressions of affection and in efforts to commemorate the inexhaustible tenderness of their devoted mothers.

Motherhood is the pulsating centre of home, and home is the most firmly based institution of our modern life. Abraham Lincoln, typical American, said, " All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother."

Robert E. Lee, typical Virginian, was so helpful and devoted as a son that when he left home to go to the West Point Military Academy his mother exclaimed, " How can I do without Robert! He is both son and daughter to me."

It would be repetition of the same precious human feeling, however varied in form of expression, to recount many instances of the strength and imperishableness of this mortal bond, which would seem to confer on mortals a heritage that is immortal.

There was an extraordinary tie of tenderness, respect, admiration binding Sidney Lanier to his mother. Understanding of each other's qualities and mutual sympathy in taste and talents were reciprocal with them.

Mary Jane Anderson was the second daughter of Major Hezekiah R. and Martha M. Anderson, of Nottaway County, Virginia.

She was born not far from Jenning's Ordinary, in that county, and received some of her education in Petersburg and Richmond. The date of birth is December 14, 1822.

" She had a splendid ear for music, and indeed excelled in the practice of art, which was always a source of so much pleasure to her family and her friends," writes a devoted sister concerning her.

This talent was encouraged and improved by some lessons taken under the direction of a lady then living in Petersburg, whose musical education had been received in France.

At the Commencement exercises of Randolph Macon College she met a young student from the South, who was preparing himself for a legal career. This acquaintance quickly flowered into love, and she was married, at the age of seventeen, on October 27, 1840, to young Robert Sampson Lanier.

The officiating minister was the Rev. Mr. T. Pryor, a brother (I think) of the after distinguished Roger A. Pryor, a general in the South, and a judge in New York City.

The father of Sidney, Robert S. Lanier, became a lawyer of fifty years' practice at Macon, Georgia.

The lovely young wife, thus transplanted from Virginia to Georgia, was of medium stature, fair complexion, blue eyes, and with dark brown hair that was yet lustrous enough to suggest a glossy black.

Sidney Lanier was the eldest child of this happy union, and there were two other children, a boy and a girl.

Her mind must have been particularly quick, alert, and vigorous. Those who knew her most intimately all speak of this. They write affectionately of her that her powers of conversation were notable, and that in any well-tempered debate she could finish an argument with wonderful cleverness and aptitude.

These same affectionate witnesses love to dwell on her qualities as a true, faithful, devoted, and tender-hearted mother.

She was an ardent adherent of the Presbyterian faith; she seemed to have interplaited the principles of the Christian's Bible into the very fibres of her being.

Her children were never punished with the rod. She chastened them with more loving methods of discipline, and thus, doubtless, were preserved, in the poetic son, especially, those exquisite sensibilities which characterized his rare and rarely gifted spirit.

She was most industrious in the forms of woman's handiwork, and in later life, when she had become a confirmed invalid, worked assiduously when too weak to rise from her bed.

Her tastes were for music and literature. She loved the British classics, poets, essayists, and historians.

In a faded volume of Thomas Moore, from whose binding much of the gilt illumination is worn by fifty years of use, occurs on the yellowed fly-leaf:

"To Mary J. Lanier:

In testimony of her love of literature, this sweet work is inscribed most affectionately by her husband, Robert S. Lanier."

The brief life is like an exquisite rose of a few days. Its budding beauty and indescribable charm of perfume make the spot of its growing a shrine of radiant holiness, and then its petals vanish with the first cold of early autumn.

The life of patience and courage ended May 22, 1865.

The wife and mother breathed her last breath, looking into the eyes of her best-beloved, in the midst of a family reunited after the perilous separations of a disastrous war, and with the lips of her brother Clifford Anderson sounding in her hearing the words of the Master recorded in the fourteenth chapter of St. John the divine, "Let not your heart be troubled."

CLIFFORD A. L.

LOUISA MARIA NORTHEN

Louisa Maria Northen was born on the 28th of March, 1799, in the section of Georgia now known as Baldwin County, which was, at that time, on the western frontier of the lands occupied by the white people of the State. Her father, Abner Davis, a civil engineer, was a native of the North, and removed to Georgia to pursue his profession.

At an early age Louisa Northen was placed at the boarding-school of Nathan S. S. Beman, in Mt. Zion, Hancock County, Georgia, for years a noted educational centre, and there received all her educational advantages. She was married on January 16, 1817, at her father's home in Jones County, Georgia, to Hon. Peter Northen, a descendant of John Northen, who emigrated from England to York County, Virginia, in 1635. She was with her husband on his plantation in Jones County until 1840. At that date they removed to Penfield, Georgia, where Mr. Northen was called to take charge of the Agricultural Department of Mercer University, in which position he continued until the department was abolished in 1844. This section of Georgia was Mrs. Northen's home until the death of her husband in 1863. The most of her remaining years were passed in Mt. Zion, Georgia, at the home of her son, William J. Northen, who, subsequent to her death, became Governor of Georgia. At the home of her son she died, in the eighty-third year of her age, on the 26th of December, 1881.

Mrs. Northen united with the Flat Shoals Baptist Church in Jones County, in the twenty-second year of her age, having previously been a member of the Presbyterian Church. To the end of her life she continued a true and devoted Christian. As long as she lived in her own home, no guests were so welcome as ministers of the Gospel; indeed, her best bedroom was set apart for their exclusive use, being known as "the preacher's room."

To her husband she was a helpmeet indeed, being his loyal and active supporter in every work in which he engaged. During Mr. Northen's connection with Mercer University in its early years, she was like a mother to hundreds of young men who received instruction there.

She was preëminently a home-keeper, and no more united and devoted family ever gathered around a hearthstone than the family in which she was the revered and beloved wife and mother.

The example of her beautiful life was an irresistible and unceasing inspiration to all who came in intimate contact with her, and to know her was to forever hold her in loving remembrance.

In manner she was dignified, quiet, unobtrusive, and the incarnation of sincerity. She was a woman of rare individuality. Among the characteristics which were hers in a marked degree were unceasing industry, neatness, perseverance, tact, unselfishness, gentleness, fidelity to friends and duty, firmness, extreme modesty, fine judgment, aversion to display, love for humanity, and a most remarkable Christian fortitude and cheerful resignation under what she believed to be the will of God. It was a matter of

comment among her children that "mother" had never been known to repeat the most inoffensive bit of gossip heard upon a round of calls or at other times.

In personal appearance Mrs. Northen, as a young woman, was considered beautiful, being very fair, with dark blue eyes, dark hair, and bright color.

Her strong intellect remained undimmed up to the closing hours of her advanced age.

After a well spent life, her last moments were characterized by a calm assurance, and a perfect trust in her beloved Lord; and she passed out of life saying, "There is one thing sure, I am not afraid to die."

When her sweet spirit took its flight into the great beyond, no more fitting words were spoken of her than these: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Julia Knox Hull Wheeler was the mother of General Joseph Wheeler, and was born at Newton, Massachusetts, March 10, 1799, died June 26, 1842.

Her sister Maria had married Edward Fenwick Campbell, who met her while he was a student at Harvard College. Julia visited her sister, Mrs. Campbell, at her home in Augusta, Georgia, and there met Joseph Wheeler, and they were married at her home in Newton, September 12, 1825.

Their children were: Lucy Josephine, married Sterling Smith; Sarah Louise, died; William, who was an officer in the army of Northern Virginia, died from exposure in campaign, December 26, 1861; Joseph, who served in the Confederate Army, and also in the United States Army.

We have the following information regarding the ancestors of Julia Knox Wheeler, the mother of Joseph Wheeler:

"John Newgate, or Newdigate.—In his sale of land in Tymworth, 4 miles N. by E. from Bury, St. Edmonds County, Suffolk, he is called Newdigate, alias Newgate.

"In the records of the old Lynde Bible, of 1595, which belonged to his grandson, he is called 'Mr. John Newdigate.'

"In searching for his history we find that the family to which he belonged in England had called itself, for many generations, 'Newgate, alias Newdigate.'"—SALISBURY'S *Family Histories and Genealogies*, vol. i., part 2, p. 473.

Page 479:

First Generation: William Newgate, or Newdigate, born 1485; married Katherine.

Second Generation: Their children were: Robert, born 1512; Richard, born 1515; Robert, born 1518; Elizabeth, born 1525. All were under sixteen on September 28, 1528. Robert, the elder, married Thomasine. She was buried December 5, 1509.

Third Generation: Their children were: Phillip, born 1552; died August 1, 1636; Robert, born 1556; Anne, born 1560; Anne, married Henry Frost, October 4, 1601; Phillip, married December 13, 1578, Joanne, daughter of Guaither (Walter) Hoo, of Hessett County, Suffolk, a large landholder, and owner in Hessett and Rougham. She died October 10, 1620.

Fourth Generation: Their children were: John Newgate, born at Southwark, near London Bridge, about 1580. This is the ancestor who went to New England. Died September 4, 1665. Andrew, baptized February 25, 1581; John, baptized November 24, 1583. This John left property to his brother John in New England. His will dated October 1, 1642, says: "The same to be and remain unto my brother, John Newgate, now living, resident in the parts beyond the seas called New England, and to his heirs forever.—John Newgate." Joseph, baptized December 8, 1585; died 1642.

John Newgate, born 1580, married (1) Lydia, who died, 1620; (2), Thomasine Hayes, November 1, 1620—she died, 1625; married (3) Anne. She died, 1679.

Fifth Generation: The children of John Newgate and Lydia were: Two sons and one daughter, who died in infancy, and Elizabeth, baptized January 1, 1617; married (1) Rev. John Olliver; married (2) Edward Jackson, 1648.

Sixth Generation: Their children were: Sarah, born 1649; Edward, born 1652; Ruth, born 1654; Lydia, born 1656; Elizabeth, born 1658. Lydia married Joseph Fuller, 1679.

Seventh Generation: Their children were: John, born 1681; Joseph, 2, born July 4, 1685; Jonathan, born January 7, 1686; Lydia, born February 15, 1692; Edward, born March 7, 1694; Isaac, born March 16, 1698; Elizabeth, born July 1, 1701. Joseph Fuller married, May 11, 1719, Sarah, daughter Abraham Jackson.

Eighth Generation: Their children were: Abraham, born March 23, 1720. Elizabeth, born October, 1722. Abraham Fuller married Sarah Dyer, 1758.

Ninth Generation: Their daughter, Sarah, born April 27, 1759; married Col. William Hull, 1781.

Tenth Generation: Their daughter, Julia Knox, born March 10, 1799; married Joseph Wheeler, September 12, 1825.

Eleventh Generation: Their son, Joseph Wheeler, born September 10, 1836, married Ella Jones, February 8, 1866.

Twelfth Generation: Their children were: Joseph, Jr.; Lucy Louise; Annie Early; Ella, died young; Julia K. H.; Thomas H., drowned while in United States Navy; Carrie Peyton.

General Wheeler's mother, Julia Knox Hull, had one brother, Abraham Hull. He graduated at Harvard, 1805; was captain Ninth Infantry, United States Army; killed at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814. Lossing's "History of the War of 1812," p. 828, has a picture of his tombstone, on which is inscribed:

"This was erected by his brother officers to mark the spot where Capt. Hull, U. S. Army, fell in the memorable action at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, gallantly leading his men to the charge."

Lossing also says: "He was an excellent officer, and his loss was much lamented."

General Wheeler's mother was first cousin to Commodore Isaac Hull, who, as commander of the "Constitution," won the naval battle over the British frigate "Guerrière."

Julia Knox Wheeler was a most devoted Christian and charitable woman. At her request her husband gave freedom to a portion of his slaves, and she died from exposure caused by indefatigable work in visiting sick and suffering families.

Elizabeth Ware Long, the mother of Dr. Crawford Long, discoverer of anæsthesia, March 3, 1842, was born in Amherst, Virginia, March 22, 1789. Her ancestors were English, of means and prominence. Edward Ware, her father, espoused the cause of the Colonies, and fought through the Revolutionary War.

Some time after its close he came to Georgia with his family and slaves, and made his home on a plantation in Madison County. Among his possessions was a considerable amount of Continental money. Believing it would never be redeemed, and wishing to keep it as a memento, it was used in papering a room. Later, when by act of Congress the paper currency became valuable, this was so firmly attached to the wall that its only worth was from association.

Elizabeth Ware was well educated for those days, having attended the best schools. She was said in her youth to have been the most beautiful woman in her section of the State, and had many suitors. At the age of twenty-four she married James Long. She was warm-hearted, generous, and impulsive, and it was said by the sober Presbyterians that she was worldly, loving dress and the pomps of life. Her husband, a Presbyterian elder, and a great lover of books, was grave and dignified, but so just and good a man and neighbor, that it lessened the awe which one was apt to feel in his presence. The most beautiful devotion existed between them, and it was his pleasure to surround her with every luxury. For many years, before the day of railroads, handsome clothing and furniture were brought to her by wagon from Charleston, nearly three hundred miles, yet she was no idle butterfly, but looked well to the ways of her household.

During her husband's absence, when State Senator, or when other business called him from home, the affairs at the homestead and the large plantation were all under her control. No overseer was employed, but the most trusted and faithful of the negro men served as foremen and to "Miss" they made their reports, and from her received their orders. All cloth, both cotton and woollen, used in making garments for the slaves, as late as 1853, was spun and woven on the plantation. A miniature factory, with its wheels, carding machines, and looms, was always busy making cotton goods for summer and woollen goods for winter wear. It was she who superintended the making of these goods into clothing. Aside from the women who did the plain sewing were young women whom she trained to become proficient with the needle. Some of them were even taught to embroider beautifully on linen. These seamstresses were, as she fondly hoped, to descend to her children and grandchildren, little dreaming that soon there would be no such thing as inheriting slaves.

In sickness it was she who saw that her servants had every attention. They not only honored but loved her. James Long, her husband, was the most prominent and wealthiest man in his county, and was deeply interested in educational matters, and endowed the town academy at his death. It was

he who engaged the teachers, who were generally young women from the North. To them was extended every courtesy and a hearty welcome at his fireside.

The Long homestead was renowned for its hospitality. Being not far from a Presbyterian church, often on Sundays there were as many as twenty guests, with servants, horses, and carriages, who were entertained. With Presbyterian strictness, all preparations possible were made on Saturday.

To this couple, Captain James Long and his wife, came those who were destitute and afflicted, knowing they would receive sympathy and relief. They were the leaders in every enterprise, and although it is more than forty years since they passed away, their memory is still loved and honored.

Elizabeth Long was a devoted, conscientious mother, ambitious for her children, yet always instilling into them principles of truth and justice. She was so strict in their manner of expression that they were never known to use a slang phrase or word.

One can see that in her sphere, which to many women will seem very limited, she was in reality a woman of great executive ability and influence. Her fine sense, kindness of heart, and great dignity gave her ascendancy among her associates, and the greatest reverence and affection from her children.

After a very happy, prosperous life of more than sixty years, her first deep sorrow came in the death of her brother and husband from cholera. She nursed them and others unflinchingly until she was stricken with the dread malady. Although she recovered her health, her former cheerful, brave spirit was broken, and two years after, from an apparently slight illness, died May 21, 1856.

As children we heard the elders say, "She died of a broken heart; she could not live without her husband."

One of my last remembrances of her is seeing her in her widow's garb, in the large, darkened parlor, gazing sadly upon her husband's picture. The last remembrance was of a beautiful old lady clad in spotless white, with a smile of ineffable beauty upon her lips, whose spirit had flown to be forever with her beloved husband.

Esther Habersham Elliott was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1778, and was the daughter of James Habersham, Jr., who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War, and Hester Wylly his wife. Her grandfather was Governor James Habersham, one of the Colonial Governors of Georgia. She was an only daughter and educated at home, as was the fashion of the day, and grew up to be a very lovely and accomplished girl. Living so soon after the hardships of the Revolution she was well taught in the practical arts of life, and something about the ways of managing a household, so that when in 1796 at the age of eighteen she was married to Mr. Stephen Elliott of Charleston, South Carolina, she was quite fitted to take charge of his household, and became a notable housewife and mother.

She was naturally of a very lively temperament, and sorely was she tried in training herself to the staid ways of a matron. Her husband, ten years her senior, and by nature a student and deeply engaged in literary pursuits seemed to forget at-times that his young wife would have enjoyed the pleasures of society for which she was so fitted. He was wrapped up in his scientific studies, being especially absorbed in his "Botany," which of itself ranked him high among the literary and scientific men of the country.

Esther's buoyant disposition was a great help to her through her whole life, but like most persons of gay temperament she was given to depression at times. This was not to be wondered at when we know the tragedy which came into her life after she had been married about eight years. Mr. Elliott's summer home was in Beaufort, South Carolina, where most of his own family lived. After the death of Mr. Habersham, Esther joyfully welcomed her mother, who then came to make her home with her. In the summer of 1804 Mr. Elliott was called to Washington on important State business, and he was very anxious for his wife to accompany him. She was, of course, delighted at the idea of revisiting the Capital, and could the more easily leave home since her mother would be there to take charge of the children, of whom there were three, Stephen, Susan, and Maria. Unfortunately it proved a most unhealthy season throughout the South, and while Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were in Washington letters reached them telling of the sickness which was devastating Beaufort and the surrounding country. They immediately left for home, intending to remove their children to a higher climate. While on their way, travelling of course in their own conveyance, they missed the letters which were sent to them telling of the death of Mrs. Habersham, so that when they reached Beaufort and found only the servants in the house, and learned that not only Mrs. Habersham but the two elder children Stephen and Susan had succumbed to the dreadful fever scourge, and that little Maria had been taken to the home of a near relative, the shock was so great that Mrs. Elliott was never quite the same again, and the little girl who survived became the most precious of all

those children who came to her afterward. She had ten children, altogether, four sons and six daughters. The eldest, Stephen, died as we have seen, in childhood, the other three sons (the eldest of whom was also named Stephen) all became clergymen of the Episcopal Church. Stephen, born on August 31, 1806, was the first Bishop of Georgia, and was consecrated in Christ Church, Savannah, in 1841—that church in which his grandfather Governor James Habersham was the first Lay Reader and co-worker with the Rev. John Wesley, who was the first rector of the parish, and who was often assisted by Whitfield in his missionary labors.

Phœbe, Esther's fifth daughter, became the wife of the first American Missionary Bishop to China, the Rt. Rev. Wm. J. Boone, and her eldest son William, also became Bishop of the same jurisdiction after his father's death.

Esther, brought up as she was by most religious parents, was throughout her life a consistent and conscientious Christian, and brought up her children in the faith and discipline of the Church of England, which was her goodly heritage. Her husband died suddenly in 1829, just after he had been called in to see and bless his eldest son's first child, Elizabeth.

Esther survived her husband eight years, dying in Savannah in 1837, and her life was one of remarkable fortitude and sweetness.

Bishop Elliott always spoke of his mother in the tone of tenderest love and admiration, and realized that from her he had inherited that joyousness of temperament which helped him through so many trying times in his life, and also from her teaching was inculcated that undying reverence for "the faith once delivered to the Saints."

ESTHER HABERSHAM ELLIOTT SHOUP.

Charlotte Bull Barnwell Elliott was born in Beaufort, South Carolina, on March 31, 1810. Her mother, Sarah Bull, was the daughter of Gen. Stephen Bull, one of the colonial governors of South Carolina. Her father was John Gibbs Barnwell, grandson of Gen. John Barnwell, known as "Tuscarora," because of his success in ridding the colony of that tribe of Indians.

Charlotte's childhood was exceedingly happy and picturesque, brought up as she was on those glorious Sea Islands, which girdle the coast of South Carolina. She was especially gifted musically, and from the early age of seven was carefully trained by a fine German master, who happened to come to Beaufort, as the organist of St. Helena's Church. She became a charming musician, playing the organ, piano, and guitar with equal brilliancy. She also had a beautiful voice. Charlotte was always the centre of the gayety and life around her, always cheerful, bright, lovable, and unselfish. She had a poetic temperament without any sentimentality, and was a charming conversationalist. During the first administration of Andrew Jackson, she reigned in Washington society, in 1830, as one of the most brilliant belles from the South.

In 1839 she married her cousin, the Rev. Stephen Elliott, who was a widower with two children, and was at the time chaplain, and professor of Christian Evidences, in the State College of South Carolina, situated in Columbia. In 1841, Professor Elliott, was elected first Bishop of Georgia, and was consecrated to that office in Christ Church, Savannah, which then became his home.

In 1844, just three years after Bishop Elliott's coming to Georgia, it was pressed upon him by the trustees of Montpelier, the diocesan school for girls, that this splendid church property was in such dire financial straits that it would have to be sold for debt. The Bishop believed so strongly in the education of women, that when the sum of indebtedness was mentioned to him he, being a man of wealth, volunteered to pay the debt himself, and carry on the school. To this end he removed from Savannah to Montpelier, in the early part of 1845. Gradually it began to dawn upon him, as the business opened up, that he had undertaken to pay a much larger sum than he dreamed of, and that he had been greatly deceived by the superintendent. His honor was at stake, however, and in order to satisfy the demands of the creditors, he had to give up everything he owned, even to his valuable library. Mrs. Elliott also gave up all her property to assist her husband in fulfilling his bond. So that from being people of means and affluence, they found themselves with an increasing family of young children, entirely dependent upon the salary the diocese was able to pay its bishop. He never flinched, however, and for years he was ground down, trying to keep up the school in which he felt such deep interest, and for which he had sacrificed everything, feeling assured that in this work he was doing the best thing for the Church in Georgia. And to this day, all over this broad land, may

be found mothers and grandmothers, who bear testimony to the high and ever abiding influence this school has had upon their lives; and their love for it, and for the noble and gentle Bishop who was ever their friend and guide, is beautiful to hear. Mrs. Elliott, the willing and cheerful co-worker with her husband, sharing his sacrifices and labors, was also the admired and beloved friend of these girls, who always sought her help and sympathy in their troubles.

There were six children born to Bishop and Mrs. Elliott, three sons and three daughters, the eldest son, Robert Woodward Barnwell Elliott, was one of the most charming men of his generation; he seemed born to command, and all his life was foremost in whatever he undertook. He served with distinction in the Civil War, and was severely wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and left for dead on the field. After the war, finding himself with wife and child and no means of support, he undertook rice-planting, but soon found that he was called to a higher life, and turned to the ministry. He was ordained deacon in 1868, was advanced to the priesthood in 1869, and was elected the first Missionary Bishop of Western Texas in 1874, while rector of St. Philip's Church, Atlanta, where he was consecrated. For twelve years he made heroic struggles in his missionary work, and left a remarkable impress on his jurisdiction, where like St. Paul he labored in weariness and painfulness, in watching, in hunger and thirst, and in peril often, until worn out, while still young, in 1887, he laid down his life in his Master's cause, beloved and never to be forgotten.

The second daughter of this family, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, inherited many of her mother's charms, and at an early age showed decided gifts as a writer, often writing weird and exciting stories for the enjoyment of her young companions. Unfortunately, she received very little encouragement in this direction from those she most revered, so that she kept her talent buried and out of sight. In 1879, her first book, "The Felmeres," was published. It was a striking story to come from the pen of a young girl, and it made quite a sensation. Not long after, "Jerry," her second book, came out and was perhaps more popular than the first. Since these first efforts she has become a recognized writer of great ability, and has published two volumes of remarkable short stories.

After the death of Bishop Elliott, his widow removed with her family to the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, of which he had been one of the distinguished founders, and where her second son, Dr. John B. Elliott had accepted the chair of chemistry. Mrs. Elliott's home was for many years one of the most charming centres at Sewanee, and here she lived cared for by her daughter, Sarah Barnwell, until her long and happy life closed in 1895, when she had reached the goodly age of eighty-five, loved, honored, and regretted by all.

Esther Habersham Elliott Shoup.

MARGARET M. CALHOUN

Margaret M. Calhoun, mother of Patrick Calhoun, was the second daughter of Gen. Duff Green and Lucretia Edwards Green. She was born February 18, 1816. She graduated with first honors at the New Haven Academy in Connecticut, which was the finest school of that day. She was much admired in Washington City, where she met the foremost men in society and politics, as General Green entertained bounteously. Her conversational powers and flow of language always insured her social success.

A warm intimacy existed between the Greens and Calhouns. She married Andrew Pickens Calhoun, the eldest son of Hon. John C. Calhoun, in 1836. They were among the pioneer settlers of Marengo County, Alabama, where she was much beloved. Her taste for the beautiful was seen in her home and grounds; a flower garden of five acres was her pride. In 1854 she moved to Fort Hill, South Carolina, the home of the deceased J. C. Calhoun, where her splendid entertainments and her well-regulated home made her famous.

Hers was a social nature. The courtesy and kindliness that filled her heart made her guest at ease in her home; often guest followed guest, until years passed without her family dining alone. She never neglected social duties, or the little elegancies that make home charming; her carriage, horses, and home were kept in faultless style and simplicity. She was no idler. Her husband boasted of her executive ability. Under her management was the household, flower garden, loomhouse, and spinning-room, where all the cloth worn by the slaves was made; the cotton and wool necessary was supplied by the plantation. Bolt after bolt of good cloth and hundreds of pairs of well-knit socks left this loomhouse during the Civil War, to help clothe Confederate soldiers. Next, her sewing-room, where about thirty bright slave girls were taught to cut, fit, sew, and embroider—everything worn on the place was made there—each taking a personal pride in her work. Mrs. Calhoun always saw to the distributing of these clothes, rewarding the neat; her effort was to have the happiest and best clothed slaves in the State. Her inn house was always well stocked with fresh meat, and was ever open to the free use of her sick neighbors of high or low degree. Her organization was perfect; the head of each department was responsible; a few hours personal supervision each day kept every thing in order; the rest of her time she devoted to pleasure and reading.

Hers was a noble life; always ready to excuse the erring, always giving a helping hand to the striving, kind encouragement to the poor, she was beloved by high and low. Slavery under her management had no horrors; to-day her favorite slaves care for her grandchildren, and tell them of the happy old days of plantation life.

Where her life proved greatest was when husband and fortune were lost together. He sacrificed all to the Confederacy, saying if he could give his sons to it, he could his fortune. He always took Confederate money as if it were gold. Her brave heart never faltered. Her sons soon became her

fortune; confidence in their success never failed her. She possessed a strong character, with a stern love of accurate truth, which made her well fitted to guide her sons.

In 1871 she moved to Georgia, to the home of her father, General Green. The prediction made by J. C. Calhoun of Atlanta's growth was a fact to her; she wanted to identify her sons with Georgia. Three promising young men filled early graves, but she kept up a stout heart, redoubling her love for those left. To her energy, thrift, economy, and daily Christian life her sons owe much of their success.

She was a member of the Episcopal Church. She died in Atlanta, July 27, 1891, at the home of her son Patrick; her other son, John, and all of her grandchildren were about her. She lived to see her dearest wishes gratified and to enjoy the wealth of her sons. An Episcopal minister whom she had reared, and her favorite slave, Jane, were with her. All felt her influence would not stop with her death.

Hers was a life well spent. Few wrinkles were on her brow, and no lines of discontent marred her face.

Janet McRae Brantley. It was a May morning in the early thirties that little Janet McRae first saw the light in a humble pioneer cottage in Montgomery County, Georgia. She was the third in a family of seven children born to Christopher and Christian (McCrimmon) McRae. Her parents were a part of a Scotch colony that, attracted by the beauty and fertility of southeast Georgia, had settled in Montgomery County, and were pure Scotch on both sides. Her father was born in Scotland, and was one of the Highland Clan McRae, and came from a long line of noble ancestry. His parents immigrated to this country when he was yet an infant, and settled in Moore County, North Carolina. Her mother was born in Robinson County, North Carolina, of Scottish parents. Little Janet's childhood training was simple, but strict, and there was thrown around her life all those safeguards of character for which Scottish parental discipline is noted. She was taught truthfulness, obedience, and industry. As soon as she was old enough, she walked with her brother and sister four or five miles to school; and although they had to brave the storms of winter and suns of summer through these miles of pine forests, and cross a large creek on a foot-log, they were never late, and never had a tardy mark.

Janet was given no middle name, but when her parents found her silently weeping over this omission, because the other children all had one, they gave her the name of Baker, in honor of a favorite old Presbyterian minister. She was reared in the Presbyterian faith, and has reared her children in the same faith, every one of them having early joined the church, and three of her four sons being elders in the Presbyterian Church. Possessing a bright mind and the power of application, she was a diligent pupil. Once, when only eight years old, in the regular Friday evening spelling-bee, she spelled down the entire school, part of it consisting of grown young men and women. This made her quite a heroine in the estimation of her cousin, now the Hon. John C. McRae, of Montgomery County. In after years she and this cousin married brother and sister, thus uniting still more closely the ties between them. Motherless at seventeen, she devoted herself with tender assiduity to the care of a younger sister. She was an adept with her needle, and was accomplished in all the intricacies of carding, spinning, and weaving. Her schooldays covered only a limited period, and she never received a college education, but she improved every meagre opportunity to gather knowledge and improve her mind. Conscientious, capable, and industrious, pretty, and with a mind of exceptional intelligence, she had many suitors, but refused to leave her bereaved father, and with her older sister assumed all the cares of the home and the younger motherless children. In addition to her own home cares, Janet McRae often sewed for the neighbors, and taught their children, but never spent the money she earned to buy a new dress for herself until she had enough to buy one for her little sister. But the little sister soon grew into womanhood, the father died, and this plucky and talented young woman went to Waresboro, in Ware County, to teach in

Mr. William Brantley's family. He was a prominent merchant, and his brother Benjamin was his clerk, and the schoolroom was opposite the store. Miss McRae and Benjamin had known each other before, in Montgomery County, and a mutual admiration had already awakened in their breasts. On Sunday, August 10, 1856, they were married, and lived for one year in Ware County. Then Mr. Brantley, desiring to begin business for himself, moved into the adjoining county of Pierce. In the little village of Blackshear, with no capital but youth, energy, integrity, and ability, he began the battle of life, and steadily advanced higher and higher up the ladder of success. The little mercantile business thus started flourished, until at his death, March 13, 1891, Mr. Brantley was the richest man in his county. Since then three of his sons have so successfully carried on the business that now the Brantley Company is one of the largest establishments in Southeast Georgia. Amidst the cares, burdens, and responsibilities that fell on her, Mrs. Brantley struggled on, and never for a moment wavered in the path of duty or her grand conception of right and wrong. The war came, but as they were not rich, they had not much to lose. Her husband joined the Fourth Georgia Cavalry as private, but being called to fill an important civil office served only a short time. So while not deprived of his companionship and help, nor tormented with the fear of his being killed in battle, she still suffered the rigors and hardships of those cruel times. Besides all the work and care of home and young children, she made everything they all wore. She carded, spun, and wove the cloth before she cut it out and sewed it into garments. Often it was four o'clock before she put out her candle and retired.

The same virtues she had she imparted to her children, and early led them to religion as the source of life's greatest happiness. Her oldest son, now a member of Congress from the Eleventh District, has added lustre to the name she has adorned. Between the two is a striking likeness—the same gentle and even disposition, quiet and unassuming manner, as well as close resemblance in feature and stature.

Mrs. Brantley's leading characteristic has always been devotion to her God. With unswerving love and trust she has turned to Him in every change life has brought. It has been her guiding star, and sustained her in the greatest sorrow of her life, her husband's death, in March, 1891. Heartbroken, she yet turned to Him for strength and comfort. In success and prosperity her gentle modesty has never deserted her. She has never felt that success made her better than her fellows, and her greeting is as sincere as in the first hard days. Despite her limited advantages and the severity of her early life, Mrs. Brantley is a most remarkably well-read woman. She keeps abreast of the times and its politics. About the Bible there is nothing she does not know. She is an enthusiastic cultivator of flowers, and her knowledge of them is extensive.

Janet Brantley Langley.

Ann McIntosh Ward, the mother of John Elliott Ward. In 1736, when the great Commander Oglethorpe came to Georgia, John McIntosh, Mohr (Mohr meaning great), led a clan of Scottish Highlanders into the trackless wilderness of the New World, and settled at New Inverness in the Altamaha district, now named for them McIntosh County. The doughty deeds of these brave Highlanders illustrate the early and revolutionary history of our great Commonwealth.

The fair-haired Scotch woman who cast her fortunes with her adventurous husband had been Margary Frazier. To them were born William, John, Lachlan, George, Ann, and Barbara. Lachlan became the great general, and it was he who fought Governor Gwinette because of a slight to his brother William. Gwinette was Governor of Georgia, and General McIntosh notified him not to plead the statute of limitations, for he could not challenge him while he was Governor of Georgia, but would do so as soon as his term of office expired. This was done, the duel was fought, and Gwinette fell mortally wounded. William married Mary McKay, and to them were born John, who was afterwards Colonel McIntosh, who was arrested by the Spaniards after the Revolutionary War and imprisoned in Morro Castle, Havana, for one year, Lachlan (Major), Margary and Hester. Lachlan was the father of Commodore James McKay McIntosh, also of Maria, the authoress, and of Ann, the wife of William Ward and mother of Hon. John E. Ward.

Ann's parents were living at Sunbury, Liberty County, Georgia, and it was from this hotbed of liberty that her uncle, Col. John McIntosh, being in command of the fort in 1778, sent that laconic answer, "Come and take it," to the British officer who demanded the surrender of the fort, and upon his threat to set fire to the town of Sunbury replied, "You fire at one end, and I will begin to set fire at the other end."

It was from such ancestors that Ann McIntosh was born. Gallantry and chivalry were hers by inheritance. Learning in its truest sense was hers by association. The teachers who were brought to instruct the youth of Liberty County were the best that America or Europe could furnish. The religious influences were pure, refining, and exalting, as administered by the noble legion of descendants of the early settlers of that county. Surrounded by such influences the young life of Ann McIntosh was passed, and in 1813 she married William Ward.

She was a most devout member of the Baptist Church under the pastorate of the able and beloved Dr. C. O. Scriven. Among such restful environments, beloved and honored by all who knew her, the few happy years of wifehood were spent, when she was summoned to her heavenly rest. Here her children were born. When she died she left but two surviving her, John E. Ward and Louisa V. Ward, John E. Ward having been born on the 2d of October, 1814, and Louisa V. Ward, on the 2d of September, 1818. Louisa in early life married Abial Winn, a descendant of one of

the oldest of Liberty County families. They have both passed away, but they have left a number of children who have happily intermarried with the old families of Liberty County, and the names of Stevens, Varnedoe, Law, etc., are preserved among their descendants. Almost all of them cling to their dear old homes in Liberty County, and preserve unspotted the honorable names they have inherited.

Sunbury, where Ann McIntosh was born, married, lived, and died, was during her whole life one of the most prosperous and beautiful towns in the State of Georgia, or in any other State. It was the last place in Georgia that surrendered to the British, and after that surrender a large portion of it was burned, and from that shock it never recovered. It became unhealthy, its commerce was diverted to Savannah, and it rapidly declined. There is not now one house standing on that beautiful old bluff.

As the Rev. James Stacy stated in his most admirable history of Midway Congregational Church, "It is sad, indeed, to think that a town once of the size and importance of old Sunbury, and the scene of so many instances and occurrences, should now be nothing more than a cultivated field, and that the cemetery and old fort, the one the resting place of so many of her noble dead, the other the scene of such military prowess, should alike be as the wild forest. Like Pompeii of old, the whole now lies buried beneath the ashes of years; but, unlike Pompeii, utterly beyond the hope of future exhumation."

Ann Quarterman LeConte. Among the Puritans who came from Dorchester, South Carolina, to Midway, Georgia, in 1754, was John Quarterman and family. The family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, two daughters and five sons, John, William, Robert, Joseph, and Thomas. Joseph married a cousin Elizabeth, daughter of an uncle, Robert Quarterman, in 1787, and among a number of children born to them was Ann, on the 26th day of October, 1793.

Of the rugged pioneer life of this community of English Puritans, zealous in good works, making history, creating a standard of excellence rarely reached in any section of this broad land, in purity and simplicity serving God and loving their neighbor, this stock gave root and branch to much of the distinction in our great Commonwealth. Here Ann Quarterman passed her childhood and slipped across the brook into maidenhood. Here devoutly she performed life's duties, not shifting its burdens, and found pleasure and consolation at Midway Church, where some of the ablest divines have pointed out the paths of rectitude and hurled denunciations at evil doers. The educational advantages were far ahead of those in other sections of the State—able teachers from the North being engaged for this purpose; here Ann was taught, and here in this simple plantation life were embellished those fine characteristics which left their influence on her remarkable descendants.

On January 30, 1812, she was married to Louis LeConte, a descendant of the French Huguenots. The children of this marriage were William, Jane, Elizabeth, John, Louis, Ann, and Joseph. Six lived to maturity, and two, John and Joseph have world-wide fame.

Mrs. LeConte died on 24th of December, 1826, leaving this family of seven children, Jane, the daughter of twelve years, taking charge.

That this was a remarkable family—father and sons—the scientific and philosophic, as well as the social, world is ready to acclaim, but who stops to give honor to the child sister forced into womanhood by her burdens of love? Who can measure her influence or her inspiration? Blessed is the mother who can pass into the great unseen having faith in her teaching, that a daughter may mould the lives and characters of her children. Thus these great men, John and Joseph LeConte, may revere the name of their sister, foster-mother, when they idealize that of the real mother.

This noble sister Jane married Dr. John M. B. Hardin, a man of great ability; but his life was cut short by death, and to her were given the joys of motherhood, and her children lived to call her blessed.

Prof. Joseph LeConte says of his mother: "As I was but three years old when she died, my memory as a continuous history does not extend so far; one single circumstance connected with her death I distinctly remember—it is that of her lying in bed and a bowl of blood on the table near by; this single fact lives in my memory and is to me all the more significant because my

father always regarded that bowl of blood as her death knell; it was taken by the physician in charge against his judgment. All inflammatory diseases were treated at that time by blood-letting—she died of pneumonia. Of course I know nothing of my mother from memory; all my knowledge of her is indirect, *i.e.*, from her influence on my elder brothers and sister, and especially the passionate love and lifelong grief of my father. The death of his wife almost crazed him; it produced a sort of mental paralysis from which he recovered only after many years; I well remember how, several years after her death, he would sit in silent gloom, then, snatching me up in his arms he would strain me to his heart and smother me with passionate kisses, and then as suddenly set me down and relapse again into silence and gloom—on this account my early feelings toward him were a mixture of intense love and reverence, with awe, and even fear. As time went on he became more and more a companion to his children—the awe and fear disappeared, and the love and reverence deepened; he was to me both father and mother. But, although he recovered his spirits and took hold on life again, the tenderness of his memory of his wife never in the slightest degree abated. The Congregational meeting-house at Midway was eight miles from our plantation. On Sundays the family carriage took us to church to attend the morning and afternoon services; every Sunday, in the recess between the services, my father took us boys by the hand, went to the graveyard, leaned on the railing of his own plot, gazed in silence on the grave of his wife for fifteen or twenty minutes, then turned and walked away without a word spoken. This he did every Sunday for twelve years. These Sunday visits deeply impressed on me the worthiness of the woman who could excite such devotion. It is only in this indirect way, and by what my elder sister told me, that I am able to judge of her character. How much she impressed herself on my own character and career I cannot say; but I am of those who believe that what is most fundamental in character is formed at our mother's knee even before the birth of self-consciousness and a distinct memory. To such early influences we must add also what I inherited from her. My father, Louis LeConte, was by blood a Huguenot, the family having come to this country soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, and settled in New York, and my father having moved to Liberty County about 1810. My mother was a Puritan maiden, native of the Puritan community of Liberty County. In many ways my blood and inheritance were mixed—my father was Norman French, my mother English. In religion my father was liberal almost to free-thinking, my mother was a Puritan of the Puritans. In intellectual taste my father was almost purely scientific; my mother was passionately fond of art, and especially of music. During my whole early life until I was off to college I lived on a large plantation far removed from the busy hum of men—it was under such mixed inheritance and influences that my own character was moulded. To my father I attribute my scientific tastes; to my mother my religious, artistic, and philosophic tastes."

Ann LeConte Stevens. During the last two generations the name LeConte has been more associated with science in America than with any other subject. Guillaume LeConte, who emigrated from France in 1690, and died in New York in 1720, was one of the most prominent landholders of New Rochelle, New York, but there is no evidence that he was in any way devoted to science. His great-grandson, Louis LeConte, while a student in Columbia College, became an accomplished young botanist, and in early life transferred his home from New York to Georgia, where he had become possessed of large landed estates in Liberty County. He was a man of much independence of character, firm, decided, and energetic. Throughout life he retained his fondness for several branches of science. Of his family two, whose tastes in boyhood were guided by him, subsequently achieved international reputation, one as a physicist, the other as a geologist.

Ann LeConte, the youngest daughter of Louis LeConte and Ann Quarterman, was born at the plantation home in Liberty County on the 26th of March, 1825. During infancy she was deprived of a mother's care by death. Her father's influence was dominant in the direction of her home education until his death in 1838. During the years of youth she remained under the care of an older sister and had such school training as could be secured in the neighborhood. Her most successful teacher was Alexander H. Stephens, who enjoyed the intimate friendship of her father, and whose earliest experiences in self-support were obtained in the schoolroom. After nearly a lifetime of public service, partly in Congress and partly as Vice-President of the Confederacy, he spoke in terms of warm appreciation of his apt young pupil. As soon as the requisite preparatory studies had been completed she was sent to Macon, where she entered the Wesleyan Female College, then recently organized as the first collegiate institution for young women in the South.

After completing her studies at college Miss LeConte was married, at the age of eighteen years, to Dr. J. P. Stevens, who had recently begun the practice of the medical profession in Liberty County. Two years before this, in June, 1841, she had visited New York, to spend a few weeks prior to the wedding of her elder brother, Dr. John LeConte, who was married in that city. Apart from this visit her entire life was spent in Georgia. There was little to make it eventful. As the years rolled on, six children were born, and in conjunction with the usual cares of the household these were enough to give abundant occupation.

Adapting herself to the surroundings of country and village life, Mrs. Stevens was ever an ardent lover of nature. Her father had made her love flowers, and her home was always decorated with them. She was accurate, careful, and methodical. Architecture and horticulture were equally attractive to her. She planned out every detail of the house erected by her husband at Walthourville, in 1855. Not only at home was she the

leading spirit, but also in the community, and especially in the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member. Her love of art was manifested not only in her mastery of architecture but in music. Possessed of a pure and strong soprano voice, she led the choir of her church, where her good taste in selection and her general efficiency made her an acknowledged guide. Her readiness in acquisition, her power to command, her indefatigable industry and patience in bringing others up toward her standard, conduced to make her an undisputed leader. Buried in the country, she never heard an opera or a grand orchestra, and had no models to follow. She thus developed a degree of independence that in a cold nature might have been offensive; but in hers it was never so, because tempered by her quick perceptions and ready sympathy.

Mrs. Stevens's mind was clear, vigorous, and incisive. In country village life there were few means of mental culture beyond what could be afforded by a limited supply of books. The social culture of Liberty County was remarkable, but lack of organization made it impossible to secure the advantages of city life. The effect of Puritan ancestry was strong, and the prevailing theological standards were rigidly defined. If too narrow for those who have to-day the advantage of a wider horizon, they did not exclude the genuine love of fellowman. The same earnestness which marked Mrs. Stevens's intellectual activity was carried out in the performance of duty of every kind.

In 1863 Dr. Stevens transferred his home to Baker County, where he had purchased a large plantation. Here the opportunity was presented for doing much to ameliorate the condition of those members of a dependent race, whose humanity should be recognized even though they were merely tillers of the soil. Among them Mrs. Stevens did much home missionary work, which at times involved exposure to the weather. In February, 1866, such exposure brought on an attack of bronchitis which developed rapidly. She died in September of the same year.

Mrs. Stevens's mental traits were distinctly such as conduce to success in the pursuit of science. Whether her semi-scientific tastes were the result of inheritance or of early environment it would be hard to say. The qualities she manifested would undoubtedly have contributed to success in any sphere, irrespective of the special topics of interest to which her attention may have been directed.

CAROLINE ANN SMITH

Caroline Ann Smith was born in Charleston, South Carolina, June 24, 1808. She was the only daughter of Francis Maguire, of Ireland, and Emily Barrett, whom he married in Charleston. Her father was implicated in the Irish rebellion of 1798, and fled to this country about the time of the execution of Robert Emmet, whose friend he was.

Caroline had one brother, James F. Maguire, who was two years her senior. When he was nine years old and she was seven, and both were happy, being blessed with good parents who had prospered, and had a delightful home that overlooked the bay, there came an awful visitation of yellow fever to that city. The parents were among the earliest victims. They died the same day, and were hastily buried in the same grave. The children were hurriedly taken by good people to different homes, and a few days after were sent away under orders, the boy being placed on a vessel bound for Boston and the girl upon one bound for Savannah, but neither knowing where the other was. The boy was placed in an orphan asylum in Boston, and the girl in the Roman Catholic Asylum in Savannah.

The years rolled on. In course of time a wealthy gentleman by name of Burwell, of Randolph, Massachusetts, adopted the boy, educated him and placed him in his country house, gave him an interest in his business and in due time gave him his only daughter to wife. Later on in life he was sent to the State Senate and became the personal friend of Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster. But he was not always happy. The loss of his only sister rested like a shadow over him. Twice he had visited Charleston in search of her, but found no clew. The fatal epidemic seemed to have changed the population and the survivors knew nothing of her. The beautiful home on the bay had been sold by the public administrator, and human vampires had gotten the money.

But the God of the fatherless was overlooking these children. Caroline had been in the asylum three years, and the Mother Superior and the sisters were good to her and loved her, for she was as amiable as she was beautiful, when one day a very grand lady called in a carriage to choose a little girl for a companion. She was the mother of Rev. Dr. Goulding, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, and the grandmother of Rev. Frank Goulding who wrote that beautiful book called "The Young Marooners."

This grand lady chose little Caroline and took her home with her to Liberty County. Her own children had grown up and married and gone, and so Caroline had no youthful companions, and many a night her pillow was wet with tears of grief for her parents, and for her long-lost brother—not a relative in the wide, wide world.

When she was about twelve years of age she was sent to a neighboring school that was taught by a young man from Vermont, who had already acquired a most favorable reputation as a teacher and a gentleman. His name was Smith. At once he became interested in Caroline and her pathetic history. He wrote to Charleston, but it availed nothing; but his pupil grew

into beauty and became his most promising scholar. In a year or two Mrs. Goulding died—died suddenly and left no will, and made no provision for Caroline, whom she dearly loved and had frequently declared should have a liberal portion of her wealth. Caroline suddenly found herself homeless and penniless, but she was not friendless. A Mr. Allston lived not far away, and his daughters were devoted to the orphan. He at once took her to his home, and she continued to go to school with his daughters. The teacher boarded there, and was happy to have Caroline nearer to him.

By and by the new country of North Georgia was opened up to settlers by reason of a treaty with the Indians, and Mr. Allston determined to remove there. Caroline was only fourteen years old when this removal took place, and with teary eyes and choking voice she bade her teacher good-by. He had not known until then how dearly he loved the sweet girl, who was just budding into womanhood. He made no demonstrations, but secretly resolved to seek his own fortune in the new country as soon as the fall session had closed. Mr. Allston's purchase was about midway between Decatur and Lawrenceville, and one night, while there was music and company in the parlor, and Caroline was sitting alone in the broad country piazza, suddenly she gave a scream of delight and as suddenly rushed into a stranger's arms as he neared the steps. It was her teacher.

But this is the old, old story. He had followed her and found her. In a short time they were married, and he established another school in the vicinity.

But what of her brother? The writer of this little sketch of a very, very dear mother was eight years old. His elder brother was ten when Caroline begged her husband to advertise just one more time for her brother. He did so, and had it inserted in a Boston paper and many others. It was headed in large type, "If James Maguire, whose parents died of fever in Charleston in 1815, is still living, he can hear of his sister Caroline by addressing the undersigned."

That James Maguire had a good neighbor who lived across the street, and whose name was Wales. He, too, knew the sad history of the parents and children, and grieved over it. One Sunday he was not well enough to go to church, and as he reclined in gown and slippers upon his couch, and was glancing over the Boston paper, he saw and eagerly read the advertisement. He became intensely excited, and hurried across the street, but found his friend had just gone to church with the family. Not thinking of his apparel, he hurried to the church, and rushing in at the side door while the man of God was reading the hymn, he held up the paper and exclaimed, with crazy delight: "Maguire, I've found your sister. Bless the Lord, I have," and he almost fainted from joy. Randolph was but a village then, and the preacher and the people all knew how diligently Maguire had sought for her. The preacher stopped reading, and hurried to see the paper. Maguire read, and re-read, and sat down and wept. What a scene in a

church! It was not long before the good man rallied, and said "Let us pray, and thank the Lord for his mercy that endureth forever."

Suffice it to say that it was not many weeks before that brother and sister were in each other's arms. There were no railroads or telegraph then, but loving letters were passed across the long way, and they visited, and exchanged visits as long as they lived. Her last days were her best days, and oh, what a dear and precious mother she was to me. How gentle, how kind, how loving to us all. She sang the sweetest songs, and had the sweetest voice I ever listened to. The sadness of her youth had chastened her into gratitude to God for every blessing. Her two sons and four sons-in-law were all in the Southern Army.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

C. H. Smith.

Ann Holbrook Goulding, the mother of the author of "Young Marooners," and daughter of Nathan and Susannah Wadhams Holbrook, was born at Goshen, Connecticut, August 16, 1786, married to Thos. Goulding, in Walcott, Connecticut, November 3, 1806, and died in 1878.

Her father was an inventor. He and his cousin, Ethan Allen, acted as guard on shore, during the Boston Tea Party.

She was brought up and confirmed in the Episcopal Church, but left it to be with her husband, who soon after their marriage gave up the practice of law and the management of his rice plantations to become a Presbyterian clergyman.

At Midway, Liberty County, Georgia, their son Francis Robert Goulding was born. In writing "Young Marooners" he has done for the youth of the world what DeFoe had done before him.

There is a slight tinge of romance about the first meeting of Mrs. Goulding and her husband. When a brown-eyed girl of eighteen, she went to visit a friend. Boarding at the same house was a wealthy young Southerner, who had gone North to study law. Hearing strange sweet sounds, she followed them, and found herself standing at an open door, and before her a handsome blue-eyed stranger, who was in some way producing delightful music from a large black box, which she afterwards learned was a newly-invented instrument called a piano. He turned, and saw a lovely vision, one which had appeared to him so often in his dreams (day-dreams), that he seemed to need no further introduction.

She grew in grace as her years advanced, and those loved her most who knew her best. She had seldom cause to repent of a "lost opportunity." Just after the Civil War, she was being driven from the depot in Atlanta, Georgia, by a strange hackman, to the home of relatives in the suburbs. One glance at his forbidding countenance aroused grave doubts as to her safe arrival at her destination. For some time fear kept her from speaking to him on the subject always nearest her heart, but at last, with a silent prayer she broached the subject of religion. To her astonishment his surly scowl changed to an expression of wistful eagerness, as he said, "No one has ever spoken to me of that before!" Then followed an earnest conversation, and from the warmly, grateful manner in which he bade her farewell, there can be little doubt that just then one more star was added to her crown.

The daughter who tenderly cared for her during her last illness, says, "I do not know much of her history, but I do know that she was one of the best women who ever lived. I never knew her to say an unkind word to or of any one."

A grand-daughter in Alabama says, in answer to a letter of inquiry, "My recollections of her are all of the most pleasing and helpful character, and are among the sweetest of my memory's treasures." And in an obituary notice, "May all, like her, simply 'come,' take God at his word, and so

fined rest for their souls." She requested her daughter, so soon as the immortal soul should have left its mortal tabernacle, to kiss her cold lips, and say, "I give thee joy, my Mother!" A few lines of a poem from the same source gives an idea of the childlike faith and perfect trust of this sainted woman.

"Dear Grandma," we have often said, "Do you ne'er have a doubt
That when the Book of Life is read, your name may be left out?"
"My child," she would as oft reply, "I know whom I believe,
And He has said that they who trust eternal life receive.
No, no, my child, 'twould be a sin did I distrust my Lord,
His spirit witnesseth with mine that I believe His word.
"I am a sinner, saved by grace, through faith in Jesus' name,
And in the last great day my hope will not be turned to shame.
I do not dread the gloom of death, to me 'tis Heaven's gate,
And in the calmness of the tomb, my flesh in hope shall wait."
"Glory! Glory! Glory!" were the last words she spoke,
Then gently falling into sleep, her soul in glory woke."

A singular circumstance occurred some years after her death. Two of her warmest friends were a mother and daughter in Columbus, Georgia. One night the daughter waked the mother to tell of a remarkable dream. It was, that she saw Mrs. Goulding looking radiantly happy, and evidently expecting some friend. She asked, "Mother Goulding, why are you so happy, and whom are you expecting?" The answer was, "My daughter Lucy will be with me to-night." They looked at the clock, and early next morning were roused with the tidings that Lucy had been taken suddenly ill, and had died at that hour.

MARY.

Frances Lloyd Bartow, mother of Gen. Francis S. Bartow. Mrs. Francis L. Bartow was born in Savannah, November 2, 1792, was a granddaughter of Col. Thomas Lloyd, sent by the British Government to Charleston, at the time of the colonization of the State.

After the death of her parents, Francis Stebbins and Rebecca Lloyd, she went to live with her step-brother, Judge William Davies, a partner with Judge Macpherson Berrien, of Savannah, and lived with him until the time of her marriage to Dr. Theodosius Bartow, February 26, 1812.

A miniature painting of her at this time shows her to have been a beautiful woman with oval face, high forehead encircled in soft curls of golden brown, eyes blue-grey shadowed with dark lashes and eyebrows, mouth of exquisite outline, chin delicate in harmony, with the perfect contour of face, all expressive of loftiness of purpose, high resolve, and gentleness. This precious relic was lost in a fire of recent date.

" Few women ever possessed more valiant traits of character, or elicited in a higher degree the love of all who came within the circle of her acquaintance. Like the mother of the Gracchi, no wonder that her gallant offspring ' illustrated Georgia ' so nobly in the halls of legislation, in the forum and the tented field. He drew inspiration from a source too pure to admit of aught that was sordid or base in human character.

" And the crowning excellence of this gentle being was her Christ-like piety. Her religion was a living exemplification of the graces that adorn the true followers of the Cross. Not even for the slayers of her son could she cherish hate, but died at peace with them and all the world."

The closest intimacy and more than ordinary love existed between mother and son. From his earliest boyhood her gentle influence ever stimulated him in his high ambition, not merely for selfish or worldly aggrandizement, but for pure and lofty purposes of life. His first little speech as a child will exemplify this. She selected for him the hymn known so well to all:

" Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on;" and this hymn made its impress on his grand and beautiful life, which only ended when brought back to his mother on his " Spartan shield."

She parted with him in Savannah when on that memorable day he marched off with his gallant young company, " The Oglethorpes," with cheers and shouts, triumphal arches wreathed with laurel and palm, flowers showered about them, and every demonstration of honor and love from a people who honored him and confided their boys to him in absolute trust.

Hardly two months later, in those same streets at midnight is heard the tap of the muffled drum, and the solemn tread of the silent crowd, who with saddened hearts and mournful voices echo the words along that tell the news;

" Brave Bartow falls!
Victory and glory mingle
With our hero's name."

After his death Mrs. Bartow returned to her home in Floyd, now endeared to her by many sacred memories, which threw a halo around her pathway which, for the rest of her days, lay in shadow, for the light of her life, her counsellor and friend, would no more go in and out with words of love and peace.

Extract from a letter written on her birthday:

"*Dear Mother:*

"I now take advantage of the closing hours of this day which completes your sixtieth year. It has been one of those bland, bright days, more like spring than autumn, neither warm nor cold, and I have thought of the green hills of Floyd and wished myself there, that I might walk with you through the quiet garden, and see the sun as he sets behind the mountains, light up the sky with golden radiance. How beautifully does nature present to the mind the evening of a well spent life, how few are the dark hours between the mellow twilight so full of peace and rest and the glorious reappearance of the rosy beams of morning.

"For you I cannot wish those many years on earth, which is the customary greeting; I know enough of life's meridian, of its fleeting joy, and constant cares, to feel that the happiest hour is 'when the soul is freed.' But for me my prayer would be that you who first held me up to the light of day should close my eyes, a selfish prayer at least, that I may so live, that like you some golden light may be reflected in my evening days. God's will be done. May He guide you and me and all of us. My heart is with you always."

Extract from Bishop Elliott's Sermon:

"Mourn for such a life and death as his was! We cannot mourn and even his widowed mother should say with Ormond, 'I would rather have my dead son, than any living son in Christendom.'"

Mrs. Bartow died in 1892, aged eighty. One of four children survive her, Wilhelmina Bartow Rees.

Carolina Wyatt Starke Coleman, mother of Dr. Thomas Davies Coleman, of Augusta, Georgia. Nearly a hundred years ago, a community of spacious homes was established on the South Carolina Heights, overlooking the valley of the Savannah, near Augusta, Georgia. This group of country seats was called Summer Hill; and early in the century the name had become a synonym for the delightsome, luxurious life of the affluent Southerner.

Here, amid whispering pines and carolling birds, Carolina Wyatt Starke was born August 20, 1841. She was a fitting type of a summer-time child in a world of beauty. Her eyes were the very blue of the skies, and her complexion matched the fragile, pink and white woodland flowers. Her hair was of those rich auburn tones which poets and painters have assigned to the world's famous beauties. The influences of heredity and environment were alike most happy for this lovely girl. Her father, Major William Wyatt Starke, a wealthy and cultured old-school gentleman, was of the Virginia family of Starkes, who, two generations earlier, had settled near Abbeville, South Carolina. Her mother, a daughter of Captain Jones, of Beaufort, was of a family both aristocratic and opulent. Major Starke had first married Miss Jeannette Blakely, of Charleston, and Mrs. Starke's first husband was Mr. Thomas Walker Davies, of Georgia. Carolina, the only child of their union, was the cherished favorite of the two families of step-brothers and sisters. The eldest brother, Col. Pinkney Starke, a profound scholar and world-wide traveller, brought back from the Holy Land water of the river Jordan with which to baptize the baby sister. This sacred rite was performed by the Rev. Mr. Ketchum, of the Presbyterian Church.

More than twenty years later, some of this same water was used for the christening of her own baby boy—Thomas Davies Coleman. Carolina's youthful years were spent on Summer Hill, and in Savannah.

Before she reached maturity, both her father and mother had died, leaving her to the loving care of her sister, Harriet Davies Hammond.

Prosperity and pleasures are often a surer test of the quality of souls than are adversities. Through both, this tender girl passed with a sweetness and strength that was extraordinary. Of a singular purity of heart, she believed of others only the best. Indeed she had a fine faculty of discerning and calling into activity the noblest traits of those about her. The gentleness and refinement of her nature were evidenced from her earliest childhood. Highly artistic, she was yet of the calmest temperament; and was absolutely free from eccentricities and prejudices.

In music, painting, and modelling she was unusually gifted. In the latter art her talents were especially marked. In belles-lettres she was thoroughly accomplished.

Until she was sixteen years of age, her education was intrusted to carefully selected governesses. Then she was sent to New York City to the famous Abbott school. After finishing there, Miss Starke returned South

CAROLINA WYATT STARKE COLEMAN

in June, 1858, to the home of her brother-in-law, Gen. M. C. M. Hammond, at Athens, Georgia.

Her entrance into the brilliant social life of that city of culture is a happy memory to many who knew her during those brief, bright years preceding the outbreak of the Civil War.

She was a recognized leader of fashion, but no breath of frivolity or vanity dimmed the clear mirror of her soul. Because of the rare balance of her nature she was equally joyous and devout. No harsh or ungenerous speech was ever heard from her lips. Religion was to her an animating essence of thought, speech, and deed. She worshipped God, alike through the gladness of her heart, and her goodness to every creature.

In person and dress she was the embodiment of girlish daintiness and womanly elegance.

There were many and distinguished suitors for her hand. To a lover of her girlhood she finally yielded her heart. As children, she and John Scott Coleman had seen much of each other; for he came often from his home across the Savannah to visit the family of his uncle, Major John Triggs, at Selwood, near Summer Hill.

When about to leave for Philadelphia to begin his medical studies, John Coleman declared his love, begging Carolina to wait for him until he should return a finished doctor. She was then but fifteen, and wisely urged that they were both too young to seriously consider any such question. But, in spite of intervening years, and lands, and seas, and other love affairs for both of them, fate gave them to each other.

During the war, General Hammond's family came back to the old home in South Carolina. It was here that Dr. Coleman again wooed Miss Starke, and with the happy fortune, this time, to win her. They were married from the First Presbyterian Church in Augusta, Georgia, April 12, 1864. Two years later, May 22, 1866, the fair young wife was taken, leaving the one baby boy to bear her sweet life, through his own "noblest-best," to larger fulfilment.

Her grandchildren now cluster about their father's knee, asking to be told "more of dear Grandmother Carrie Starke." For their sakes, most of all, these memories have been gathered from those who knew and loved her.

Her life, so brief, was of such exquisite beauty and graciousness that still, across the long, long, silent years, it breathes a fragrance of all the finer essences of the gentle, high-bred Southern womanhood of a generation ago.

A. L. C.

Laura Robinson Rootes Cobb. Few ever so beautifully illustrated Christian womanhood as did the subject of this brief memoir. The preparation therefore of a fitting tribute to such an one is fraught with difficulties which increase as the work progresses. Her character was the finest cluster of attractive traits, whether exhibited by the varied demands of home, of society, or of religion; whether rejoicing in the sunshine of prosperity, or walking beneath the shadows of sorrow, for she was sustained by courage adequate to meet the demands of duty and with a heart full of love and sympathy—all because of childlike trust in God's Word for guidance and for strength. Her life was such as history delights to place before the world for its own excellencies, sustained by a lineage through renowned names which, passing down the centuries, have been venerated for courage and honor and truth as illustrated by statesmanship, fidelity, and heroic deeds.

Laura Robinson Rootes was born September 20, 1792, and died July 23, 1866. She was the fourth child of Thomas Reade and Sarah Battaile Rootes, whose home was known as Federal Hill, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Thomas Reade Rootes was a distinguished lawyer, several times member of the Legislature of Virginia, and within a few years of his death was possessed of great wealth. The Rootes family was for several generations prominent in Virginia, in social and professional positions. Mrs. Cobb was also descended from such Colonial men of note as Col. George Reade, who emigrated to Virginia in 1632, and was royal counsellor for many years; Captain Nicholas Martin, Captain Robert Higginson, Captain Augustine Warner, Col. Miles Cary, Edward Jacqueline, John Smith, of "Shooters Hill"—all of whom occupied at various times prominent civil and military offices in the colony. Through Col. George Reade and Col. William Bernard, Mrs. Cobb was descended from several of the barons who wrested the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede; and by the Martian and Battaile lines she traced her ancestry to the Huguenots of France.

At the age of nineteen Laura Robinson Rootes was married to Col. John Addison Cobb of Georgia, son of John Cobb of Virginia, and Mildred Lewis, daughter of Howell Lewis and Mary Willis, of Granville County, North Carolina. They settled upon his plantations in Jefferson County, near Louisville, Georgia, where they remained until removal to Athens which became their home the remainder of their lives. On his maternal side, Colonel Cobb was descended through the Warners from Col. George Reade, who has been mentioned as an ancestor of Mrs. Cobb also. A distinguished genealogist says of the Cobb family, "It goes back to within a few years of the settlement of Virginia, and might be carried much farther back into the history of England. Indeed, the name of the Cobbs is one of the ablest and most honorable known, either in our earlier or more recent records."

They had seven children who reached maturity. The sons were Howell Cobb, the well-known statesman of Georgia, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, member of Buchanan's Cabinet, President of the First Confederate Congress, and Major-General, C. S. A.; Thomas Reade Rootes Cobb, distinguished jurist and author, member of the Confederate Congress, and Brigadier-General, C. S. A., who bravely fell at the battle of Fredericksburg; and Major John Boswell Cobb, also an officer in the C. S. A.

Mrs. Cobb was a beautiful woman with bright sparkling eyes, animated and expressive features and graceful manners. From early youth she had difficulty in hearing, but was so prepossessing it appeared not to mar her pleasure nor that of her company. She and her husband lived and died consistent members of the Baptist Church. Surely she was born pious, for she loved religion even from childhood.

As a writer and conversationalist she possessed remarkable talent. Modest in religious life, there were few who equalled her in accurate Bible knowledge, and in endeavor to honor its teachings. Prayer was her constant resort for sustaining grace; love and duty, her guiding stars. In her intellectual endowment there was depth and logic of thought, power of reasoning, love of truth, command of concise, expressive language, which combined rendered her decisions those of wisdom and of righteousness. The impress upon the minds and hearts of her children was like engravings upon steel, imparting cast to character. It could be seen in their lives, their homes and their business. Ah, here was indeed the impress of duty, the handwriting of love, the imprint of righteousness, because after all they were the leadings and teachings of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. Cobb had many painful afflictions. A soul so refined and so sanctified could but feel and appreciate grief most acutely, and in like proportion that it felt love and joy and peace. The sudden death in battle of her son Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb carried the sharpest pang of sorrow into her trusting soul. "Why is it," she asked on that occasion, "that my prayers scarcely rise above my head?" The reply was, "These are precious groanings which the Spirit sprinkles with the blood of Christ and spreads before the throne of grace." She was comforted but never recovered from the shock.

The last words of Jesus—oh, how precious!—so were the last words of this saint. "Impossible to live. I only mind parting with you all! I see—I see," and closing her eyes she softly sank

> "Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
> From which none ever wakes to weep."

JNO. C. WHITNER.

Martha Jacqueline Rootes Jackson, mother of Gen. Henry R. Jackson, was born at "Federal Hill," near Fredericksburg, Virginia, September 28, 1786. Her parents were Thos. Reade Rootes, a distinguished lawyer and member of the House of Delegates, and Sarah Ryng Battaile. She was the eldest of five children, and from her earliest years must have been the beloved counsellor and helper of the others, judging from the devoted respect in which she was held by them throughout their lives. Her young womanhood shows evidence of the affection and elevating influence which surrounded her in "that charming social fireside comfort at 'Federal Hill.'"

The revulsion of religious feeling in the latter part of the last century, following the long period of coldness which had preceded it, resulted in strict ideas of religious life and rigid self-examination. Many noble characters were formed in those days, and such was the case in the subject of this sketch. Her ardent nature and strong intellectual traits were molded into a beautiful character, which was strong to bear the trials and sorrows of following years, and which wielded a helpful influence upon all who came in contact with her.

On May 8, 1810, she was married to Howell Cobb, of Georgia, a gentleman many years her senior. He was a captain in the United States army, with a commission signed by George Washington, and member of Congress in 1811, when the relations between the United States and England were in an embarrassing state. Captain and Mrs. Cobb were on terms of friendship with Chief Justice Marshall, Mr. Wm. H. Crawford, and other bright stars which studded the congressional skies in those trying times.

When Captain Cobb's term in Congress was over they retired to their plantation home, near Louisville, Georgia. This extract from one of her letters, written at the time of her daughter's anticipated marriage, shows the course of conduct Mrs. Cobb pursued upon reaching her new home. "I know by experience how readily a young woman can obtain the kindest interest from her husband's connections by accommodating herself to their habits, and treating them affectionately herself. I have in my own case found, that although I came a perfect stranger to a distant land, amongst those who had perhaps calculated that my husband never would marry, that I still could gain their best feelings, and I believe their sincere respect and affection."

Mrs. Cobb's mother having died, her sisters made their home with her in Georgia, and this resulted in the marriage of her sister Sarah to Mr. John A. Cobb, a younger brother of Captain Cobb. In 1818, Captain Cobb died, leaving no children.

On September 2, 1819, Mrs. Cobb was married to Dr. Henry Jackson, an Englishman, professor of philosophy and chemistry in Franklin College, and youngest brother of Gen. James Jackson of Revolutionary fame. Dr. Jackson was chosen by Mr. Wm. H. Crawford secretary of legation when

he was sent minister to France in 1812, and remained with Mr. Crawford until his return. He then resided at the French Court as chargé d'affaires until a short time before his marriage.

A union of congenial tastes was the result of this marriage, and that happiness which comes from the communion of two individuals of noble character. Their only son, Henry Rootes, was their oldest child, and their hopes were centered in him from his cradle. In a letter from Dr. Jackson to a nephew in England, he thus speaks of him: "If I am weak about anything it is in relation to this boy, my own and only son. I think his natural disposition is such as to justify my entertaining every hope of future gratification from his complete success."

Dr. Jackson was attacked with a stroke of paralysis when his son was only a boy, and he was never quite strong again. So among his earliest lessons the son was taught by his father that he must be the protector of his mother and two little sisters, and that lesson he never forgot. Throughout his poems, most of which relate to his childhood's home and early associations, runs a thread of filial affection, uniting the warm and loving hearts which clustered about the fireside at "Halscot."

This is from a letter from Mrs. Jackson when her son was a colonel in the Mexican War: "We are now under much anxiety about our dear absent Colonel, for to-morrow is the day specified as the one for the attack on Vera Cruz. I endeavor to exercise the confidence that I ought in that power, without whose permission no weapon can prosper against him; but the mother's heart will tremble for the child who is about to be exposed to an imminent danger." Her strong and abiding faith in God was the ruling characteristic of her life, which sustained her in the deepest afflictions which the human heart can feel, and which was with her when the summons came to "Come up higher," when she whispered to her loved ones bending over her, "If this be death, then it is sweet to die."

Sarah Battaille Cobb Rutherford, the daughter of Sarah Robinson Rootes, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and John Addison Cobb, of Georgia, was born March 12, 1818. Her childhood and girlhood were spent in Athens, Georgia, at the old homestead not far from the present site of the Episcopal church. She was the second daughter of eight children. Her education was acquired at the academy, which was the most advanced school for girls at that time in Athens. She was remarkable from her earliest years for precocity of intellect. When a child of ten she astonished Alexander H. Stephens, then a student at Franklin College, by her wonderful descriptive powers. At sixteen years of age she was calculating eclipses and studying calculus.

On March 23, 1841, she married Williams Rutherford, of Midway, Georgia. This was a very happy marriage, and eight children were given them to bless and brighten their home. The only son that survived the age of infancy was John Cobb Rutherford, who became so noted as a criminal lawyer in the State. His reputation in the management of the Woolfolk case extended far beyond the limits of his own section, and his inability to clear against prejudiced odds one whom he always believed innocent was thought to be indirectly the cause of his death.

Laura Cobb's ancestry was the best on her mother's side; she traced her descendants to colonial days. She was descended from Thomas Reade Rootes, an eminent lawyer, of Fredericksburg, Virginia. His old home Federal Hill still stands. On her father's side she traced her ancestry to revolutionary times, and numbered among these ancestors men who fought to free their country from England's oppressive rule.

Williams Rutherford's grandfather, John Rutherford, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and the rifle that he owned is now in the possession of the family.

The children by this marriage are entitled to greatness by ancestry, and some of them have become noted in law, letters, education, or established charity.

Col. John Cobb Rutherford became eminent as a lawyer. His home was Macon, Georgia. He died March, 1891, at the age of forty-nine.

Mrs. Mary Ann Rutherford Lipscomb, now principal of Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Georgia, president of the Woman's Club, and a member of the Press Club, is a woman of marked intellectual ability.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, author of "English Authors," "American Authors," and "French and German Authors," and for fifteen years principal of Lucy Cobb Institute, now lives at her home, "The Villa," in Athens, Georgia.

Mrs. Bessie Rutherford Mell, the founder of the Bessie Mell Industrial Home, a beautiful established charity in Athens for helping others to help themselves, died October, 1894.

Mrs. Laura Cobb Hutchins, the youngest daughter, is always found

SARAH BATTAILLE COBB RUTHERFORD

foremost in deeds of charity, and all that goes to lift others to higher living. No mother in Georgia better fulfilled the duties of a Christian wife and mother, a patriotic matron and friend, than did the mother of Colonel Rutherford, of Macon.

During the war between the States she was called with simple reverence the "Soldiers' Friend."

Patriotism and love of humanity seemed interwoven with every fibre of her being. The needs of the Confederacy called forth all the energy, resources, and invention of her powerful nature.

A sister of Gen. Howell Cobb and Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb could not be a passive observer of that mighty struggle. As president of that patriotic band of women "The Ladies' Aid Society," Mrs. Rutherford's work for the Confederate army was far-reaching and invaluable. She had that twin virtue of ardent patriotism—heroism.

When the banner was furled and many returned not, Mrs. Rutherford determined that some loving, enduring testimony should be paid to the South's sacred dead. She earnestly begun the work of raising the funds to erect a monument to the Confederate dead of Athens. To the discouragements met with on all hands, she made the one quiet resolute reply, "It must be done," nor did her efforts cease until the noble monument, telling its eloquent story, pointed its snowy column to the sky.

Mrs. Rutherford was always interested in the welfare of her city, and this public spirit had much to do with its advancement. Her pen was ever ready in the cause of progress. She had an abiding faith in individual power and industry, contending that what had been done could be done, and she exemplified this doctrine in her own varied achievements.

The influence of such a woman in the community where she lived can never die. Next to the love of God she placed the love of home and country, and the firm convictions of such a leader could not fail to mould the thought of not only the women, but the men of the community where she lived.

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Mildred Lewis Rootes Cobb. On the twelfth day of November, 1821, in Louisville, Georgia, was born Mildred Lewis Rootes Cobb, destined to be one of Georgia's beauties and heiresses, and her most notable coquette. Her father was the most prominent citizen of Athens, owner of that large portion of the city called Cobham, and a descendant of the illustrious Virginia stock that sprung from the Magna Charta barons—the Reades, Bernards, Warners, and Rootes. This is the end of a long line of stolid English gentlemen. We must suppose they were stolid: all Englishmen are. And they produced, by a curious trick of nature, many notable people of a violently anti-English talent—George Washington, the brothers Cobb, and James McNeill Whistler.

My grandmother's own peculiar talents for coquetry had full swing in her environment. Small, dainty, charmingly pretty, and protected by a fine and dazzled, though somewhat alarmed father, she enjoyed that immunity from harm and any criticism known by the daughters of those rich autocrats, the Southern landed gentry. Indulged by her parents, indulged by her brothers, with no idea of the value of money because she had never been without it, and because by the Southern people the discussion of wealth was considered vulgar, her whole energy was directed toward the capture of masculine hearts and wild escapades with girl friends. The driving of spirited horses, the old coachman shut inside the carriage and watching with fearful eyes the two slight, muslin-clad figures on the box-seat. It was on one such occasion, when the coachman had been cajoled into driving them to a forbidden party, that my grandmother was promptly carried home by an irate young man—a fellow-student with her brothers at the University—and sternly delivered into the hands of her father. This irate young man was Luther Judson Glenn, upon whom until that evening she had looked as one of her meek and willing slaves. She had successfully taken up his time until, in the distractions of trying to circumvent the other six of her seven fiancés, he lost his until then certain first honor, and graduated in a daze of mingled emotions.

The evening of the stolen party was an epoch. She experienced a new sensation. She had met the man who could master her. But this was a thing that she did not know. If she had, she could undoubtedly have run away. She was so unconscious of it that, when her brother Tom delivered to her this portentous speech: "Minnie, decide at once whether you wish to marry Luther Glenn or ———, of Florida, because I will no longer see Glenn played with," she dutifully replied (but I have always fancied that a little smile must have lurked in her down-cast eyes as she said it), "I will marry whom you prefer, Tom."

They had relinquished the old family home to the eldest son, Howell, and in his house my grandmother was married, on April 27, 1842. She was very pretty: she assures me that she was very pretty; and the trousseau well became her.

In those days a trousseau was a wonderful thing. It came from Europe; and as the Atlantic had not been conquered "Europe" was a far-away dream place. In the minds of preoccupied brides the satins, and laces, and fans of Paris were hazily linked with the stately pleasure-domes of Kubla-Khan, and the sandalwood smells of India. The great boxes, covered with foreign labels, were opened by the two Millys—the little white bride and the black, adoring, and gaspingly admiring maid. They gazed in rapture upon the First Day Gown—the gown that could stand alone. They imagined how she would look in the pearl-colored Second Day Gown—what she would say to the discarded lovers when they came to the second-day reception. They speculated as to whether she could have been more bewitching had the Third Day ball gowns been pink instead of blue. But always their thoughts returned to the main picture—of my grandmother in her white bridal robes, and of the flattering anguish in the hearts of those same lovers.

They had been permitted to adore up to the last minute. The successful rival was away; and none but the most hard-hearted could have condemned my grandmother to months of the solitude and masculine neglect that falls to the lot of an "engaged girl." The invited guests came to what they supposed to be one of the usual large balls at the "Cobb place." They found it to be a wedding, with a dainty, mocking, frivolous bride, a triumphant groom—painful spectacle for those of the seven who were present.

One of these luckless ones, the week after, met General Jackson, of Savannah, and enthusiastically invited him to be his attendant at his wedding on the coming Wednesday.

"And whom are you to marry?"

"Miss Mildred Cobb," said the deluded young man.

"But I have just come from attending Luther Glenn at his marriage to Mildred Cobb!"

Many years after, when the news came back from Fredericksburg that Gen. T. R. R. Cobb and Colonel Glenn had been shot, another of these old admirers hastened up from Florida to marry the widow—but Colonel Glenn had not died. My grandmother explains all this by saying that she had been too compassionate to refuse men who really loved her.

After the birth of my father, on March 21, 1844; his going off to college, when she stood in the big front door and wept, and he came back nine times to kiss her good-bye; and the proud moment when he, a boy of fourteen, got his commission on the Staff of Gen. Howell Cobb, and donned his Confederate uniform; events seem to have dwindled in importance.

These are not the times of which the little old lady with the white curls likes to tell. We have listened to other traditions—traditions of "befo' de wah"— that wonderful golden age, when the land flowed with milk and honey. We have never read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." My grandmother told us it was not true; and my father's old nurse, Mammy Ann, told us it

was written by "de debbil hisself." We object to Mrs. Stowe because we were brought up to object to her. But of all stories, we are most fond of the tale of the Bridal Bonnet.

A Bridal Bonnet in the old days was as necessary at a wedding as the maid of honor, and a knowledge of the correct angle at which to pin a veil. It was always a white Leghorn poke, with flowers under the brim next the hair, a second bunch of flowers on the right side, and ribbons to tie under the chin. The fate of my grandmother's bonnet was a tragedy. On the wedding journey, which was performed by coach, the horses ran away, overturned the carriage, and in the ensuing spilling of its human freight, this poem of a bonnet came in contact with the vulgar red clay of Georgia. My Grandfather's head was the other sacrifice. He was badly cut, and unconscious. But the lamentations of his young wife was over the wreck of the bonnet. "Husbands," my grandmother sagely remarked, "were easy to get, but a Leghorn poke was rare in the South."

"What was the color of the flowers on that bonnet, Grandma?"

"That I don't remember. But I can tell you this, my child: whatever I put on was becoming. Girls were prettier then than they are now."

Her only regret is that she cannot go back and live it over. With the experience of added years she has thought of so many things she might have done!

Isa Gartery Urquhart Glenn.

Phœbe Adgate Lipscomb, the mother of Dr. Andrew Adgate Lipscomb, distinguished divine, educator, and writer, was born in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1791. She was the daughter of Andrew Adgate and Mary Westcott. Her ancestors on both her father's and mother's side were heroic and cultured people. When Phœbe Adgate was only two years of age, what was then called malignant fever, but what is now known to be the dreaded yellow fever, scourged the city of Philadelphia. Thousands of the citizens fled and thousands fell victims to the disease. On September 12, 1793, a number of the citizens, who had remained, met in the city hall for the purpose of organizing relief committees to care for the sick. The Mayor was in the chair, and in response to a call for volunteers to alleviate the suffering of the pestilence-stricken community, there were only ten men who offered their services, Andrew Adgate, the father of Phœbe Adgate, and Stephen Girard, the great philanthropist, being two of that number. For days and for weeks the fever raged, the committee of ten all the while faithfully discharging their duty. Finally Andrew Adgate and three others of the committee contracted the dreadful disease, from which they all died. A half century afterward the city council of Philadelphia ordered five hundred copies of the report of the surviving members of that committee to be printed, a copy to be preserved in the archives of the city, and other copies to be distributed among the friends and relatives of the self-sacrificing citizens who gave up their own lives in trying to preserve those of their fellow citizens. This report was printed on parchment and commemorated the noble deeds of the four members of the heroic committee of ten, and is now a part of the history of the city of Philadelphia. Phœbe Adgate had the fever at the same time that her father was ill with it, and it is told by her descendants that she was so desperately ill as to be at one time considered dead. Indeed, she was even shrouded for burial when it was discovered that she was not dead. Her mother, Mary Prescott, the wife of Andrew Adgate, was left a young widow at twenty-four years of age with three little children. About the year 1795 she removed with them to Alexandria, Virginia, to her father's home. Capt. John Prescott, her father, was a native of Cumberland County, New Jersey, and was an officer in the New Jersey line during the Revolutionary War. He removed to Alexandria, Virginia, where for many years he made his home. It was there in Virginia that Phœbe Adgate, his granddaughter, and the mother of Andrew Adgate Lipscomb, met her husband, Wm. Corrie Lipscomb. The Lipscombs were all Virginians, hence of English stock, the name itself indicating its English Norman origin. In Arthur's "Old English Surnames" it appears with its derivation.

In Conan Doyle's pictorial novel, "The White Company," Sir Arthur Lipscomb is mentioned as being at the famed battle of Roncesvalles Pass, and he gives as his coat-of-arms "the wolf and the dagger." The crest of the Lipscomb family, as stated in heraldry, is a mailed hand clasping an oak

bough. So far as these things go there is no doubt that all the Lipscombs are descended from this original English family. The name itself is so rare and significant that no doubt can remain about it.

Phœbe Adgate had been a society girl in her youth. It is said that the burning of the Richmond theatre, when Poe's father with so many others perished, first led her to consider her soul's salvation. Subsequently, while on the ball-room floor, she determined to renounce the world and the things of the world, and devote her life to the service of God. She joined the Episcopal Church, but after her marriage she united herself with the Church of her husband, the Methodist Protestant Church, which he aided in founding. Such a mother, with queenly blood, superior intellect and extraordinary heart culture, could not fail to influence the character of her son. From her he inherited many of the qualities of mind and heart that so distinguished him above his fellows. If this be a law of heredity that the boy inherits more the traits of character from his mother, then surely Phœbe Adgate, the mother of Andrew Adgate Lipscomb, must have been a woman of most remarkable character.

MILDRED LEWIS COBB JACKSON

Mildred Lewis Cobb Jackson, mother of James Jackson, Chief Justice of Georgia, and daughter of John Cobb and Mildred Lewis was born in Georgia in 1790, in that part of Washington County now known as Jefferson County. In a disastrous fire the family records were burned, so that the month and day of her birth are unknown.

It is a matter of pride to her descendants that her lineage can be traced to the same progenitor as Gen. George Washington, and Gen. Robert E. Lee. This progenitor was George Reade, Secretary, and at one time Acting Governor of the Colony of Virginia, and member of the Royal Council, whose daughter Mildred married Augustin Warner. Elizabeth, third daughter of Mildred Reade and Augustin Warner, married Col. John Lewis, whose son Charles married Mary Howell. Howell Lewis, son of Charles and Mary Howell, married Mary Willis, daughter of Col. Henry Willis, founder of Fredericksburg. Mildred Lewis, daughter of Howell Lewis and Mary Willis, married John Cobb; and their daughter, bearing her mother's maiden name, Mildred Lewis, is the subject of this sketch.

John Cobb was a prominent man in that section of the State, being a landed proprietor of some extent. He was also a surveyor, and assisted in the subsequent division of Washington County. From records on file in the State Capitol he is found to have been a man of some wealth; for these records show that he deeded to his children much land and other property.

October 8, 1808, at the age of eighteen, Mildred married William Henry Jackson, the eldest son of Governor James Jackson of Georgia. The young couple removed to Savannah, but in a short time returned to Jefferson County, where they took possession of a farm near Louisville, then the capital of the State.

Here many children were born to them, and here, too, death claimed so many of their flock that the mother's life was permanently saddened. Naturally buoyant, her presence was constant sunshine until these clouds of sorrow dimmed the brightness.

She was a woman of recognized beauty, her husband proudly telling that on one occasion the palm was awarded her as the most beautiful young woman in Georgia.

She was a woman of fine intelligence, and in her motherhood left an unfading impress on her children.

She was an earnest Christian, though a timid one, having a great fear of death, an hereditary, physical fear common to her family. She often prayed for deliverance from this fear, and her son thought the manner of her death an answer to this prayer.

One March morning in 1853, as she was making her toilet, her maid approached to further assist, as was her custom, when Mrs. Jackson fell back on her pillow—dead. There was no fear, no dread, for the messenger was swift, and God, in mercy, spared that gentle heart the ordeal it had long shrunk from.

A beautiful tribute is paid Mrs. Jackson by the son whose illustrious services to his State call forth this life-sketch of his mother. In an obituary notice published in 1853, he says:

"In the circle of her own family and friends, she exemplified the graces of the true Christian. Her piety was simple and unobtrusive. To attend the bed of sickness, to smooth the pillow of sorrow, to hand down the old and decrepit gently to the grave—these were her offices of Christian mercy and love. To her husband and her children she was all in all, and if there was a blemish on her pure and spotless character as a Christian, it was her overweening anxiety and love for them; *that* almost approached idolatry.

"She passed from time to eternity suddenly, and without a struggle. Death seemed to have wiped out every wrinkle that time had made on her countenance, and left her face as sweet and placid as a baby asleep.

"This last outpouring of love to the memory of the purest, the best, the fondest, the most forbearing mother that ever blest a wayward child flows from the heart of her only son, and though the portrait has been drawn by the hand of affection, all who knew her will recognize it as marked with the pencil of *truth*."

MARTHA COBB GRANT

Martha Cobb Grant, the mother of Capt. William D. Grant. Those who have read the sketch of Mrs. Mildred Lewis Cobb Jackson, will not be surprised to see her beautiful traits of character reappearing in her daughter, Mrs. Martha Cobb Grant, the mother of Capt. W. D. Grant, of Atlanta, a financier widely known, and a gentleman of broad culture. The city where he dwells points with pride to the evidences of his success, for in every quarter lofty buildings planned through his agency and erected by his means, attest his faith in the progress and growth of Atlanta, the capital city of Georgia. It is fitting that a great-grandson of that loyal Georgian, James Jackson, who said that when he died, Georgia would be found written on his heart, should invest his wealth in his native State, and eschewing the temptation of bonds and stocks, should turn the red clay of his own State into the red gold of currency.

To his mother, Captain Grant owes many of the elements of character which led to his success, and her tender, loving heart would especially appreciate owing this sketch of herself to the fact that she was his mother.

Martha Cobb, the daughter of William Henry and Mildred Lewis Cobb Jackson, was the eldest of their children to reach maturity. She was born in Jefferson County, Georgia, January 29, 1816. Here her early childhood was passed, and then the family moved to Athens, Georgia, whither Col. John A. Cobb, a brother of Mrs. Jackson, had preceded them.

In Athens in her early girlhood, Miss Jackson met John T. Grant, whose father, Daniel Grant, was a prosperous and prominent citizen of the town. The acquaintance ripened into love, and marriage soon followed. Those present at the wedding often averred that Mr. Grant and his bride were the handsomest couple ever seen. And, verily, to those who knew them when years had left their mark upon both, it was a statement easily credited.

Everything smiled upon the union, the groom's father—as was the custom in those days—lending substanial aid to his son. In a short time, however, Mr. Daniel Grant suffered a reverse of fortune immediately affecting his children also. Mr. and Mrs. John Grant bravely met this change of fortune, the young wife cheerfully assuming her portion of the ensuing burdens. Her husband was wont to say that he owed his rapidly acquired fortune as much to her thrift and energy as to his own financial ability.

Three children came to brighten their home, but only one survived, William Daniel Grant. Upon this only son were centred the affections and hopes of both father and mother, and that this love was wise in its training, the career of the son bears ample testimony.

The grief that Mrs. Grant experienced in losing her children affected her health, and for fifty years pain was almost a daily companion. Her endurance, however, was marvellous, and her courage unquestioned. Her husband, whose large business contracts covered several States, necessarily left her much alone. In her beautiful country-place in Walton County,

where the white columns of a stately mansion looked down upon the terraced yard, gay with flowers of every hue, she passed the years of the Civil War, alone the greater portion of the time. For, her son at the head of a company raised and equipped by himself, and her husband engaged in a business that required his constant personal supervision, the entire control of the large plantation with its many servants was in her hands. Never could the words, " she looketh well to the ways of her household," be better applied than to her. Undismayed by the approach of Sherman's army, and the consequent raids in her own neighborhood, she held in her firm hands the control of many dependent human beings unassisted by the presence of a single white person.

After the war, Colonel Grant suffered the reverses of fortune which came to every material interest of the South. Not only was his business ruined, but nearly all the property his years of toil and industry had acquired, had been swept away. The country place in Walton and a beautiful mansion in Athens had been saved, but beyond them he had little to commence anew the work of retrieving his fallen fortune. Again his wife proved the value of the God-given helpmeet, and again fortune smiled upon pluck and industry.

The son, now making great strides in the march to wealth, was now married, and was living in his own home in Atlanta, whither his parents, disposing of their property elsewhere, followed him and resided with him, while their own handsome mansion was in progress of erection.

When this was completed, it became the scene of some of the most lavish hospitality ever seen in Atlanta. Mrs. Grant was a charming hostess, and many remember her soft, silvery hair and shining dark eyes as she greeted each guest with true Southern cordiality.

In this home, just opposite that of her son, where her loved ones enjoyed the privilege of daily visit to her, she passed the remainder of her life.

She rarely left her home, for she was a prisoner to pain for many years. " And yet," says " Emel Jay," her niece, who knew and loved her, " until the last few weeks of her life, when reason's light seemed to flicker under the onrush of disease, what a bright prisoner she always was! the clear, beautiful, kindly eyes looking out from the pale face in beaming welcome to all who sought her; the delicate form seated always in welcoming attitude in the big chair by the window, as she watched for the coming of those who loved her best, and who never failed her.

" But besides her immediate family, she had many visitors. Her quick, clear mind feeding constantly on books and papers that made her conversant with the happenings and thought of the outside world; her striking individuality of speech and manner that was charmingly her own; all made her companionship a delight.

" But the chief magnet that drew that circle of friends about her was the warm sympathy of her nature. She was interested in whatever apper-

tained to those she cared for. No matter how trivial the plaint, it had ever a loving listener in her.

"Hers was indeed a loyal heart. With her reason vanished in pale annihilation under the radiancy of love. She could only see the best and brightest side of her dear ones, nor would she believe there was any other side to see, and the consciousness of this faith helped those who were close to her to live up to the high standard of her belief.

"Her love was as unexacting as it was loyal. It was perfectly unselfish. Moreover, it was helpful, reaching out in many a kindly, generous ministry, unguessed by the world at large.

"Such love cannot leave the earth, and so, when on September 26, 1893, the 'silver cord was loosed,' and the spirit set free, this love acquired a double life, one which lives above, throughout a shining eternity, and the other which still continues to live here on earth in an abiding influence, not only upon those whose hearts and minds came into immediate contact with it, but also upon those who secondarily, but incalculably, will feel its benediction forever."

Malinda Lewis White Benning. It was an axiom of the long ago that a gentlewoman's name should appear but twice in print: when she married, and when she died. There is no proof that this was the creed of Mrs. Benning and her kindred, but certain it is that no published paragraph of which she is the heroine has rewarded the most diligent search.

The family Bible records her birth, April 18, 1789. This was in Columbia County, three years after her parents came to Georgia.

With four brothers she was the only daughter, the light of the house, the belle of the county. She was tall and stately, with large blue eyes, rippling brown hair, soft, white hands, and a still softer voice, abeit one to command.

Her father was Capt. Richard P. White, of Hanover County, Virginia, a veteran of the Revolution, a planter, first in Virginia, afterward in Georgia. Her mother was Mary Meriwether, one of the Lewis-Meriwether Clan, which has been omnipresent in every struggle of this country, whether civil or military.

June 8, 1809, at the age of twenty, she was married to Pleasant Moon [Moohn] Benning, a planter of her native county.

A negro melody gives the name of their young mistress to a song-game. Many moonlit summer Saturday nights have discovered her grandchildren seated on the steps of their father's plantation residence, rapturously watching the negroes from the quarter playing and singing, their mellow voices vibrating in harmony with the rhythm of the Chattahoochee Shoals, just under the hill.

Hands all around, one in the ring, slowly shuffling, and chanting these words:

" Come er trippin' downstairs, Miss Malindy,
Come er trippin' downstairs, Miss Malindy,
Come er trippin' downstairs, wid yer true love by yer side,
You on yer way ter Shiloh." *
" Oh, fare you well, Miss Malindy,
Oh, fare you well, Miss Malindy,
Oh, fare you well, an' er, do fare you well,
You on yer way ter Shiloh."

" What you reckon yer mother say, Miss Malindy?
What you reckon yer mother say, Miss Malindy?
What you reckon yer mother say, wid yer true love by yer side?
You on yer way ter Shiloh."
" Oh, fare you well, Miss Malindy,
Oh, fare you well, Miss Malindy,
Oh, fare you well, an' er, do fare you well,
You on yer way ter Shiloh."

* Country Church.

Some of the youngsters wondered if "grandma did run away with grandpa, if she had on caps, and if her mamma was awful mad with her." The investigations of maturer years disclosed the fact that the marriage was solemnized with the sanction of the family, the church, and the State.

In 1832, Mr. Benning removed to Harris County, settling just below the "Mountain." Eleven children were born. Of these only four lived to maturity, viz., Henry Lewis, who married Mary Howard, only daughter of Col. Seaborn Jones, M.C., of Columbus; Richard Edwin, married Frances Simpson; Caroline Matilda, married Mr. B. Y. Martin; Augusta Palmyra, married Madison Lewis Patterson, Esq. With the exception of Edwin all resided in Columbus. Mr. Benning died in 1845. After the marriage of Augusta, Mrs. Benning lived with her until the death of Caroline, when she went to Mr. Martin's, where she stayed until his death, which followed in a few months. She then returned to Mr. Patterson's, where she died, June 24, 1864.

In speech she was somewhat reserved. Neither did she confide to a journal her youthful pranks, girlish dreams, wedded happiness, maternal joys and griefs, or widowed loneliness. Mistress, by right of birth, of upwards of a hundred slaves, she commanded their love and obedience.

The story of Queen illustrates the attitude of herself and her family toward their dusky subjects. To settle an estate Queen was sold. Some years subsequently she begged to be repurchased. It was done. Her husband belonged to another family. His owners decided to remove from Harris and of course to take Primus, Queen's husband. She now urged her master to sell her that they might not be separated. This wish was also granted. Years after, after the death of Mr. and Mrs. Benning, after the Civil War and emancipation, Queen and Primus lived in Columbus in the greatest strife. She quarrelled with her relations, repudiated her race, and clung like a barnacle to the family of her dead owners. Woe to "Marse Henry's gals" if they failed to show her what she considered due attention. She "nussed dey pa," and her angry voice could be heard for blocks, scolding them for "leffin' her 'long er dat low-down, one-legged, no nation, quarter-loon, yaller nigger, Primus." It mattered not a jot to Queen that these young ladies were unconscious of her existence until after the war. She "gwine tell dey An' Gusty."

There is an exact science which proves the unknown quantity by the known. According to its reasoning, and judging by the men of her race, a great soldier, a great statesman, or a great jurist was embodied in the womanly personality of Mrs. Benning. Her son is on the records of the State University as honor graduate. In civil life he was judge, in military, general. Two brothers, Clement and Nicolas, were soldiers in the War of 1812, Clement dying in the service. Her father was a Revolutionary captain. His young brother, William, was mortally wounded at Brandywine. Her ancestors, the Meriwethers, Lewises, Warners, Reades, and

Martians helped to lay the foundations of the Republic. Martian was among the first to revolt against the tyranny of the royal governor. Historic Yorktown is located on what was originally his land grant. There, after the lapse of a century and a half, his great-great-grandson, George Washington, received the submission of royalty through its commander-in-chief, Lord Cornwallis. Martian's daughter, Elizabeth, married George Reade, Deputy-Governor and Royal Councillor of Virginia.

Through his mother, Reade was descended from Sir Edward Dymock, hereditary champion of England. Mrs. Benning was his great-great-great-great-granddaughter. In America her descendants may be members of the Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Society of Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, Order of the Crown, etc., etc.

In England, other branches of the Dymock family failing male heirs, they would be the hereditary champions. Had such been the case at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria, Henry Lewis Benning would have officiated. Superbly mounted, he would have thrown down the gauntlet, and hurled defiance at all who should dispute her Majesty's sovereignty of the vast empire of the British.

Sarah Eliza Pope Barrow was born on the plantation of her father, Middleton Pope, in Oglethorpe County, Georgia, on the 17th day of October, 1821. She was married to David Crenshaw Barrow, October 23, 1838. She died September 13, 1855.

In her early childhood she began to give evidence of uncommon strength of character. Even at this early age, she showed determination and fixedness of purpose, and a high and noble spirit. Her parents were people of large means, and she was an only child. Under ordinary circumstances, this would naturally tend to make a capricious and self-indulgent character. On the contrary, however, in her case, it only seemed to steady and solidify her strong individuality. Idolized by both her parents, and surrounded by very large family connections, with all of whom she was a great favorite, she went through life without giving any evidence at all that flattery or attention or favors had ever disturbed the even tenor of her way. She was not, however, a sombre character; on the contrary, she was full of life, and entered joyously into all the pleasures of her station.

After she became the mother of children, although she governed with a firm hand, she nevertheless freely entered into all their pleasures and recreations. When her rules were violated, she did not fail to punish in moderation. She did not think children ought to be severely punished at one time, and allowed to go unpunished at another. In bringing up her children, her rule was, that it was the certainty of punishment and not the severity of it, which taught obedience to children.

As a wife and daughter she was most unselfish and devoted.

Perhaps every one who knew her would unite in the statement, that her most prominent characteristic was conscientiousness. Absolutely truthful at all times, she never permitted herself, by word or act, to swerve one inch from the line of conduct which she had settled upon as the correct one.

While her work in her church was quiet and unostentatious, still she was unusually liberal in the support of the ministry, and all church charities besides; in this, however, her rule was, never to let her left hand know what her right hand did.

Another striking peculiarity of hers was her self-control. It was a strong and imperious nature which she undertook to hold in subjection when she set herself to the task of self-control. Naturally, she had what in common language is called a high temper, but she succeeded in disciplining herself until she had it under almost complete control. She was absolutely destitute of fear, although unusually gentle and soft in her voice and manners. From her earliest childhood, till she ceased to breathe, she never showed any fear of death or anything else.

Her father was Middleton Pope of Oglethorpe County. Her grandfather was Henry Augustine Pope of the same place. Her great-grandfather was John Pope of Wilkes County, and her great-great-grandfather was Nathaniel Pope of Virginia.

Her mother was Lucy Hopson Lumpkin, who was a daughter of Governor Wilson Lumpkin, of Athens; he was a son of John Lumpkin, Esq., of Oglethorpe County.

The subject of this sketch lies buried in the family graveyard in Oglethorpe County, on the place where she was born, and which has been in her family since 1796, and which still belongs to one of her children. In the same graveyard are her father and mother, her grandfather and grandmother.

She was the mother of nine children, Middleton Pope, James, Thomas Augustine, Lucy Pope, Clara Elizabeth, Ella Patience, Benjamin White, David Crenshaw, and Henry Walker. Of these all lived to majority, but only three are now living, Pope, Ella, and David.

ANN V. DU BIGNON

Ann V. du Bignon, the mother of Hon. Fleming G. du Bignon, of Georgia, is a woman of remarkable individuality and decided force of character. Full of years, yet with keen intellect and cultured mind that is fully alive to all passing events, her heart full of sympathy, and always loyal to her friends, she is to-day a splendid type of the ante-bellum Southern lady. She resides at her country home, Woodville, about six miles from Milledgeville, once the capital of Georgia. In 1825, while a child two years of age, she was brought to this home by her father, the Hon. Seaton Grantland, who purchased it from Gov. John Clark, and here she has resided ever since. Woodville is one of those old-fashioned, comfortable, Southern homes situated in an immense grove of original forest trees. Here her happy girlhood days were passed with one brother and sister, their mother having died while she was yet young. It was here that she was married in 1844 to Col. Charles du Bignon, of Jekyl Island, then a member of the Legislature from the county of Glynn. It is here that her five children were born and spent their childhood days. Hallowed as it is by so many sacred associations, small wonder that she loves and clings to it, and is never happier than when at home, attending to her household duties and managing her large estate of three thousand acres which adjoins it. It is a unique home kept up in the same fashion of the ante-bellum Southern homes. Until within the last few years when death and time removed them, she was served by the same grayhaired butler, and gardener, and household servants who had ministered to her earliest wants, and attended her father before her. Even on the old plantation very few of the old slaves left, but remained, and the lands are tended and cultivated by them to-day or by those who are their descendants. They are never happier than when obliging "Old Miss," as they all affectionately term her, for they well know that in all their trials and sorrows, she is their best and only friend. They not only love her but are proud of her, while she commands their respect.

Her father, the Hon. Seaton Grantland, was a Virginian by birth, and was co-editor, when a young man, with Mr. Ritchie of the old Richmond "Enquirer." While yet young, he sold out his interests in that paper and removed to Milledgeville, Georgia. Here he established "The Recorder," which was a power in the land at that day, and gave tone and color to politics throughout the State. Mr. Grantland, while yet young, was sent twice as a representative of Georgia to the lower House of Congress. He was always active in politics, yet after this, he turned his attention to material things; he accumulated one of the largest fortunes in the State. Even in 1866, when he died, and the labors of years were swept away by the chances of war, the remnant of his estate was appraised at a valuation of over seven hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. du Bignon has doubtless inherited much of her father's character and executive ability. Since her father's and husband's death she has had the management of her affairs in her own hands. No one would believe, from her appearance, that she was born in 1823.

When Milledgeville was the capital of the State it was indeed a gay place, and during the sessions of the Legislature there would flock within her gates the beauty and chivalry of the whole State. Distinguished citizens from abroad would come, and were frequent guests at the hospitable board of Col. Grantland, where Mrs. du Bignon would preside with queenly grace and dignity. She has made many friends throughout the State. She has always taken a lively interest in politics, education, and whatever is for the best interests and advancement of the people. She has had her share of the joys and sorrows of life. The death of her father and husband brought great sorrow to her heart—and then the loss of her eldest son, Charlie, who died a soldier at the age of nineteen years, in the army of the Confederate States. Of the five children that were born there are three still living. Her only daughter, Catherine, is the wife of General Sorrel, of Savannah, Georgia. He commanded a brigade in Lee's army, and was famous as Longstreet's chief of staff. The youngest son, Cristopher P., resides with his mother at Woodville. Her remaining son, the Hon. Fleming G. du Bignon, inherits both his grandfather's and mother's intellect and executive ability. He married the daughter of Col. Charles Lamar, and has one son and three daughters. As a lawyer and statesman he has won proud distinction among his fellows. He, like his mother, has many friends to whom he is ever loyal. No wonder that with such associations and environments he should develop into the noble and useful man that he is. Young in years, his State has heaped many honors on his brow. But she has yet other and brighter things in store for him.

Margaret Grier Stephens, mother of Alexander Hamilton Stephens. Little can be said of the mother of Alexander H. Stephens. She died in the year 1812, nearly a century ago; all of her contemporaries are dead, and records and traditions concerning her are exceedingly scant. Before her marriage she was Margaret Grier, a daughter of Aaron Grier and a sister of Robert Grier the almanac maker. The Griers originally came from the north of Ireland, and settled in Pennsylvania. From two brothers, Robert and Thomas, there sprang two branches of the Grier family. From one of these the late Justice R. C. Grier of the Supreme Court of the United States was descended; from the other branch, which came to Georgia about 1769, came Margaret Grier, the mother of Alexander Stephens. She lived and died in that part of Wilkes County, Georgia, now known as Talliaferro County, and is buried by the side of her husband, Andrew Baskins Stephens, in the Stephens' family burying ground at the old "Stephens Place," about two miles from Crawfordville, in Talliaferro County. Upon her tombstone is the following inscription:

"In memory of
"Margaret Grier Stephens.

"She was the first wife of Andrew B. Stephens, and was distinguished in her sphere of life for beauty of person, vigor of intellect, and amenity of manners. Her earthly career was closed on the 12th of May, 1812, in the twenty-sixth year of her age."

Thus it appears that she departed this life in the bloom of youth, just upon the threshold of young womanhood, leaving behind her young and helpless little ones, who needed the guiding hand and protecting care of a mother. The youngest of these was Alexander, a helpless babe, who could not lisp his mother's name, and who grew to manhood with no recollection of his mother's face, and without the blessing of a mother's love. While she had no influence in moulding and shaping the character of her distinguished son, yet many of her noble traits were possessed by him. Thus this woman of the quiet and lonely plantation of a century ago has, through the medium of Alexander H. Stephens, left an indelible impress upon the Nation's history. Who knows how much of the philanthropic spirit which prompted him to educate scores of young Georgians who have gone forth and exerted their influence in the various vocations was due to her; who knows how much of the superb intellectual powers which shone forth in his great speech in Congress on "Georgia and Ohio again" was obtained from her; who knows how much of the prophetic wisdom displayed by him when he, with so much foresight and sagacity, warned his countrymen against the evils of secession was derived from her; and lastly who knows how much of that sublime courage was hers which is contained in that grand and noble utterance: "I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall ever endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences"?

It is said that Margaret Grier Stephens was a woman of strong intellectuality, independent in thought, amiable and cheerful in disposition, devoted to domestic pursuits, and possessing unobtrusive, elevated piety.

Besides Alexander H. she had two children who reached maturity. They were Mary, who died in early life, and Aaron Grier, a most estimable man, who died in 1843, at thirty-four years of age.

The woman whom Alexander Stephens knew as mother was his step-mother, Matilda Lindsay Stephens, to whom his father, Andrew B. Stephens, was married after the death of his first wife, Margaret. She assumed and discharged all of the duties of a mother until her death in 1826, when Alexander, the youngest of her step-children, was about fourteen years of age. As a step-mother she was loving, devoted, and kind, and must have had a wholesome influence over all of the little ones under her care, as the characters of all of her children and step-children seem to attest.

Matilda Lindsay Stephens, mother of Linton Stephens. Matilda Lindsay Stephens, the second wife of Andrew B. Stephens, was the mother of several children, of whom three lived to maturity: John Lindsay Stephens, a prominent lawyer of La Grange, Georgia, who died in 1856, at the age of forty-one years; Catherine, who married a Greer; and Linton Stephens, the great lawyer and Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, who died in 1872, at forty-nine years of age, between whom and his half-brother Alexander there existed such beautiful brotherly love and devotion.

She was of Scotch-Irish stock—that splendid combination of the sturdy conservative Scot blended with the noble enthusiasm and emotional nature of the Irish—a race which for centuries has been characterized by all the sterling qualities of head and heart, of which she was a typical representative. She was a woman of marked character, unpretentious and plain, possessing all of the domestic virtues, and devoted to her home and fireside. As is said of her by Jas. D. Waddell in his biographical sketch of Linton Stephens, "the basis of her intellectual character was good sense; the basis of her moral character was truth; her manners were dignified; her disposition was quiet and cheerful; and in all the relations of social life she was exemplary and amiable."

Her father was Col. John Lindsay of that part of Wilkes County, Georgia, now in Taliaferro County; her mother's maiden name was Clarissa Bullark. Colonel Lindsay was a soldier of the American Revolution, and was known as "Old Silver-fist" Lindsay, from the fact that he, having lost his hand in battle, wore a silver covering over the stump. He is described as a man of "strong mind, sterling honesty, unbending will, strong passions, ardent in friendship, implacable in hate, fond of good cheer, frank, fearless, and generous to a fault." Many of these qualities were inherited by his daughter, Matilda, and transmitted to her children.

She was born the 31st day of January, 1789, and died the 14th day of May, 1826, at the age of thirty-seven years. At the time of her death Linton, the youngest of her children, was not quite three years of age. The impression she made upon his baby mind cannot be better expressed than in his own words describing one of his childish day-dreams, when a little boy, sitting in a swing one morning after his mother's death: "Father, brothers, and sisters rose up before my eager eyes, but my deepest interest was centred in the tall form of a *woman*, still young and handsome, moving with a sedate grace, which bespoke the very sweetness of dignity, and selecting for her walk the very sweetest spots, with an unerring instinct that told of a heart at once deeply loving and deeply *hallowed*. She seemed to cast bright and hopeful gleams towards the 'new house' rising unfinished from a clump of trees on the brow of a gentle slope. She had laid away some of her darlings among the cedars in the garden; but she was now beginning to emerge from the darker shades of poverty, and was about to secure a *better house*, a sweeter home, for the dear ones who were left to her love.

" But ah! the 'new house' was destined to remain unfinished forever! The cedars in the garden! The lovely form pointed me to the cedars in the garden, and then faded from my view. I followed her pointing, and stood solitary and desolate among the cedars in the garden! Amid their deep, dark shade was a grave—her grave, already grass-grown from age! Lilies—sweet white lilies—were bending over it, and dropping their fragrance upon the sacred dust.

" The boy in the swing uttered a low, deep moan, and burst into tears—tears of intense yearning for the unknown blessing of a mother's love!"

This " lovely form " now lies among " the cedars in the garden " at the old plantation near Crawfordville.

JANE WARNER

Jane Warner, the mother of Hiram Warner, before her marriage with her husband, Obadiah, was Jane Coffin. Her ancestors were from England, and settled on Martha's Vineyard. It was there she was born in the year 1784. Some of her ancestors were distinguished seamen. Her father was captain of a vessel, while Admiral Coffin of the British navy was a relative.

Jane Warner, *née* Coffin, the subject of this sketch, was a noble scion of this sturdy stock. She was a woman of brave and courageous spirit, possessed of strong intellect well-balanced, and a warm heart beat within her womanly and motherly bosom. She was the mother of seven children, Hiram, Theron, Obadiah, and Charles being the sons, Miranda, Eliza A., and Jane the girls. Hiram and Obadiah came to Georgia when quite young, and their lives are interwoven with the history of Georgia.

The other children remained in New England. Miss Eliza A. Warner, one of the daughters whose home was in Northampton, Massachusetts, till her death, was a lady of great culture and refinement, possessing literary talent of no mean order. She was the author of a number of literary works, some of which were translated into several languages. She contributed largely to the current literature of her day. The other children were all worthy scions of this noble and good woman, who left her impress upon their lives and characters.

Jane Warner had a hard struggle to rear and educate her children, as she had little property, but by her heroic efforts and self-sacrifice, patient toil and loving care, and never failing faith in the guidance of Almighty God, she lived to see them all grown up to sturdy manhood and gentle womanhood, honorable and useful citizens in the world. She was a deeply pious woman, and exhorted her children to repentance and acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. In one of her many letters to her children in the South she wrote: "Could I see all my children devoted to God, loving and serving Him, I would joyfully exclaim: 'Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.' How is it with thy soul? Are you living a life of faith, trusting in the merits of Christ alone for pardon and mercy? Do you make a duty of secret prayer, read a portion of God's holy word day by day! keep holy the blessed Sabbath-day?" That these exhortations found lodgment in the hearts of her children is believed and known, and one of the last requests of Judge Warner to those around his dying bedside was, "Sing for me my mother's favorite hymn, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'" As a further evidence of the impress of this good woman's life upon her son it is said that "it was his habit to keep upon the table in his bedroom, to the last day of his life, two books. One was Blackstone and the other was the Bible. The Bible his mother gave him when he left home for his far journey across rolling billows to a distant land. To this same Bible he turned for comfort and support, when, fifty-eight years afterwards, an old and broken man, he entered the "Valley of the Shadow."

Judge Warner's mother is said to have been "a woman distinguished for interesting conversation and for a certain impressiveness in person and manner, and was in every respect a superior woman."

Judge Warner left his New England home to seek his fortune in the far South, when he was but a boy of nineteen years of age. "As he left the old homestead his mother went upstairs, and from an open window watched his retreating form. We can almost hear her heart-throbs as he went out of her sight. We can almost see her tears drop on the plain old window-sill of this New England cottage, as the mother looks for the last time upon her vanishing first-born." Who can measure the depth of a mother's love—the influence of such a life and mother, upon the lives and characters of her children?

Margaret Stanley Beckwith, mother of John Walter Beckwith, second Bishop of Georgia, daughter of John Wright and Nancy Stanley, and wife of Dr. John Beckwith, was a native of Newberne, North Carolina.

Descended from an illustrious English family, and reared in the midst of wealth, culture, and refinement, she was eminently fitted to adorn society; but it was in her home, as wife and mother, that her strong mind and great heart shone most conspicuously. Devoting her life to rearing a large family, much of her time was spent with her children, joining in their games, patiently answering their childish questions, settling their little disputes, and ever inculcating the great truths of religion.

Mrs. Beckwith was a beautiful type of the cheerful Christian mother; her nursery was full of merry voices, and her call, " Mother is coming," was always hailed with delight. Her children's devotion to her is not surprising, and it has been often remarked that, in reading the Fifth Commandment, the Bishop's voice had always a tender cadence. Mrs. Beckwith was not a woman of many rules, but there were two virtues upon which she insisted—truth and obedience—from these there was no escape.

Shortly after the birth of Bishop Beckwith, he was taken desperately ill, and with many prayers for his recovery, his mother dedicated him, in a special manner, to the service of the Master. It is not to be wondered at that at the age of fifteen he was presented for confirmation, and early in his collegiate career announced his wish to study for the Holy Ministry.

In the midst of home duties Mrs. Beckwith always found time to join her husband in acts of kindness and benevolence among the poor, to whom he so often ministered professionally. Her hospitality was proverbial, as was also the fact that she set her face against gossip—few would have dared to repeat a scandal to her. In the home was a family altar, at which the Bishop's father officiated in the morning; in the evening the mother gathered her little flock and the young negroes of the household into the nursery, for a simple evening prayer before they retired for the night. In this " upper chamber " was born the peace and happiness which illuminated the life of the late Bishop Beckwith, as well as the lives of all those who, by the grace of God, were brought in contact with him.

Such was the mother, and such the youthful environment of him who " used the office of a Bishop well."

Mrs. Charles Howard, mother of Rev. Charles Wallace Howard, of Georgia. Married, on the 16th of March, 1761, by the Rev. Henry Barclay, in Trinity Church, New York City, George Anderson and Deborah Grant.

The young couple made their home in Savannah, in the colony of Georgia.

Their children were John, George, and Mary, born July 30, 1766. Mary Anderson married John Wallace, June 12, 1781. Their second daughter, Jane Wallace, was born December 20, 1785, and was married, February 18, 1807, to Charles Howard.

The children of Charles and Jane Howard were Mary, born December 30, 1807, and Charles Wallace, born October 10, 1811.

As Mr. Charles Howard died June 23, 1819, Mrs. Howard was left to fill the place of father and mother to her children. How well she performed these arduous duties is attested by the honorable career of her son Charles Wallace Howard. That she made him a Christian and theologian read this inscription from the records of the Huguenot Church of Charleston, South Carolina.

Inscription from the records of the church: "This page in the records of the French Protestant Church, is dedicated to the memory of the Rev. Charles Wallace Howard, first pastor of the church on its reorganization in 1845. He died at Ellerslie, his residence on Lookout Mountain, Georgia, on the 25th day of December, 1876, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. A theologian, his was the power to make plain the dealings of God with man. A Christian, his was the power to illustrate the adaptedness of Christianity to the necessities of our nature. A Christian teacher and orator, his argument convinced the reason, his wise, persuasive words subdued the heart and brought it into harmony with the intellect. His ministry in this church will be remembered with a loving veneration as long as there is a survivor who worshipped under its blessed influence."

That by her love of country she made her son a patriot of the highest order, read this letter from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston:

102 E. Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.,
January 26, 1877.

Dear Major:

Your very friendly letter of the 30th was not received until a few days ago, and without observing the date I waited for the paper mentioned in it until now. It has not come, which I regret very much. For it would be a pleasure to me, tho' a sad one, to read in a Georgia paper, such a tribute to the high merit of him whom I love to remember as Captain Howard, as is due from Georgians. His loss is a great one to Georgia. For his capacity, patriotism and virtue made him more truly useful, since the war,

than any other Georgian. I valued his friendship as highly as any that I could claim, and I shall regret his death and cherish his memory during the remnant of my life. Be assured, my dear Major, of my deep sympathy with Mrs. Bryan and yourself in your great sorrow.

Very truly yours,

J. E. Johnston.

To Maj. Henry Bryan.

That by her love for the soil, she made her son among the foremost of Georgia's agriculturists, read this tribute from the Georgia State Agricultural Society:

"Whereas, this convention desires to give a suitable expression to its high appreciation of the long continued and distinguished services of Charles Wallace Howard to the cause of Southern agriculture, and of his earnest coöperation in the work of this society;

"And whereas, his fine natural powers and high culture, his large attainments in agricultural knowledge, and his gifts as a writer and speaker, eminently fitted him for usefulness in the sphere of public service, and they were all devoted to it with an interest and zeal such as is common only in subserving private interests;

"And whereas, he had in an eminent degree the power of acquiring knowledge and of diffusing it among others, in a manner not only lucid but attractive—and was largely instrumental in educating the people of the State in agricultural topics, and in elevating and stimulating their tastes;

"Be it therefore resolved, that a page of the printed minutes of this society be printed with the inscription:

"*To the Memory of Charles Wallace Howard.*"

That Mrs. Charles Howard was an earnest Christian is attested by the life of her noble son. On his marriage in 1835, to Miss Susan Jett Thomas, she made her home with them. And to their children she gave the same devoted attention she had given her own. As she was not only the well-read woman, capable of directing her son's education, but the accomplished lady, skilled in music, tapestry work, lace making, gardening, and the rare art of distilling essences from her flowers, she was an inspiration to her grandchildren, enthusing their young minds with a love for the beautiful in every form.

Mrs. Howard died suddenly in the sixty-second year of her age, March 19, 1848, and is buried in the Wallace lot, in the Christ Church Cemetery, Savannah, Georgia.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Jane Wallace Howard Bryan.

Annulet Ball Andrews was the mother of Fanny Andrews, the authoress, or, as she more frequently signs her magazine articles, E. F. Andrews, and the grandmother of Maude Andrews Ohl, the founder of the "woman's department," in Georgia journalism. Her maiden name was Annulet Ball. Her father, Frederic Ball, belonged to the New Jersey family of that name who played such a prominent part in the settlement of Newark, and was a direct descendant of the builder of the famous old colonial homestead, "Tuscan Hall," near that city.

Frederic Ball, the father of Mrs. Andrews, migrated, when quite a young man, to Savannah, Georgia, where his daughter Annulet was born on the last day of the year, 1810. Like his grandfather, Frederic Ball had a fondness for building, and named his three oldest children after the three orders of architecture, Tuscan, Doric, and Corinthia. As there was not another order left for the next daughter, she was fitted into an architectural ornament to the family structure, and hence her rather peculiar name, Annulet.

Mr. Ball died of yellow fever in Savannah, about 1820, and his widow removed with her family to Washington, Wilkes County, which was her native place. Duncan Campbell, father of the late Judge John Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, was also living near Washington at that time, and a childish love affair sprang up between the future chief justice and the widow Ball's pretty daughter, and to his dying day the old gentleman retained a sentiment of romantic friendship for the sweetheart of his boyhood. But there were rivals in the field, and at seventeen, Annulet Ball married Garnett Andrews, then a rising young lawyer, and afterwards judge of the Northern Circuit. He was a man "given to hospitality," and his beautiful home, "Haywood," on the outskirts of the village, was for nearly fifty years a noted centre of that gracious hospitality which was one of the most charming features of the old time Southern life.

The high old dames of those days did not trouble themselves much about the "higher education," and indeed, if the truth must be told, I am afraid they were rather inclined to look upon it with suspicion, as a sort of Yankee invention not altogether befitting the aristocratic seclusion in which a Southern gentlewoman was expected to live. But while shrinking from publicity, and eschewing all kinds of cheap notoriety with a contempt which does credit alike to their taste and their understanding, these gentle-mannered women of the old South were not a whit behind their more noisy descendants in unselfish devotion to the public good, as their conduct during the Civil War shows full well. Mrs. Andrews was not idle in those trying times. As president of the Soldiers' Aid Society of her town, she joined with the other noble women of the South in trying to uphold at home the cause for which her sons were fighting in the field.

Mrs. Andrews was a woman of cultivated literary tastes, and was considered, by those who knew her, one of the best historical scholars in the

ANNULET BALL ANDREWS

State. She was also a very charming letter writer, and I do not think I can close this sketch more appropriately than by giving the following extract from one of her letters, with its suggestive glimpses of life on a South Georgia plantation fifty years ago:

Tallassee, Baker County, Georgia.
December 4, 1849.

My dear:—We are the happiest people you ever could imagine, shut up as we are in these solitudes; not that the solitude has anything to do with our happiness, unless it is to make us prize the more such dear little missives as reached us to-night. Our amusements here are few, as you may well imagine. I have more than the others of the family, in looking after the dinner, the dairy, the poultry, and the little negro babies. . . . .

Of our adventures in Milledgeville I have not space to say much. We had visitors, made calls, were at the inauguration, went everywhere, saw everybody, and were glad to get away. On our journey down here we stopped at a house to spend the night, and there we met one of the Albany lawyers, a nice young man, who told us that Mr. Cheever had been nearly dead of "contraction" of the brain. Another place we had to stay at, they put every one of us in the same room, and we could get no other. There was a big fireplace in our room, but it was so arranged as to endanger the whole house if we made a good fire. In the morning we had neither dressing-table, looking-glass, nor washbowl. I am thankful to say that was our last night on the road.

I have received Mrs. Swisshelm's papers. Were you not a little astonished to find yourself taking an abolition paper? What do you think of the "rights of woman"? As to me, I am opposed to the rights of women even more, if possible, than to "female education." I have written for Eliza Cook's "Journal." Suppose it should be devoted to female education and rights! I'll send you some numbers when I get them. We have lately been amusing ourselves with Lamartine's "Confidences." In one place he speaks of his mother's books, and says she had among them a copy of the Bible "abridged and purified." We are diverted at the idea of a man making confidants of a million or two of people.

Mother is in her usual health, only a little troubled about those two incorrigible tomboys, Fanny and Metta. She can't keep them clean, or even whole, they tear everything so; and they have fattened so on sugar cane and ground peas that we can't even make their clothes meet. Sometimes their grandma takes them in hand, and by main strength manages to button their frocks, with the result that in half an hour every button has burst off.

Catherine Winn Fleming, the mother of Judge William B. Fleming, of Savannah, Georgia, was the daughter of Benjamin Winn and his wife Catharine.

John Winn, father of Benjamin, married Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Baker and his wife Susana Osgood.

These were among the leaders of the band of Puritans who came from Dorchester, South Carolina, to St. John's Parish, now Liberty County, Georgia, in 1754, and as nearly as 1756 the records shows John Winn as a "Select Man."

Stevens says: "The narrative of this Pilgrim colony of Pilgrim sires constitutes an interesting page in the history of Georgia. Colonial retrospect does not always bring renown, but here honest piety and worth blend in the origin and progressive existence of this Dorchesterian band."

In March, 1668, a little colony of Puritans from Dorset, Devon, and Summersetshire, England, sailed for the New World. In common with all early emigrants they suffered many privations, and in 1695 the whole church and the pastor sailed for South Carolina, and enduring the vicissitudes of the voyage, they landed on the Ashley River, and settled New Dorchester, and raised their grateful Ebenezer by celebrating the Lord's Supper.

After many years, hearing good reports of the lands in Georgia, the colony emigrated hither and settled in St. John's Parish. Their first care was to provide for the services of religion, and a temporary log church was built on Midway neck. Aiming to keep the original principles which they had all along retained, they framed certain articles for the civil and religious government of their territory.

Their policy was indeed rigid and exclusive, but they were founding a home of their posterity, and they strove to guard it from mercenary and alienating influences which would divide its unity, destroy its morals, or disperse its members.

"The accession of such a people was an honor to Georgia, and has ever proven one of her richest blessings. The sons of that colony were worthy of their sires; their sires were the moral and intellectual nobility of the province."

Alexander Stephens says, "By far the greater number of these settlers were men of worth and education; they brought many slaves with them and took a prominent part in the history of the State."

From these staunch people Catherine Winn was descended. She was born in Liberty County, Georgia, in 1775. Some one in writing of her during her girlhood says, "Catherine Winn has remarkable beauty and grace of manner." The free country life of a pioneer in the soft air of the Southern pine border had no hardening effects, although nerve and courage were essentials, almost every woman could handle firearms, and had need to know their value. Spinning and weaving were accomplishments in her days, and

the lively measure of stepping before the wheel, following the singing thread, was gracefulness personified.

In this highly intellectual colony the graces of mind were cultivated; boys and girls stood shoulder to shoulder in the schools, and with such instructors as the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lyman Hall, and others of note, it is not strange that Catherine Winn should have been well versed in the classics and languages, as well as the polite literature of that day. Hers was a strong character, combining firmness with great gentleness.

Catherine, like most of the other colonists of Liberty, was a devout Presbyterian, adhering to the pure and rigid tenets of that faith.

In 1804 she married William Bennett Fleming, a neighboring planter, and after one year of happiness, at the birth of her child, she passed into the Beyond. She was buried in the old churchyard at Midway.

As the little son grew apace his father loved to trace his best characteristics to the lovely mother who had given her life for his, and early impressed upon the youthful heart and mind the beauty, sweetness, and strength of her short span. In after years, during a long and successful life, the son was ever conscious of the beneficent guidance. Being the son of a wealthy planter, he was given every advantage, entering Yale at seventeen, and graduating with marked honors. He easily gained distinction, going to the bench in 1847, and with one intermission kept the position for twenty years.

He was an able jurist and man of great strength of character, firm in his convictions, and with rare integrity. He was elected to Congress in 1878, and afterwards returned to the Superior Court bench. In 1881, on account of his feeble health, he returned to his boyhood home at Walthourville, where he passed into his reward in 1886. He was an honorary member of the Georgia Hussars, and they attended his funeral in a body, forming a noble escort.

The Savannah "Morning News" has this tribute to pay on Judge Fleming's retirement: "From this bar, ever noted for its ability and courtesy, no judge has been selected who has so long held this exalted office, and his name will go to history along with the most illustrious. Others may have been in some respects greater than he, but no one of them has been, no one can be, more honest or purer. Of a nature Doric in its simplicity, he has adorned a life splendid in its probity."

A contemporary speaking of him says: "Sirs, for many years there sat upon the bench of the highest Court in Chatham, a judge noble, learned, illustrious, who held the scales of justice with such even balance that they maintained an equilibrium almost divine."

A Friend.

Mary Louisa Bacon, mother of Senator Augustus Octavius Bacon, was on both paternal and maternal sides descended from the noted Liberty County Puritan colony which came to Georgia in 1752, an offshoot of the English Puritan colony which in 1630 founded Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Her father, Samuel Jones, was the eldest of three brothers, the other two being William and Moses; their father was Samuel Jones, who was himself the son of Samuel Jones, an officer in the Revolutionary army. All of these ancestors were planters and men of scholarly culture. The father of the subject of this sketch was further noted for his taste and skill both in painting and in music. Her mother was Miss Mary Law, a sister of Judge William Law, a native of Liberty County, who removed to Savannah, where he became by general recognition one of the foremost jurists of the State.

On November 17, 1817, Samuel Jones and Mary Law were married, and Mary Louisa Jones, born February 9, 1819, was their only child; before she was a year old her father died. Within three years her mother again married, and in her second marriage became the mother of many children. In this new relationship the little orphan girl was naturally in a position of comparative isolation, and that fact, joined to the gentle loveliness of her disposition, caused her to become the object of an affectionate solicitude on the part of her kins-people; and especially in the homes of her uncles, William Jones and Moses Jones, and William Law, she was during her childhood and girlhood received and loved as a cherished member of their several families.

No picture remains of her. In her time the Daguerrian art was unknown, and in her short life of twenty-one years no portrait was painted of her; but the testimony of all who knew her leaves no doubt that in her young womanhood she possessed a rare personal beauty—a beauty leaving one to question whether it was more that of feature or that of lovely quality of soul and heart which shone through her countenance with a vague and never-ceasing charm. Above the medium height, her figure was full graceful, and well rounded, while her hair was brown; yet with deep blue eyes, rosy cheeks and lips, and fair complexion she was almost a type of the pure blonde.

In early life the writer was in daily association with those who then recently had been her companions in every stage of her life, and her personal beauty and the loveliness of her character, her amiability, her cheerful cordiality, and her unaffected piety were themes upon which each loved to dwell with affectionate pleasure.

When seventeen years of age, October 19, 1836, she was married to the Rev. Augustus O. Bacon, a young man three years her senior, himself on his paternal side a descendant of the same Liberty County Puritan colony, while his mother, Miss Sarah Holcombe, was a Cavalier stock, the daughter of Henry Holcombe, a Virginian, and a captain in the Revolutionary army, and afterwards a Doctor of Divinity. To them a son was born, August 22,

1837, who was named Samuel Jones, for his mother's father. In the devotion of a fond husband and in the new-found joy of motherhood, no happier life was there than hers, but affliction's hand was soon laid upon her. July 3, 1839, her husband died, leaving her with her little two-year old boy. Three months after her husband's death she gave birth to another son, whom she named Augustus Octavius for the father he had never seen. While in her widowhood she enjoyed the most loving ministrations from the mother, brothers, and sisters of her deceased husband, with whom she made thereafter her home, yet withal that the short year of life which remained to her was a saddened period and need not be told. In the next autumn she sickened with the same climatic fever which had taken her husband from her, and on October 1, 1840, she died. Her elder son, Samuel Jones, survived her but six days, and when his little life was breathed away, loving hands opened the mother's grave and laid him to rest upon her breast.

The sole survivor of the family was the infant son Augustus, then less than a year old; he was immediately adopted by his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Holcombe Bacon, by whom he was reared from infancy to manhood—she was his second mother.

Mary Wilson Hill Clements, wife of Dr. Adam Clements, to whom she was married September 13, 1833, in Muscogee County, Georgia, was a daughter of James and Martha Park. She was born May 18, 1810, in Putnam County, Georgia.

Her mother's maiden name was Yandell, and that of her grandmother on her mother's side was Wilson. Prior to her marriage, she lived a short time in Crawford County, Georgia, and afterward in Merriweather, and also in Heard Counties. In 1838 the family moved to Walker County, near the point of John's Mountain, and about 1853 located near Villanow, their home thence afterwards.

Mrs. Clements was related to a branch of one of the Hill families in Georgia; also to the Yandells of Kentucky and Tennessee. Her parents were born in Pennsylvania, and moved near McKlenburg, North Carolina, where they were married.

She received a good English education in the private schools where she grew up.

She was fond of poetry and literature of the moral and lofty type, as illustrated in her enjoyment of the writings of such authors as Young, Harvey, Cowper, Campbell, and Moore.

Her mind was vigorous and her memory retentive. Through life she successfully utilized the work and learning of her youth. She was gifted in art, and notwithstanding the unneglected demands and faithful care of a large household, she found time to exercise her talent in painting.

Mrs. Clements was the mother of ten children, two of whom died in infancy. These were Mary Anne Jane Clements, born August 22, 1836, died September 2, 1836; and Lunsford Yandell Clements, born March 24, 1848, died January 2, 1849. Of the others, all of whom grew to maturity, were married and became parents, two have since died. These were Martha Alminia Clements, born November 11, 1849; married in 1868, to Joseph W. Cavender, and died November 15, 1882; and Dr. William Flavias Josephus Clements, born July 31, 1834; died December 9, 1892; a physician and then a resident of Green County, Arkansas. He was a captain in the Confederate army.

The others are Dr. Julius Park Clements, of Birmingham, Alabama, born September 12, 1837, formerly assistant surgeon of the Eleventh Georgia Regiment in the Civil War, and afterward representative from Whitfield County in the Georgia Legislature.

Adolphus Charles Clements, born February 7, 1839, a farmer near Villanow, Walker County, Georgia, and who was also in the Confederate army.

Dr. James Wilson Clements, of Subligna, Georgia, formerly assistant surgeon of the Twenty-third Georgia Regiment.

Cicero Thomas Clements, a lawyer, of Rome, Georgia, born May 2,

MARY WILSON HILL CLEMENTS

1842, formerly sergeant-major Eighth Georgia Battalion, and solicitor-general for the Rome Circuit twelve years.

John Adam Clements, Greenbush, Georgia, born March 14, 1844, a farmer, was wounded in the Confederate service in the First Regiment, Georgia, S. L. Stovall's Brigade, June 22, 1864, and endured the hardships of prison life at Camp Chase.

Judson Claudius Clements, a lawyer, of Rome, Georgia, born February 12, 1846, was first lieutenant in the regiment last above stated, and was wounded at Atlanta, July 22, 1864; was afterward four years a member of the Lower House of the Georgia Legislature, three years of the State Senate, ten years (1881-1891) member of Congress from the Seventh District of Georgia, and Interstate Commerce Commissioner since 1892.

Mrs. Clements, devoted to her home and its cares, seldom left it unless on a mission of sympathy or help.

She was, from her youth, a faithful Christian, and was, as was her husband also, a member of the Christian Church.

She highly valued education, was herself a teacher at home of her own children and others, when by reason of their youth or the inaccessibility of the schoolhouse she deemed it necessary, and was always an advocate and patron of the Sunday-school.

Endowed with great moral strength and fortitude, though of a nature intensely affectionate and deeply sympathetic, she was in the hour of her greatest sacrifice and sorrow strong to cheer and strengthen others. In 1864, a refugee from her home, which had been overrun by the Northern army, the Southern cause overshadowed with gloom, as one of her sons was returning to the front, having been wounded, as she planted her tender kiss upon his lips, she placed in his hand these words:

"My son: May you be blessed with that grace which will sustain you in the greatest trials that await you. May you cherish all those principles that adorn the truly good and brave. May your heart know no fear, except that of doing wrong. May you have moral courage to do and speak what is right at all times, and may you not be discouraged though your way seems dark.

"Trust in the Lord, and he will illumine your path. Look beyond the stormy sea of time for a more peaceful and blessed abode, and all will be right, though it seem wrong. Mother."

She gave like encouragement and counsel to each as they left to answer their country's call.

When about sixty-three years of age, she cheerfully assumed the charge and care of a family of three small grandchildren, and about nine years later, another family of six. They had suffered the irreparable loss of their mother. Her home was their home; she cared for and trained these as her own. They were greatly blessed in their grandmother.

Verily she was, in devoted watchfulness, care, and training, the faithful

mother of three families; and if less than such in the intensity of her love and sympathy for her bereaved grandchildren, only so because of the unattainable peerlessness of only a mother's heart in the perfection of those jewels. Her husband had died November 15, 1886, in his eigthy-third year. She died February 3, 1892, in her eighty-second year.

Hers was a "well-rounded life," adorned from youth to age with "Faith, Hope, and Charity," exemplified in deed and word, and shining more and more unto the day of her rest.

Susan Stearns Calhoun, *née* Wellborn, was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, August 22, 1813; was happily married to the distinguished and lamented Dr. Andrew B. Calhoun, January 15, 1840, and died in the flower of her maturity, August 18, 1857.

Mrs. Calhoun was a brilliant belle of the brunette type, and there were laid at her feet the hearts and fortunes of many chivalric suitors; her final choice was a royal compliment to her wisdom.

Of aristocratic descent, and surrounded with all the amenities of wealth, heart and brain culture were her proud birthrights. Her literary acquirements were of an admirable order; a letter written by her on the eve of her marriage is an almost flawless gem of literary and poetic worth. Her love of belles-lettres, her inflexible judgment, tempered by gracious charity, and her laudable aspirations are happily accentuated in the success of her children. Combined with the sterling worth and eminent acquirements of their father, her descendants are so favored by ancestry as Mrs. K. C. Divine (deceased), Mrs. Wm. R. Caldwell, Mrs. John M. Hill, Mr. Ramsay Calhoun, Judge Andrew Calhoun, and Dr. A. W. Calhoun, the renowned oculist, of Atlanta, Georgia, whose fame is a matter of national pride.

The social, literary, scientific, and business successes of her children would have made the mother's heart beat high with joy.

In the difficult role of the Southern matron, Mrs. Calhoun shone pre-eminent. In her character, the charmed circle of the social, the fireside, and the spiritual virtues all met in harmony, and love has minted no coinage too redolent of perfume for her cherished memory. The worth affixed upon the moral escutcheon of this family by their character-making mother was of Spartan brevity and force, "Compelled to be noble"—compelled by the gracious incentive of a beloved, admired, and representative mother; one who realized, in every fibre of her earnest nature, that children are the true exponents of maternal greatness.

Hannah White Munnerlyn, *née* Shackelford, belonged to an old colonial family, of Georgetown, South Carolina. Her father, James Shackelford, married twice. His first wife, Sarah Bossard, died at the birth of her son James; he later married Elizabeth Cogsdell. Their daughter, Hannah White, was born December 14, 1794. In the records of the parish church of Prince George, Winyaw, is still to be found this entry: " Married by Rev. M. H. Laner, in church of Prince George, Winyaw, Charles Munnerlyn, to Hannah Shackelford, May 13, 1819." Several children were born to them, but only one, Charles James, survived, and while he was a lad they moved to Decatur County, Georgia. Through years of happy, prosperous married life this son was the crown of their happiness; the unspoiled darling of the house, manly, generous, affectionate, and noble. The beautiful relationship of mother and son was strikingly portrayed between the two. His chivalrous impulse to right the wrong and protect the weak, and his reverence for womanhood was the outcome of the tender worshipful devotion inspired by the pure-hearted mother. The subtle, invisible force which moulds character is as pervasive as the atmosphere which surrounds and betrays the presence of the rose. Love and self-sacrifice characterized the gentle ministry of her daily life, and in this atmosphere her gifted son's character crystallized into the highest type of Christian manhood, and true as the needle to the pole, ever answered to the call of duty. His patriotic record, which formed a part of the history of his State and the Confederacy, as soldier and statesman, no less than his generous aid and sympathy to friend, neighbor, or stranger in time of need, and finally his Christian fortitude and philosophy at the loss of fortune and the cherished cause for which he willingly sacrificed all, stamp him as a great and good man; and his honored mother shared with family and friends a just tribute of love and pride in her son. The mother having the environment of a home-life of quiet, unruffled peace and prosperity, shielded and dominated by the protecting love of a husband—a man of strong character and noble nature—may furnish no striking incident to capture the fancy or arrest the attention of the cursory reader. But to those who knew her and were so fortunate as to share the attractive and charming hospitality, the refined, cultivated family life at " Refuge," their beautiful country home, her presence was a benediction, and impressed every one with her ideal sweetness and purity. After the marriage of her son, who brought his lovely, accomplished young wife to the parental home, she saw her grandchildren grow up around her, as the years went by, and their affection and companionship soothed and comforted her in the loss of her husband, and brightened her declining years. Here, surrounded by loved ones, her gentle spirit passed painlessly to a blessed immortality on November 8, 1866.

A friend writing of the first mistress of " Refuge " says, " Peace and plenty and a boundless hospitality characterized this Southern home. Surrounded by varying landscape of hill and glen, with ample lawns and tower-

HANNAH WHITE MUNNERLYN

ing trees, on the highroad midway between two Southern towns, twenty miles apart, it was an inviting refuge for the weary traveller. . . . The estate consisted of miles of outlying lands with negro villages here and there for the accommodation of hundreds of happy slaves; the great house stood surrounded by gardens of flowers, and, with free hospitality, the gracious mistress welcomed friend and stranger. Preachers and their families lingered for weeks at a time. Supplementary to the great house were two vine-laden cottages, on the one side where a family might rest in privacy during a protracted visit; on the other, where the beggar was made comfortable for a night, or while in distress; no one was ever turned away empty handed.

"When the last crucial days of the Civil War came, and women and children were made homeless by the enemy, 'Refuge' was the harbor for many storm-driven souls. The young master having left mother, wife, and children for his country's call, these gracious women acted upon the divine injunction, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' When all but the home was swept away, and the master came broken in spirit, it was their cheer which sustained him. 'Refuge' was still home; and friend and stranger and beggar, as of yore, received a gracious welcome and partook of the scant store."

Sarah Shrine Howard Evans, the mother of Augusta J. Evans Wilson, was of the aristocratic family of Howards, one of the most cultured in the State. Her father was John Howard, who married Jane Vivian.

Sarah was born July 15, 1813, at Milledgeville, Georgia, the then capital of the State, the centre of learning, culture, and affluence, where gathered the brightest minds of the great Commonwealth, and where assembled the wit and beauty for which the State was noted.

She was the youngest of nine children; and when her mother was widowed, and they removed to their new home in Columbus, Georgia, the little Sarah had not only the wealth of affection lavished upon the youngest of a family, but the wholesome example and precepts of the whole lovely household circle. She was sent to a boarding-school at the usual age, and there did good work, as attested by the fact that to her was due almost entirely the very finished education her daughter Augusta received. She married, at twenty-one, Matt Ryon Evans.

The Mexican War had just ended, and everything was in a thoroughly disorganized condition when Mr. Evans removed his family to San Antonio, Texas. Mrs. Evans was a remarkably clever woman, very literary in her tastes. She was possessed of an unusual amount of true Southern courage, which enabled her, in the face of all obstacles, to take up the office of educator to her children, with what success the whole country knows.

"Augusta Evans is without doubt the most fascinating, brilliant, and satisfactory writer in the South; she has woven into her novels all that is good and great in the human race, and she has given to her heroes and heroines the imperishable virtues of beauty, morality, and Christianity. With all this she is a typical Southerner, a most lovable and winsome woman, sensitive and retiring."

She said: "I hold peculiarly dear the confidence and esteem of my own sex, and I deem it a greater privilege to possess the affection of my countrywomen than to assist my countrymen in making national laws."

To-day she is peacefully passing her days at her beautiful flower-embellished home in Mobile, Alabama, and from thence she writes this tribute to her mother:

"She died of pneumonia, February 6, 1878. All her life, so fragrant with good deeds, she was a faithful member of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. Each year of my life I realize more vividly the wonderful clearness of her judgment, the breadth and richness of her intellectual resources, her unswerving loyalty to duty, and the purity and nobility of the lofty standards by which she patiently strove to elevate the thoughts and lives of her eight children. Her home record as devoted Christian, wife, and mother remains our most precious, imperishable heritage since she entered into blessed rest in 1878. She sowed good seed broadcast in our young hearts, and had we always heeded her counsel, no tares would be bound up in our sheaves at the final harvest."

Catherine Bathsheba Fleming, (*née* Moragné) was born at New Bordeaux, Abbeville County, South Carolina, May 9, 1823. Her father, Isaac Moragné, was the youngest son of Pierre Moragné, one of the leaders of the colony of French Huguenots who arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, April 14, 1764, and soon after settled at New Bordeaux. Pierre Moragné was educated at a college in Paris. A journal of his travels and a diary kept for some years after his arrival in America are still in possession of the family.

Isaac Moragné married Margaret Blanton Caine, of English ancestry, her mother being the granddaughter of Mrs. Margaret Blanton, of Virginia, and nearly related to John Randolph, of Roanoke. Of this marriage there were eleven children, six daughters (four of whom died unmarried), and five sons.

Mary Elizabeth, the eldest child, early developed a literary talent. "The British Partisan," a historical romance from her pen, appeared in 1839 in the "Augusta Mirror." She was afterward married to Rev. William H. Davis, and later in life published a volume of poems. She was also the author of numerous articles in prose.

William C. Moragné attended the then famous school of Professor Waddell, at Willington; graduated at the South Carolina College; afterward continued his studies at Berlin and Heidelberg; practised his profession of law in Edgefield District, South Carolina; served in the Mexican War under General Scott as first lieutenant, Company D, Palmetto Regiment; delivered in 1854, at New Bordeaux, an address on the ninetieth anniversary of the arrival of the Huguenot colony; died during the Civil War, holding a commission as colonel in the Confederate Army. He was married Miss Emmie Butler, of Edgefield, South Carolina.

John Bayle Moragné received his early training at the Waddell school, and finished his education at West Point Military Academy; practised law in Asheville, North Carolina; served in the Mexican War under General Scott as first lieutenant Company E, Palmetto Regiment; was killed at the head of his company within the Garita de Belen, City of Mexico, September 13, 1847.

Isaac M. Moragné graduated in medicine at the college in Augusta, Georgia, and practised his profession in Lincoln County, Georgia. He married Miss Mary Fleming.

Nathaniel H. Moragné graduated in medicine in New York, and practised his profession in Palatka, Florida. He married Miss Alice Mosely, daughter of ex-Governor Mosely of that State.

Edward Randolph Moragné, the youngest son, died before reaching his majority.

Miss Catherine B. Moragné, the subject of this sketch, received her education at home and in the neighboring schools of the State. She was married November 5, 1850, to Mr. Porter Fleming, a merchant of Augusta.

Georgia. By this marriage there were born six sons and two daughters. The eldest son, John M., died when just entering manhood; Frank E. is president of the Commercial Bank of Augusta; William H. is member of Congress from the Tenth District of Georgia; Lamar L. is manager sales department American Cotton Co., New York; Isaac Moragné is general Southeastern agent (Norfolk, Virginia) of the Fruit Growers' Association; Porter, Jr., is a member of the firm of Pope & Fleming, cotton factors, Augusta, Georgia; the eldest daughter, Kate Louise, married Rev. W. S. Bean, D.D., now at Clinton, South Carolina; the youngest daughter, Mary Cecile, married Mr. Landon A. Thomas, Jr., formerly of Frankfort, Kentucky, now of Augusta, and vice-president of the King Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Porter Fleming, Sr., died September 9, 1891, in his eighty-fourth year. Mrs. Fleming is still in the enjoyment of good health at the age of seventy-six years, blessed with the devoted love of seven children, and interested in the young lives of fifteen grandchildren. She proved herself at all times a faithful wife and a loving mother, unselfishly and tenderly devoted to her husband and children. She is a true and humble Christian, reared in the simple faith of the Bible, a book that has always been her constant companion. No sorrow of heart, no reverse of fortune could shake her faith in the promises of God and his over-ruling providence. Having spent her long life in loving others, others loved her; and now, in her declining years, she enjoys the solacing companionship of many sweet remembrances.

CATHERINE BATHSHEBA FLEMING

Nancy C. Matthews Candler, mother of Allen D. Candler, the present Governor of Georgia, was Nancy C. Matthews, the eldest daughter of Allen Matthews, a prominent lawyer of the western circuit of Georgia, who died in 1843. Allen Matthews was the oldest son of William Matthews, who, born in North Carolina, came to Georgia before the War of the Revolution, was a captain in that war, and settled at its close on a bounty of land, given to him for his military services, on Sandy Creek, eight miles north of Athens, then in Franklin, now in Jackson County, Georgia. William Matthews was prominent in the public affairs of his day; was for twenty-five years, between 1805 and 1830, member of one or the other house of the Georgia legislature, elector on the presidential ticket in 1825, etc. He was an ardent Presbyterian, and was for fifty years an elder in Sandy Creek Church, of which he was one of the founders about a hundred years ago. He, about the close of the War of the Revolution, married a Miss Wakefield in South Carolina. They had a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom were brought up with that care which usually characterizes Presbyterians in rearing their children. Allen, the father of the subject of this sketch, was the oldest child. He married, in 1814, Margaret Pickens Elton, daughter of Anthony Elton, who served in the War of the Revolution in what was called the " silk-stocking brigade " from Pennsylvania. Soon after the war Anthony Elton came from Pennsylvania to Georgia, married in South Carolina, and settled on Sandy Creek near William Matthews. Here these two heroes of the war for independence lived, reared their families, and died, the one at the extreme age of ninety-six, and the other at ninety-nine, and are buried within a few feet of each other in the old Sandy Creek churchyard.

Margaret Pickens Elton, the mother of the subject of this sketch, was the second daughter of Anthony Elton, and through her mother was a cousin to John C. Calhoun, and related to the celebrated Pickens family of South Carolina, from which she got her middle name.

Nancy Caroline Matthews, the subject of this sketch, and the mother of Governor Candler of Georgia, was born in Jackson County, Georgia, in 1815, and was well educated for that day. In 1832, when the gold mines of North Georgia were discovered, her father, Allen Matthews, who had grown financially independent at the practice of law, abandoned his profession, removed to Lumpkin County, Georgia, and engaged extensively in mining for gold. At this time enterprising and adventurous young men flocked from all parts of the country to this New Eldorado in quest of fame and fortune. Among them came Daniel Gill Candler, a young lawyer, a native of Columbia County, Georgia, a grandson of Colonel William Candler, a soldier of the War of the Revolution, and a man of much prominence in his day, and a lineal descendant of Lieutenant-Colonel William Candler, of Callan Castle, Ireland, who fought in the parliamentary army under Cromwell. To this Daniel Gill Candler Nancy C. Matthews was married in 1833,

in Lumpkin County, Georgia, and with him she lived until her death in 1869, in the fifty-fifth year of her age. She was the mother of twelve children, eight of whom survived her. She, like her ancestors, was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, to which her husband and most of her children attached themselves. Born in a new county, most of whose inhabitants were adventurers living in mining camps, and many others Cherokee Indians (for this tribe had not yet left the country), her older children had no advantages of schools, for there were none in the country; but they were not untaught. To them she was at once companion, teacher, and mother, and through her untiring efforts, encouraged by her husband, who was a man of literary tastes and habits, they were well taught in the books of the Sunday-school and the academy, and later on she saw all of them graduate from the best colleges in the South.

She was as modest and unostentatious as she was untiring and devoted, and lived only for her husband, her children, and her church. Her life was a life consecrated to duty, and abounded in acts of charity and benevolence. She was universally beloved by the poor who lived around her, to whom she gave of her limited means with a liberal hand. To her precepts and example and her Christian admonitions her son, Governor Candler, attributes whatever measure of success he has achieved in life.

She was buried in Alta Vista cemetery, Gainesville, Georgia. A marble obelisk marks her grave beside that of her husband. On this obelisk is inscribed: "A devoted wife and mother, an obliging neighbor, and an humble Christian."

Martha Beall Candler, mother of Bishop Warren Candler, was the mother of eleven children, and of one of the most remarkable families in Georgia.

She was the daughter of Noble P. Beall, of Cherokee County, Georgia, and the niece of Gen. William Beall, whose name was associated with the early history of Georgia. She was descended from Scotch Presbyterian stock, from which she inherited many of the noble characteristics of her nature.

She married the Hon. Samuel C. Candler, who himself was one of the most prominent men in his section of the State. He was of English extraction and from illustrious ancestry, and was noted for his integrity and exalted ideas of truth and of right. He represented the State several times in both House and Senate, and was an important factor in political circles, and in all important public questions his influence was felt.

This couple, unlike many in these latter days, was a unit, and in the management of home and children would furnish an example worthy of imitation; the consequence is, that out of seven sons reared to manhood, not one has proven a failure, but all occupy notable positions in life—pulpit, bar, and commerce have noble representatives from the members.

Mrs. Candler was left a widow in 1873, and, feeling that she must still carry out the plans which had been laid out for the children, she seemed to take on new vigor of mind; and although feeble in health and so deeply bereaved as never to have rallied, still the whole fibre of her being was aroused, and every energy was put forth in the interest of her dearest treasures, her children, and nobly did she act her part. She was reverenced by them, and her word and wish was the law of the family. All the Christian virtues were prominent in her character and conduct; dignity, love, grace, and beauty made her the personification of loveliness to her children. She aspired to the highest things on earth, and yet could stoop to do a kind act for the most obscure. Full of sympathy, she secured the confidence of her associates, and, abounding in admiration for all that was good and beautiful, she was appealed to by them for commendation and advice. She was a Methodist in its fullest sense; and so devoted was she to its principles and institutions, that her enthusiasm for her church almost equalled that of Jeanne d'Arc in her love for her country.

She has passed from earth, leaving a void in the hearts of her children which can never be filled, and an example to the mothers of our land worthy of emulation. Her highest ideal of a woman was to be a good wife and a true mother; and in shaping the lives of her illustrious sons she has made a contribution to the world which will last forever, and her influence through them cannot be overestimated. In fine, she was a beautiful model of Christian motherhood, worthy of a sculptor's hand, and of a place among the famous statues of the earth.

Mary Ann Dent Longstreet, the mother of Gen. James Longstreet, was born in Maryland, March 13, 1792. Her father, Marshal Dent, who was positive in character and literary in his taste, married a Miss Magruder, and in the course of time emigrated to Georgia, with his wife and four children.

The oldest of these, Mary Ann Dent, the subject of this sketch, was a beautiful girl of fifteen when the mother died. The duties and responsibilities of the home thus devolved upon her; these she assumed cheerfully and discharged faithfully.

At the age of twenty she married James Longstreet, the brother of Judge Longstreet, the distinguished educator and humorist of Georgia. She was left a widow at forty, with nine children; these she labored for, educated by industry, thrift, economy, and an undaunted purpose to have her children stand before kings, and not before mean men, in the language of Scripture. She lived to see all these children grown, honorably married, and in the Church. The Bible being their text-book, they have done what they could to obey the command given to our first parents, "Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth," so that her descendants numerically run up into the hundreds. One daughter, at a recent family reunion, entertained eight families, in which four generations were represented, and all counted there were forty-five or fifty who dined with her. The general had ten children, and so on in lessning numbers, till now his mother's descendants stand abreast, with the best in business, social, professional, and church circles. She herself was magnetic; had power to make and hold friends; her fine conversational gifts made her entertaining; and her hospitality, together with her large family of girls, made her home a delightful resort for young and old.

This home circle had to be broken. Her youngest son, James, who was physically strong, running over with life, push, and energy, was advised to compete for the scholarship offered by the Military Academy at West Point: this he did, and secured the appointment. At the age of sixteen he bade adieu to mother and loved ones, but not without mingled prayers and tears, hopes and fears, for the boy so much beloved. He alone can tell the emotions that struggled in his bosom as he travelled by stage to that far-away training school, there to begin the development and discipline of his intellectual and physical powers. His first visit home after an absence of five years was as full of joy to his mother as the leave-taking was of sadness. The occasion was the marriage of a sister two years younger than himself. He was just twenty-one, tall, erect, handsome; his military suit added to the dignity of his appearance; he was genial; his flow of spirits carried light, sunshine, and joy wherever he went. The house was crowded with young ladies who came to the weddi ng; he entertained them with his jolly songs and lively conversation. This wedding occasion will ever be remembered, even by the youngest sister. Mother was an expert in the culinary depart-

MARY ANN DENT LONGSTREET

ment, and she spared no pains in preparing all the delicacies served at an old-time wedding. She gave in marriage seven daughters and two sons; but her charming traits of character, together with her abiding faith in God and man, won the love, esteem, and respect of all these sons and daughters-in-law. Amid all the vicissitudes of life her charity was unfailing, and she acted upon the principle that all things work for good to those who love God. She was true in the broad meaning of that term; hopeful, cheerful, loving; and died with expressions of love upon her lips, and is now mingling with angelic throngs in the beautiful city of God. With such a mother who can wonder that her son, James, who so much resembled her in person and in disposition, is on record as a patriot, brave soldier, hero, tried and true citizen? His early military discipline and training had taught him to surrender to the inevitable. In the Lost Cause, for which the South fought so bravely, his prophetic eye looked down the vista of time and saw that it was best for us, who could no longer contend against the odds upon the battle-field, to go back into the Union as loyal citizens. The cavalier spirit of the South was not prepared for such proposals, and so alienation arose, which has brought down harsh criticisms, unjust judgment, censure, instead of the gratitude which he won when he resigned his position in the United States Army to defend home, family, and native land; and fought so bravely in order to maintain her honor and independence. But when the "mists have passed away," his character will stand out in all its truthfulness, sincerity, fidelity, loyalty to God and right, and the victor's wreath will adorn his brow. He has been sailing o'er the sea of life nearly eighty years; sometimes the waters have been smooth, at other times the billows have almost overwhelmed him. God grant that the voyage may be a safe one and he anchor in the haven of rest!

Hannah Randolph Longstreet, mother of August Baldwin Longstreet, and oldest of six children of James FitzRandolph and his wife, Deliverance Coward, was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, on March 23, 1761. Her father, who dropped from his name the prefix of "Fitz," was an ardent soldier of the Continental Army, and in the year 1781 died a martyr to the cause, being imprisoned by the British in what was then called "the Provost," a wretched prison in New York. He was of an old English family, being descended from John FitzRandolph, who held a colonel's commission in the royal army early in the reign of Henry VIII., through Edward FitzRandolph, who immigrated to Plymouth Colony in 1630.

Hannah was reared in Monmouth County; and there, between 1783 and 1785, she married William Longstreet. Shortly after her marriage the newly-wedded pair moved to Augusta, Georgia. Her husband was a genius, whose talents and calling were in manufactures. He invented a steamboat, and but for want of means with which to construct his boat might have anticipated Fulton in his success. He also invented and patented the "breast-roller" of cotton-gins, which was of incalculable value to growers of the long-staple cotton. He set up two of his gins in Augusta, which were propelled by steam, and worked admirably, but were destroyed by fire within a week.

About the year 1800 Mr. and Mrs. Longstreet moved to Edgefield District, South Carolina. Afterward he erected a set of steam mills near St. Mary's, Georgia, which were destroyed by the British in the War of 1812, to his great loss and discouragement. These varying fortunes were, of course, shared by his energetic and devoted wife.

In the year 1814 Mr. Longstreet died, leaving his widow possessed of but moderate means. She returned to Augusta, and spent the remainder of her life in Georgia. Many of her letters to her sons and her daughters-in-law are still in existence. They show her to have been a woman of good education for that time, pious, intensely practical, industrious, affectionate, provident, shrewd, charitale—a blending of qualities constituting an unusually strong and estimable character. For twenty-three years a widow, she passed that long period in a seemingly absolute devotion to her children and their growing families. Whenever illness or death made an inroad among them, she went, succoring and comforting her sons and daughters, and nursing and educating the little ones—a true mother in Israel.

She passed away in the year 1837. Her children were six in number: James, who was father of the distinguished Confederate general, and who died in 1833; Gilbert, who died in 1851; Rebecca, who married Abial Camfield; Rachel; Augustus Baldwin, born on Reynolds Street, Augusta, September 22, 1790; and William, who died in 1835.

All of the children have numerous descendants except Rachel, who died unmarried.

Sarah McClellan Means, mother of Alexander Means, A.M., M.D., D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. In the summer of the year of Our Lord, 1798, there was visiting in the family of an opulent farmer in Oredell County, North Carolina, a young woman of eighteen years of age, whose name was Sarah McClellan. She was a native of Pennsylvania, where her parents, who were Scotch-Irish, had lived for some time prior to the Revolution.

One morning in the month of August her host and relative found it necessary to visit a turnip patch which was in process of preparation for the fall sowing by a large, surly African slave. This slave had repeatedly of late given trouble to his master by outbreaks of temper and rebellion against authority.

Mr.—— left the house under protest of his wife, who warned him against the half-savage African in vain. He went to his fate. The negro, dreaming of his native jungles, perhaps, and sighing for the erstwhile freedom of his wide plains, attacked the gentleman with a large mattock, and striking him in the temple, felled him as an ox is felled in the shambles. Hastening then toward the dwelling with the instrument of murder in his hand, he found the doors and windows shut and barred.

The turnip patch was in sight of the house, and the frightened women had witnessed the tragedy from the veranda.

Finding, as above stated, his way blocked by strong doors and windows, he began to beat and pound at both alternately, with the prospect of soon gaining admittance.

There were none in the house save the frightened hostess, Miss McClellan, and a female slave or two; the "quarters," as was customary, being near a mile distant.

What was to be done? Miss C——, who alone seemed capable of any coherent thought or action, calmly formed her plans and bravely executed them. Secreting her trembling hostess in some distant corner of the house, she proceeded, together with one of the female servants, to the rear door; then opening it, while the bloody murderer was working for entrance at the front, she quietly stepped out, and proceeding, unbonneted and ungloved, to the near horse lot, bridled a willing horse, and sprang upon his back without saddle or cloth.

The path from the horse lot led around the corner by the front. How was she to pass the desperate slave? It must be done. Gathering the reins in one hand, and urging her horse with voice and palm, she sped like the wind, rounded the corner, and for one brief instant was face to face with the savage.

He seemed to realize her purpose, for, throwing back his half naked body, and raising the bloody hoe, he hurled it with demoniac fury at the passing horsewoman. But in the excess of his murderous wrath he miscalculated, and the missile flew wide of its mark.

On sped the intrepid girl, her dishevelled tresses floating out behind like

some sable banner. On by the "quarters"; on to the nearest neighbors; on and on until the entire neighborhood was aroused and hurried to the scene of the crime.

Her brave deed had prevented further crime, for the infuriated neighbors, hurrying to the scene, caught the ensanguined wretch even as his half nude body was half through the broken window.

He was taken to Salisbury, tried at the next assize, sentenced, and hung; and, in accordance with the barbaric usage of those old days, his body was decapitated, and his head fastened upon the top of a long pole which was planted in the court-house square. Long it remained there, a grinning horror and a grizzly warning to all murderers. After the loosened wool and decayed flesh had fallen piece by piece, and the grinning skull was alone left, the bluebirds mated, and with amorous dalliance built their modest nest in its cavernous jaw.

Of course Miss McClellan became famous. Two years later she met and was married to Alexander Means, a native of the "Emerald Isle." The result of that union was one boy, born in Statesville, North Carolina, February, 1801.

Often have I heard this boy, long, long after the brave, sweet woman who gave him birth had "gone to her fathers," tell of how she encouraged, guided, and strengthened his young life.

Exercising a discipline firm yet loving, she led him away from the follies and crimes of childhood and youth up into the broad highway of truth and godliness, which his patient feet successfully trod for more than three-quarters of a century.

Although she "was not" after he passed his seventeenth year, yet her beneficent influence never ceased to be felt, and the habit of close and diligent research into the glorious realm of science and religion which characterized his long life had their incipiency and received their character from the firm, wise, loving, guiding tutorage of the brave, intelligent woman he called mother, and whose superior character, shining like the September setting sun, irradiated the broad expanse of the horizon of her dutiful son, Alexander Means, A.M., M.D., D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., of Oxford, Georgia.

CATHERINE REBECCA PARRY STANTON

Catherine Rebecca Parry Stanton, the mother of Georgia's sweetest poet, Frank L. Stanton, was born at Kewah Island, South Carolina, in 1834. She was of good English stock.

In this peaceful sea-girt isle her young life was passed. The vastness of the great deep ever present with its mysteries, its sunlit waves and raging tempests, she early imbibed a pure and reverent spirit, with a fine poetical temperament. She married Valentine Stanton in 1854.

Her son, Frank L. Stanton, speaking of her says: " My mother had me memorize all the Psalms, and at a very early age I knew, through her influence, almost every hymn in the Methodist Hymn-book, and my first work as a boy of twelve years was the writing of hymns." Mr. Valentine L. Stanton is another son.

She passed into her rest at St. Mathews, South Carolina, in 1881, and this is the tribute her son Frank pays to her:

" Her's was a life of gentleness, and the end thereof was peace. Her's were sweet sympathies, and sorrows sanctified by Love; that love which bears the cross—not for the crown, but for its love's sweet sake. Her's were sweet ministrations on crimson Calvaries where lives were crucified. For her the storms of life, as for us all; but ever through the darkness streamed the light of Love and Hope, and drifting at last to the dreams, she only passed from light to light. The hand that pens these lines paid long since this imperfect tribute to her radiant memory:

" Thou shalt have grace where glory is forgot.
Thy star all luminous in the world's last night:
Thy children's arms shall be thy necklace bright,
And all Love's roses clamber to thy cot.
And if a storm one steadfast star shall blot
From thy clear heaven, God's angels shall re-light
The lamps for thee and make the darkness white.
The lilies of his love shall be thy lot.
He shall give all his angels charge of thee.
Thy coming and thy going shall be known;
Their steps shall shine before thee radiantly,
Lest thou should'st dash thy foot against a stone.
The Cross still stands: Who will that Love condemn
Whose mother-lips kissed Christ at Bethlehem? "

Hannah Lord King. Thomas Butler King was the eighth son of Captain Daniel King, of the Revolution, and of Hannah Lord, his wife, who were married at New London, Connecticut, 1780.

Hannah Lord, born 1757, was fifth in descent from Thomas and Dorothy Lord, who emigrated to New England, 1635, on ship "Elizabeth and Ann," and were among the first landed proprietors of Hartford, Connecticut. Their eldest son, Richard, was Secretary of the Colony, Captain of the first troop of horse, 1657-60, Member of the Assembly, and a patentee of Charter of Charles II. His tombstone still stands in New London, with its quaint epitaph, beginning, "The flower of our Cavalry here lieth."

Hannah Lord was the mother of nine sons who lived to manhood. Her beauty, dignity, and womanly grace left its impression upon her children, who always spoke of her with love and reverence.

Her sister Ann, having married Col. Zebulon Butler, the families moved to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, where, on the death of his parents, Thomas Butler was taken to the home of his cousin and guardian, John Lord Butler.

Mr. King, while on a visit South, met Miss Anne Page, the only child of Major William Page, of St. Simon's Island, and their marriage, December 2, 1824, determined his after career. Mr. King henceforth identified himself with Georgia, and devoted his life to her interests.

Sound in health of body and mind, of perfectly temperate habits, and of great energy, with beauty of person and peculiar charm of manner, with unfailing kindness of heart and cheerful temper, he made the happiness of his family.

He increased the plantation left by Major Page, introducing improvements in drainage and cultivation far in advance of the period. He was devoted to the well-being of the negroes, who loved him with touching enthusiasm, often declaring, "Ther's no gentleman like our Massa," and on his returns home, how often have I seen them crowd around him, kissing his hands, and he with a kindly word for each one.

It has been truly said, he was fifty years in advance of his time, and so failed to reap the fruit of enterprises owing their inception to his foresight. He worked enthusiastically for Brunswick, Georgia, investing large sums of money in canal and railroad.

He represented Georgia sixteen years in Congress, and, as Chairman of Naval Affairs, secured appropriations which established the Collins Line, the Pacific Mail, and other beneficial legislation, for which he was publicly complimented in New York and Boston, and invited to return home on a naval cruiser.

During these years he was among the foremost in the hard fight for Southern rights which preceded the War of Secession. Sent throughout California after the Mexican War with a military escort, his "Report" startled the country with statements long since become well-known facts,

and as first collector of the port of San Francisco, he aided materially in establishing law and order in that wild community.

He was sent by Governor Brown to Europe, 1861, as Commissioner from Georgia.

Had his advice been followed to ship cotton to England while yet time, there to establish a gold credit for the South, and build swift blockade runners, it would have been of great service.

Meanwhile, during the frequent absence of the father, the brave mother remained at home, overlooking the education of her nine children, selecting their tutors, managing her large household, and directing the plantations. Personally she gave daily attention to the sick, and was ready to listen and to sympathize with those who, from childhood to age, were under her motherly care to provide with clothing, food, and religious instruction.

How little is known of the active, unceasing occupation attending the life of the true Southern matron, full of energy and self-devotion, teaching her children and people lessons from her own life of self-denial and honor, love and hospitality.

For the home was one of joyfulness. Good hunting and riding provided for the young; the evenings bright with music; charming books read aloud; hospitality freely offered and returned by the pleasant neighborhood. The home beautiful and presided over by the gentle, loving Christian mother.

Then came death, and war swiftly followed, driving the family from the island. The four remaining sons entered the Confederate Army. Of these, Captain Henry Lord King, an A. D. C. on the staff of General McLaws, was killed at Fredericksburg, Virginia; Col. Mallory P. King served as a staff officer to Generals Smith, Gist, Watthall, and McLaws; J. Floyd King became a colonel of artillery, and after the war was for eight years a member of Congress from Louisiana; R. Cuyler King was a Captain of Sharpshooters, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Nashville and confined at Johnson's Island.

Sarah Ann Houstoun Anderson was the only child of Robert James Houstoun and Miss McQueen, all born in Savannah, Georgia. Her mother dying when Sarah Ann was quite a child, she was adopted by her aunt, Mrs. Jane Woodruff, of New Jersey, and at the age of nineteen married Captain John Wayne Anderson, of Savannah, Georgia. The wedding took place at " Oakland," the beautiful country seat of Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, on the banks of the Delaware, three miles from Trenton, October 8, 1834.

Her father, Robert James Houstoun, was the youngest child of Sir George Houstoun, whose grandfather, Sir Patrick Houstoun, was induced to leave Scotland and join General Oglethorpe in 1735, two years after Georgia was settled, and was in charge of that colony whenever General Oglethorpe was absent on his visits to England.

Sarah Ann Houstoun was the mother of eight children, among whom were Gen. Robert Houstoun Anderson, who was a graduate of West Point, and appointed a Brigadier-General of Cavalry in the Confederate Army. Major George Wayne Anderson, Commander of Confederate forces at Fort McAllister, Georgia; John Wayne Anderson, Captain in General Cleburne's division under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson; Clarence Gordon Anderson, of marked executive ability; Clifford Wallace Anderson, Mrs. Eliza Clifford Chisholm, and two children who died in infancy.

She was far above the average in musical attainment, a woman of deep thought and reflection, brave and fearless in her opinions, generous and affectionate by nature, and a most brilliant conversationalist. Her faith was that of a little child, and yet most profound. Brought into contact with her, the eye, the ear, the mind, the heart and soul were fascinated and irresistibly impressed. Educated under the old regime, there was in her mind a horror of " shams " of all kinds, and a great love for " the true, beautiful, and good." In addition to these graces of mind and heart, Sarah Ann Houstoun possessed a strong individuality and great personal beauty; she was an earnest Christian and a devoted member of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah, Georgia.

She was born in Savannah in 1814, and died in that city, June 26, 1868, at the age of fifty-four.

SARAH ANN HOUSTOUN ANDERSON

Margarette MacPherson Berrien, the mother of Judge John MacPherson Berrien, was born in Philadelphia. She was the daughter of Capt. John MacPherson, who came to America in 1746, and married Margaret Rogers, sister of Dr. John Rogers, the noted divine. Her father was captain in the Provincial Navy and commanded the "Britannia," was a brave soldier during the wars between England, France, and Spain, and was wounded nine times in battle. Capt. John MacPherson, Jr., Margarette's brother, aid-de-camp to General Montgomery, shared with him a soldier's death before the walls of Quebec in 1775. Margarette's brother, William, received a major's commission from Washington, and fought under Wayne and LaFayette; he was a brave man and became a general in the United States army. The ancestry of Margarette MacPherson is traced back continuously to the head of the great chief, the Clan Chattan, during the reign of David I., who, having devoted himself to the service of the church, became Abbot of Kingussie. The son of the Chief Ewan, the celebrated chief of the forty-five, was a first cousin of her father.

In 1780, Margarette MacPherson married Major John Berrien, the son of Judge John Berrien, a justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, and a friend of Washington. Major Berrien took his bride to his father's house, at Rocky Ford near Princeton; this house has become historical. When the Continental Congress moved from Philadelphia to Princeton, General Washington enjoyed the hospitality of his friend Judge Berrien at his home at Rocky Ford, and at this house wrote and delivered his farewell address to his army. It was at this house that John MacPherson Berrien was born on August 23, 1781.

Shortly after the evacuation of Savannah, by Gen. Alured Clark and the King's Forces, in June, 1782, Major John Berrien removed his family from New Jersey and made his home in the commercial metropolis of Georgia. The educational advantages of the South were limited, and Major Berrien sent his son to school in New York, at Nassau Hall, where he received his B.A. degree at the early age of fifteen. Returning to Georgia he entered the law office of Hon. Joseph Clay; in his eighteenth year he was called to the bar, ten years later he became solicitor general of the eastern circuit, and before he attained his thirtieth year he was elected judge of the circuit. While upon the bench, the United States became involved in a second war with Great Britian. Judge Berrien served in a double capacity, as minister of the law and colonel of cavalry. Upon the termination of his judicial labors, Mr. Berrien was elected to the legislature from Chatham County. So commanding was the influence wielded by Judge Berrien during his short term of service in the general assembly of this Commonwealth, that he was in 1824 elected to the senate of the United States. When he took his seat in that august body, he had not attained the forty-fourth year of his age. Such, however, was the maturity of his views, such the breadth of his information, so exact his knowledge, so admirable his diction, so dignified

his deportment, and so impressive his intellectual and social demeanor, that Chief Justice Marshall styled him "the honey-tongued Georgia youth." Resigning from the senate in March, 1829, he accepted the position of attorney-general of the United States in the cabinet of President Andrew Jackson, the duties of this office he discharged for more than three years. The New York "Press" in 1830, in its sketches of public characters says of him, "In the senate he was a model for chaste, free, beautiful elocution. He seems to be the only man that Webster softened his voice to when he turned from his seat to address him. The public of all parties have great confidence in him, and he stands fair for high promotion, etc."

After resigning his office of attorney-general, President Jackson tendered to Judge Berrien the mission to England. This tempting compliment was declined for private considerations. He returned to his home in Savannah, Georgia, and resumed the practice of his profession.

On March 4, 1841, Mr. Berrien resumed his seat in the United States senate, was reëlected in 1847, and in May 1852 he resigned, and in the seventy-first year of his age laid aside the public mantle which he had so long worn without a blemish. He was the companion of Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Hayne, Benton, Crittendon, Tombs, Stephens, and many others. This was a period when mighty men constituted the National Councils, great measures were fairly discussed by intellectual giants and statesman of enlightened views. As a contemporary has well said of him, "He was indeed a man whose equal in many respects the world has not produced since the days of Cicero."

In November, 1784, after a painful illness of two months, death came to Margarette MacPherson Berrien, at the home of Mr. George Baillee, in Liberty County, and she left behind her a life filled to overflowing with good deeds of love and kindness. During the Revolution, Margarette MacPherson, who, with an only sister inherited a handsome property, gave her jewelry and silverware to be used in paying the Continental troops.

JULIA ADELAIDE ERWIN HOWELL

Julia Adelaide Erwin Howell, the mother of Hon. Clark Howell, the editor-in-chief of the "Atlanta Constitution," and Mr. Albert Howell, of the general counsel of the Southern Railway Company for Georgia, was, before her marriage, Miss Julia Adelaide Erwin, of Erwinton, Barnwell District, South Carolina. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Erwin of that place, and was born there January 17, 1842.

Among her lineal ancestors was Landgrave Smith, one of South Carolina's early governors, one of the famous Huguenot colonists of that region, whose names and deeds fill so many brilliant chapters of our history.

Miss Julia was one of several children, and she lived in a charming old Southern mansion, enjoying the ideal existence of those golden days when the beauty, chivalry, brains, and culture of the Palmetto State were potential influences in the society of the whole continent. In her delightful home she grew up, a recognized belle, loved and admired by all who knew her for her beauty, her bright intellect, and those winsome qualities and graces which are among the sweetest charms of womanhood.

She was a girl of nineteen when her soldier lover, Evan P. Howell, a gallant young artillery officer from Georgia, who had been stationed at Pensacola, stopped for a day at Erwinton on his way to join Lee's army in Virginia, in June, 1861. The two had been engaged for some months and the Georgian urged her to marry him before he went to the front. The young lady was patriotic as well as true, and she consented. There was a hurried wedding, and Captain Howell resumed his journey to the scene of war. He obtained a brief furlough soon afterwards, and was able to carry his bride to his home in Atlanta, after which he joined his command, and fought with distinguished bravery throughout the war.

In this brief chapter it would be impossible to tell the story of Mrs. Howell's life during the four years of our great civil conflict. Like other noble Southern women of that period, her thoughts were centered upon her loved one and his comrades, who were following the banner of the Confederacy, and she gave her days and nights to devising and carrying out plans for their aid and comfort. She was trained in a school which made heroines, and the trials and dangers of those wartime days doubtless had much to do with the formation of her character and her practical methods.

After the surrender, her husband entered upon a remarkably successful career at the bar, in politics, and in journalism, and soon became one of the most popular and influential men in his State. His son, Mr. Clark Howell, who succeeded him when he retired from the chief editorship of "The Constitution," is now a young man of thirty-six, who has made himself felt as a power in journalism and in politics. He is a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee; is one of the board of directors of the Associated Press; was speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives at twenty-seven years of age, and has held many other high and responsible positions. No Southerner of his age has a more promising

future, and no one doubts his ability to satisfactorily continue the leadership which he has rightfully won by sheer merit. His brother Albert, two years his junior, has been equally successful in his profession, and ranks with the first lawyers of Georgia. Only thirty-four, he is magnetic and eloquent, and it is safe to predict for him great success in his profession and also in public life.

Mrs. Howell has five other children; the youngest a son, Evan P. Howell, Jr.; the others are girls, between the ages of Clark and Albert. Two of them are married. Of her seven children, all are living. The destroying angel has been merciful to this happy family.

The handsome mansion of Captain Howell, at West End, a beautiful suburb of Atlanta, is one of the most hospitable and charming houses to be found anywhere, and the most famous men and women of the nation have been its guests. Mrs. Howell cares but little for society, however. She loves her home, and is devoted to the Christian church, of which she has been a devout member for many years. Next to ministering to the wants of her husband and children, her chief pleasure consists in those sweet and necessary works of religion and charity, which gladden the hearts of the sick, the sad, and the suffering. Still youthful looking, with the light of her radiant soul illumining her bright eyes, Mrs. Howell is generally beloved in every circle where she is known, and the loving friend or neighbor who would point to her as his ideal of a wife and mother would make no mistake, but would simply pay her a deserved tribute.

Catherine Davenport Johnston, the mother of Richard Malcolm Johnston, was born in Charlotte County, Virginia, February 4, 1780. Her father, John Davenport, was descended from the Connecticut family of that name, though his branch of the family had long been resident in Virginia. He was killed at the battle of Guilford Court House, when a very young man, being then not beyond his early twenties. Before going into the battle he had premonition that he would be killed, and with this thought in his mind, asked and received promise from his friend, Henry Burney, that in such event, he would give messages to his widow and children, and keep friendly interest in them. He was killed in the early beginning of battle, dropping by the side of his friend, who not only did last offices for him, and fulfilled all promises, but, in about two years, married his widow, and was a most beloved stepfather to his children. There were children born of this second marriage, and Mrs. Johnston was ever fond of relating to her children many incidents that attested the happy and affectionate relations that had existed in her mother's household. Her family emigrated to Georgia within a few years of the time at which the Johnstons also emigrated from Virginia, and while both families, Johnstons and Davenports, came from Charlotte County, they had not lived near together, and had not been at all acquainted in their mother State. Catherine Davenport had first married Mr. Byrom, and was a widow with several children when she married Malcolm Johnston. Of this happy marriage with Mr. Johnston there were eight children born, four sons and four daughters, Richard Malcolm being next youngest of all the children, and youngest of the sons.

In appearance Mrs. Johnston was of attractive, refined presence, being a little above medium height, of slender figure and quiet, graceful movement; her skin was very fair, her hair silky, soft, and dark, and her eyes dark blue, "a wonderful dark blue," as her son always spoke of them. In appearance and character she was much in contrast with her husband, who, though greatly beloved, and noted for his just judgment in all matters, was bold and positive in speech and full of almost aggressive energy. He never weighed less than two hundred pounds after reaching manhood, and was six feet tall in his stockings, with the Scotch high cheekbones and florid coloring; she, on the other hand, was of a most retiring disposition, and within recollection of her youngest children, often melancholy. Her eldest son, Albon Johnston, who was a young man of fine physique and much promise in character, died at the age of twenty-one years from an attack of typhoid fever, when Richard Malcolm was only a few years old. It was said that her smile was never again merry, but only gentle, full of sympathy and ofttimes pathetic. Her home life and duties were her absorbing interests, except in instances of sickness or sorrow among neighbors, when she was ever among the first to respond with kindness and sympathy. She was especially caressing and tender with Richard Malcolm, who was considered a delicate child by her, though he had become robust and tall when he entered Mercer Uni-

versity at the age of sixteen. It was during this college life that, though a diligent student, he seldom failed to ride home on horseback, a distance of sixteen miles, on Saturday afternoon, to be with his mother, then an invalid, until the next afternoon; and at such times he would sit often upon the stool, now always at her feet, and, laying his hands upon her knees, have her stroke his hair as she talked—a caressing way she had ever had with him. He has been known to say that he had never heard her voice raised in anger, though she had warned him often and earnestly against temptations of all kinds as he was approaching manhood, and had punished him, when a child, in the old-fashioned way with lively switchings, immediately after which he would feel entirely repentant for whatever small sin he may have committed, and never left her presence after such occurrence without her kissing him, and his feeling sure of her love and justice.

She died September 24, 1842, at "Oak Grove," the old plantation homestead in Hancock County, and was buried in the family burying-ground there, to which legal rights were reserved when the plantation was sold many years after her death. Richard Malcolm visited this spot every year of his life that circumstances made possible. This beloved mother's memory was as fresh and dear to him in his old age as it had been in his youth, and among his aspirations was the one that he might attain unto the ineffable sweetness of heart that made her a blessing to all who came within touch of her life.

Martha Mosse Lawton, the mother of Gen. Alexander Robert Lawton, of Georgia, was Martha Mosse, daughter of Dr. George Mosse and his wife, who was a Miss Norton. She was born on St. Helena Island, Buford District, South Carolina, on September 5, 1788.

About the middle of the eighteenth century Dr. George Mosse, an Irish physician, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, with his wife emigrated to America and settled in South Carolina, in Beauford District, on the fertile sea island of St. Helena. At the same time the Norton family came from England and settled at the same place. Shortly after their arrival the wife of Dr. Mosse died, and in the course of time he married Miss Norton, the daughter of his fellow emigrant. Seven daughters came of this second marriage, all of whom were married and settled in life before the death of their father. Of these daughters the sixth was Martha.

But little is known, by the third generation, of the early life of Martha Mosse. That those early adventurous spirits whom fortune led to the luxurious climate of the Southern seaboard were spared the rigors and privations which attended those in the Eastern States we well know; lapped in soft, semi-tropical surroundings, with the ever-changing panorama of the sea, life was a thing to enjoy.

We have no record how Martha Mosse passed her girlhood days, but that she made good use of her time we know. For soon she is the wife of a distinguished man, ruling his house and slaves with grace and ability. On November 15, 1809, she was married to Col. Alexander James Lawton, of St. Peter's parish, Beauford District, South Carolina. Of this marriage came twelve children, Alexander Robert being the fourth, born November 4, 1818. In 1835, at the age of sixteen, he was entered at West Point Military Academy. He never saw his mother again after this appointment, for before his furlough came his mother had died, July 26, 1836. That Mrs. Lawton was a woman of strong character, of culture and refinement, clearly appears from the influence she naturally exercised upon the lives of her children. She was of deeply religious nature, steadfast in her belief in the faith of the Baptist Church, and a constant member of it, whence all her children followed her guiding steps, and by their lives attest her Christian influence.

In 1839 Alexander Robert Lawton graduated as second lieutenant of artillery, but resigned, and attended Harvard Law School. In 1843 he established his home in Savannah, Georgia, and lived there until the Civil War made it possible for him to achieve the renown he did in several departments as brigadier-general of the Confederate Army, in command of the military district of Georgia. He also served with distinction in Virginia under Stonewall Jackson, and in command of Lawton's Brigade was wounded at battle of Sharpsburg.

He was Presidential Elector when member of the convention which nominated Hancock, and later a Cleveland elector. In 1885 he was nomin-

ated by President Cleveland as Minister to Russia, but was ineligible according to the fourteenth amendment. The first private act of the next Congress was the removing of General Lawton's political disabilities, and in 1887 President Cleveland conferred on him the mission to Austria-Hungary, where he conducted himself and maintained diplomatic relations with marked acceptability.

ANNE H. DUNHAM

Anne H. Dunham, the mother of Bradford Dunham, departed this life May 14, 1854, at the early age of thirty-five years, leaving her husband and four children to mourn their irreparable loss.

She was a faithful and loving wife, and hers was a brave and loyal nature. Despite her fluctuating health she was always doing for her family; she loved them and loved her home.

Her husband's people loved her, and were never happier than when visiting at her home.

The first few years of her married life were spent near Sunbury, on a large plantation; my father was a planter; she often told me of those delightful years. She had attended school in that town during her girlhood, and formed friendships among the people. Three or four years after this time she married and went near there to live. The many pleasant visitors at her home were very delightful to her social nature. The utmost good feeling prevailed between the inhabitants of Sunbury; doubtless many of these social as well as spiritual blessings, which were also added to them, were direct consequences of the true amiability and sincere piety of Rev. Charles O. Scriven, in whom they had perfect confidence.

From my earliest recollections her health was feeble, being predisposed to consumption, which baleful disease finally caused her death.

She was loyal to God also; early in life she sought her dear Saviour, making a public profession of faith. She was a consistent Christian, and a praying Christian; she not only prayed for us, but she prayed with us. Children never forget the mother who kneels beside them, and offers prayers to God for them, though those children may live to be old people, and be drifted far apart from each other, and far away from the old home, by the years which roll between childhood and old age. In the still quiet hours which must some time come to all, memory goes back to the childhood's home, the dear father, the gentle, loving mother, and the other children who played with us around their hearthstone; and we remember her prayers for us, and lift up our hearts in silent supplication to our mother's God, that He will teach us to pray for ourselves.

All time could not efface the picture of that death-bed scene, when she called her four children to her bedside and gave them her parting wishes and her last goodby. After she had ceased talking with us, Rev. A. S. Morrall stood beside her and repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and we all knew she "was passing through the valley of the shadow of death." She spoke no more after that, and in a few short hours she had gone from us.

Mrs. Anne H. Dunham was the daughter of Capt. John Harris, the granddaughter of Capt. William Harris. She was born March 19, 1815, and was married to Mr. Thomas J. Dunham, of Liberty County, Georgia, January 19, 1834, at Eagle Neck Church, in McIntosh County, Georgia, by Rev. Mr. McDonald, an Irishman, who had been a Roman Catholic priest,

but seceded from that faith and became a poor Baptist preacher, with nought of this world's goods except a preacher's pay.

She was the mother of four children, one daughter and three sons. Her youngest son, Jacob, died in childhood. Her second son, Thomas, had but just reached the years of manhood in the stormy days of 1861; he was a member of the Georgia Hussars, of Savannah, and with that cavalry he went to the front in Virginia as orderly sergeant of that company. Doubtless there are some living at this time who remember the "midnight ambuscade" near Burke's Station, in Virginia, on the old Braddock Road, by the Third New Jersey Volunteers, which surprised a squad of twenty-four Confederates, December 5, 1861, where Sergeant Dunham, after a desperate sabre fight, was wounded and taken prisoner. He received the bullet in his head that night which caused his death, though he lived until after the close of the war.

Her oldest son, Mr. Bradford Dunham, general manager of the Plant system of railways, is the only one of this dear mother's sons now living. Father and mother and brothers all lie toegther, "where gravestone shadows mark the circling hours."

Cynthia Sumner Mell, the wife of Major Benjamin Mell, of Liberty County, Georgia, was a woman of strong and beautiful character. Not only was she deeply loved and honored by her family and immediate friends, but she made a lasting impression upon all who knew her. The late Dr. John Jones, an eminent Presbyterian minister of Georgia, was a playmate and schoolfellow of her children. More than fifty years after her death in writing to a friend, he said:

"Dr. Mell's mother was a woman of marked individuality of character, intellectual, and a truly godly woman, brought up in the strictest mode of old Congregationalism and, no doubt, perfectly familiar with the Westminster Shorter Catechism, which was thoroughly taught in old Midway Church in ancient and in modern times. Dr. Mell was all Sumner, a perfect reproduction of his mother in form, in features, in character, and in mind, proving the old saying 'that men of mark are chiefly indebted to their mothers for their superiority.'"

Cynthia Sumner was the daughter of Capt. Thomas Sumner and Anna Baker. Her parents belonged to the famous Midway Church settlement of Liberty County. From the time the first Puritan colony was sent forth from Dorchester, England, to Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1630; from thence, in 1696, to Dorchester, South Carolina, "to encourage religion in the Southern plantations"; and lastly, in 1752, when they settled in Dorchester, Georgia, the history of this people has shown that they were remarkable for piety, intelligence, and patriotism.

Bishop Stevens in his "History of Georgia" says, "The accession of such a people was an honor to Georgia, and has ever proved one of its richest blessings. The sons of that colony have shown themselves worthy of their sires; their sires were the moral and intellectual nobility of the province."

"Capt. Thomas Sumner was a son of Edward Sumner, one of the founders of Midway Church, and a descendant of William Sumner, of Bicester, Oxford County, England, who came to New England in 1636, and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Two of his sons, Samuel and Increase, joined the colony which came to South Carolina in 1696; three sons remained in Massachusetts and founded the Sumner family of New England and the Northern States."—Appleton's *Sumner Genealogy*.

Anna Baker was the daughter of Richard Baker, another pioneer colonist, and Elizabeth Andrew, who was a sister of Hon. Benjamin Andrew, and a descendant of Daniel Andrew, mentioned in Upham's "History of the Salem Witchcraft," as a man of culture and high standing, who protested vigorously against the cruel folly of the persecutions. Elizabeth Andrew Baker was left a widow before the Revolution; forced to fly from home during that period, she found a refuge among friends in South Carolina, and many stories are told of her fearless patriotism and devoted piety. The diary of her daughter, Anna Baker Sumner, is still in existence, a precious posses-

sion, yellow with age, but a glorious testimony to the deep piety and unwavering faith of herself and her kindred. She describes the triumphant Christian death of her mother, and chronicles her own marriage and the notable events of her life.

Cynthia Sumner was born March 25, 1790, upon her father's plantation, near Midway Church. She was left an orphan before she was two years of age, and lived with her oldest sister, Sarah, the wife of Dr. Lathrop Holmes. This gentleman was from Boston, and was an uncle of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes was a man of rare intelligence and education, and a kind brother to the four little orphan sisters of his wife. This home was broken up in April, 1801, when Dr. and Mrs. Holmes, with her two sisters, Mary and Anne, sailed for New York upon their annual summer trip and "were never heard of more." Only one dearly loved sister now remained, the wife of Thomas Bacon (the grandfather of Senator A. O. Bacon). The little girl was most kindly and tenderly cared for by them, and Mr. Bacon, after the death of his wife, continued to be a true friend to Cynthia and her family during his whole lifetime. On February 9, 1807, at the age of seventeen, she was married from her sister's home to Benjamin Mell, of South Carolina, a handsome, lovable, genial young man of good circumstances, who settled in Liberty County.

Two years after this marriage Mrs. Bacon died, leaving her the last of her family. About this time she made public profession of the faith which had always been her strength and consolation, and united with the church of her fathers at Midway. She was the mother of nine children, three of whom died young.

Her son, Patrick Hues Mell, was born July 19, 1814. From his birth he was the subject of her daily prayers that he might become a minister of God, and give his entire life to the Master's service.

In 1816, her cousin, the Rev. Thomas Sumner Winn, took charge of the Baptist Church at Sunbury. His brief ministry covered only three years, but is described as "grand and glorious"; he exerted the strongest influence while he lived, and left the deepest and most lasting impression when he died, of any man who ever lived in that community. Under his powerful preaching Mrs. Mell left the Congregational Church and joined the Baptists. She writes in her diary, "Most blessed Lord, may it be that as I have followed Thy example in baptism, that I may be enabled to follow more of Thy precepts and example in every other respect." Her life from this period was one of entire consecration. "She walked in all the commandments of the Lord blameless." It was said of her that she was a saintly woman, rich in all Christian virtues, purity, patience, kindness, charity, faith, devotion. In cases of severe illness Mrs. Mell was always sent for to pray with the sick, "her prayers were so strengthening and comforting." Twenty years after her death one of her sons lay very ill at the house of a friend, and it was said by the community, "We must give James our tenderest care and most

earnest prayers for his recovery, for his mother, Mrs. Mell, was such a good and lovely woman."

Heavy trials cast their shadows over her last days, but she bore them with patience and resignation, cheering and comforting her husband and children in the domestic difficulties caused by financial losses. Major Benjamin Mell was a man sympathetic and generous to a fault. In an evil hour he went security for a friend in trouble; the result was that the greater part of his estate was swept away, and his family placed in very reduced circumstances. Friends offered help, but Major Mell refused assistance with an independence that was almost too sensitive and proud. His losses preyed upon his health, and he died in 1828, two years after his misfortunes. His devoted wife followed him a few months later, leaving six young orphans to struggle with poverty; her comfort in dying as in living lay in the promises of Scripture; and the saying, " I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread " was verified, for the young family had many friends who advised and sympathized with them, and enabled them to successfully solve the problems of their life.

Shortly before her death she wrote two letters to her son Patrick, a lad of fifteen, who was away at school. These letters show the tenderest maternal affection and the deepest anxiety for the welfare of his soul. Space forbids the publication of these beautiful letters, but they were carefully preserved, together with her diary, by her son during the whole of his long life. The anxiety and love so strongly shown in these letters go to prove how potent are the prayers, the earnest solicitations, and Christian influence of a mother's life over the future well-being and good fortunes of a loved son. The mother did not live to see the fruits of her work on the young life, but the long years of usefulness given Dr. Mell show how great was the harvest that came from the seed his mother so carefully planted in the rich soil. God answered her prayers by giving to the country a noble life, whose influence was felt for more than fifty years through the length and breadth of this Southern land.

Lurene Howard Cooper Mell, wife of Dr. P. H. Mell, of Athens, Georgia, was born in Montgomery County, Georgia, February 15, 1819. She was the daughter of George Cooper and Nancy Conner, and granddaughter of the Rev. Wilson Conner, a noted Baptist minister in the early days of this century. Her grandfather, Richard Cooper, moved from North Carolina soon after the Revolution and settled in Southern Georgia. Mr. George Cooper was a man of means and influence in his section, and gave all of his children fine advantages in education. Young Patrick Mell taught school in Montgomery County, and Lurene Cooper was one of his pupils. She was a beautiful, graceful girl with a sweet sunshiny nature, fond of music and merriment, yet brim full of good comon sense, with a character of sterling worth. The friendship between teacher and scholar soon ripened into strong affection, and they were married on June 29, 1840, while Mr. Mell was principal of the Preparatory School connected with Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia. In 1841 he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages in Mercer University, and they lived for fifteen years in Penfield, and then came to Athens in 1856, when Dr. Mell accepted a chair in the University of Georgia. This companion of his young manhood's days lived for twenty-one years as his devoted wife, who deeply sympathized with him in all the adversities and successes that lined his pathway, and who was able to intelligently aid him in all his plans, because she possessed a mind filled with fertile resources and well stored with useful knowledge. This union was blessed with eight children. She was a queen in her household, governing her servants with kindness and justice; exacting from her children the strictest obedience, yet giving them every innocent pleasure; she taught them herself, and gave each character special study and prayerful, watchful guidance. She was an old-fashioned mother, demanding the greatest respect and deference from her children, and leading them in giving their father the deepest reverence and affection.

Hospitality was a pleasure and a duty with her; friends and relatives were ever in the house, and all who knew her pay tribute to this day to her lovely character and firm, wise guidance of her household. Her servants obeyed her commands with pleasure; her children gave her unquestioning submission; her husband looked upon her as a helpmate indeed, worthy of the deepest affection; peace, order, and happiness reigned within the walls of her home, a blissful haven for both husband and children.

She died suddenly on July 6, 1861, and there was a gloom cast over the home that time only was able to soften. The following tribute to her memory was written by Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, Chancellor of the University:

"A beautiful character in early girlhood, fond of such pursuits as elevate and refine the opening heart, and cherishing those tastes that impart a genial glow to youthful affections, she grew up in the quiet of home with a steadiness of purpose, a serene thoughtfulness, a dignity of spirit, above her years. On reaching womanhood her mind expanded with those views

and feelings that experience and responsibility never fail to bring to a disciplined nature. She entered on life's duties as aims and aspirations to cultivate her inward being no less than as obligations to be conscientiously discharged, accepting her sphere as a divine gift, and daily finding the smile of God and the peace of Christ in all its anxieties and tasks. For her clearness and force of intellect, for the gentle charms that add such grace to the intercourse of ordinary life, for the inbred sympathy that gives to manners the rank of a virtue and sheds such a welcome light over human fellowships: for these we admired her. But we loved her for qualities higher and nobler. She was a woman of lofty principles; possessing a sense of truth and right that was a law to her thoughts as well as actions, abiding firmly in her convictions, and tenacious of them as fixed rules of action, and unselfishly striving to make her existence a benediction and a joy to all around her. Such were the qualities of character that bound our hearts to her while living, and drew from them this humble tribute now that she is dead.

" For some twenty-five years she was a consistent and faithful member of the Baptist Church, appreciating in the fulness of her heart its institutions, prizing its communion, and devoted to its interests. Her religious experience was uniform and progressive. Marked by no violent transitions, by no abrupt impulses, it was singularly equable and harmonious, rising as life advanced into higher views, deepening into an intenser trust, swelling into a richer joy, but always characterized by those traits that give stability and growth to Christian culture. Few persons have had less warning of approaching death, but she was found ready. The summons came at midnight, but her lamp was burning and in its light she trod the dark valley."

Anna Fitch White, the mother of William N. White, of Athens, Georgia, was born near Stamford, Connecticut, January 15, 1795. She was a descendant of the well-known Fitch family of Connecticut; Thomas and James Fytche came from Bocking, county of Essex, England, to New England in the ship "Defiance," in 1638. Thomas settled in Norwalk, Connecticut, and was the ancestor of Thomas Fitch, the Governor of his native colony; Anna Fitch belonged to this line; her grandfather Seymour Fitch was a soldier in the Revolution. The Fitch family are fond of study and of literary pursuits, and claim among its members many clergymen, college professors, college presidents, and other educational workers.

Anna Fitch was the daughter of Nathaniel Fitch and Anna Smith. Her father died about the time she was married, but her mother lived to a good old age. Mrs. Fitch was a woman of great intelligence and piety; a constant reader of good literature, a taste inherited by her descendants. After her husband's death she led regularly in family worship with her children, and she talked and prayed at the church meetings, although this was very unusual for the women of those days. It was said that "her rocker was consecrated," for her quiet moments were devoted to prayerful meditations; her grandchildren remember hearing her pray in the night "for her posterity to the latest generation"; and her prayers were answered for all of her children and grandchildren and most of her great-grandchildren have been faithful followers of her Master.

In 1802, when Anna Fitch was seven years of age, her father took his family to Walton, New York, and became one of the first settlers of that lovely little town on the banks of the Delaware. Life is primitive in pioneer regions, and Anna was well instructed in all domestic arts; some of their homespun and woven woollen blankets and linen sheets and table cloths are still in possession of the family, bearing testimony to the wonderful industry of those times. Mrs. Fitch was a woman of "faculty," and Anna inherited her energy and ability.

September 16, 1818, she was married to Anson White, of Stamford, Connecticut, and they lived there until 1827, when they made their home in Walton, New York. After her marriage she was an invalid for several years, and confined to her bed for a long time. Still she kept perfect control of the details of family life, and with great executive ability she managed her domestic matters from the dairy in the basement to the contents of the attic. After her removal to Walton her health began to improve, and although she was feeble until the end of her life she was able to actively superintend her home, and is described as a model housekeeper. William, her oldest child, was a bright, active boy with a keen imagination which led him to conceive and execute unheard of pranks; the younger children, of course, always followed him into all mischief, with the greatest admiration; and many scrapes and adventures resulted. His father was good natured and indulgent, and a sense of amusement was often too strong for his sense

of discipline; but his mother was always firm and decided, never yielding a point that she had made. When she pressed her lips together and said, "Say no more about it," no amount of teasing could move her from her position. She was proud of her gifted son, but she did not spoil him; *facile princeps*, he took honors in all his preparatory schools and in his college classes, but his mother did not overvalue his abilities or feed his vanity with fond praises.

She was greatly interested in church work, and especially in foreign missions, when this branch of church duties was in its infancy. She made one of her daughters a member of the Foreign Mission Society at the age of twelve; this daughter has paid her dues regularly for sixty-five years to the present day. She was one of the first to be interested in all moral reform movements, such as total abstinence, etc.

Like her mother her love of reading was a passion, and her children were early accustomed to read aloud and listen to the best literature. Travels were especially popular, "Anson's Travels" (who has heard of it in these days?), "Captain Cook's Voyages," "Robinson Crusoe," and others down to Kane. Then there were "Silliman's Journal" and the "Dutchman's Fireside." Paulding, Cooper, and Scott delighted them in fiction, and there were worlds of pleasure found in Irving's works. When William went away to boarding-school and college, he would return always with fresh books for vacation reading; he was fond of repeating to her such poems as pleased him, and she would enjoy them as much as he did.

With such maternal influences over his childhood and youth, he naturally grew up to a cultured, noble manhood. Her wise and careful training, which never relaxed its vigilance and never allowed tenderness to condone faults, the truth and nobility of her character, her excellent literary taste and intellectual gifts, all made a lasting impression upon his character and life. He inherited from her a delicate constitution, and when he graduated he was obliged to come South for his health; he located in Athens, Georgia, where he soon became noted not only as a man of letters, but as an authority upon agricultural and horticultural matters. His "Gardening for the South," first published in 1856, is said to have worked wonders in improving Southern horticulture, and is still ranked as the best authority.

In spite of her failing health, Anna Fitch White lived for nearly twenty years after her son came South. His visits North and frequent letters were the greatest pleasures of her later years. She died July 22, 1864; many months elapsed before he heard of her death, owing to the strict blockade maintained during the Civil War, and his pleasure in revisiting his old home afterward was sadly marred by the absence of its central figure.

"*Prompt et Certain*" is the motto on the Fitch coat of arms, and it was exemplified in the life of Anna Fitch White. With judgment quick to see the right thing, and determination to do it without delay, she discharged all life's duties faithfully, and is now reaping her eternal reward.

Clara Corinne Knight, mother of Lucian Lamar Knight. Mrs. Knight's maiden name was Clara Corinne Daniel, her parents being Joshua and Mary Ann Lamar Daniel, and she was born at Lincolnton, in Lincoln County, Georgia. On her mother's side her ancestors were French Huguenots, and on her father's Scotch-Irish and English. Her mother, *née* Mary Ann Lamar (daughter of Colonel Peter and Sarah Cobb Benning Lamar), possessed many strong individual traits, being equally distinguished for her superior gifts of mind, and for her rare force of character. Colonel Lamar's wealth and social position made him one of the most influential men of the State in ante-bellum times, and he was frequently called upon to represent his county in political conventions and legislative assemblies. He was one of that strong and brilliant family of Lamars whose members have illustrated Georgia during many generations, not only upon the field of battle, but in some of the loftiest positions of civic honor within the nation's gift. Likewise on her mother's side Mrs. Knight is connected with many other prominent Georgia families, such as the Cobbs and the Bennings. On her father's side she comes of equally good stock. Joshua Daniel stood high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, and held many important public offices. He was fearless and outspoken in his convictions, prompt and exact in meeting his obligations, and intolerant of whatever savors of hypocrisy and deceit. He came to Georgia directly from North Carolina, but his family first settled in Virginia, where several of its members have achieved high distinction in public life. When Clara Daniel was only two years old her parents moved to Floyd County, where they settled upon an extensive plantation on the banks of the Oostanaula River, near Rome. Subsequently they located near Sugar Valley, in Gordon County, and still later at Calhoun, where they were living when the war broke out. Six children constituted the household at the time of the removal to North Georgia, viz., Wilberforce (deceased); Regina P. (Mrs. James D. Ingles, deceased); Martha (Mrs. M. A. Sheppard); Jane P. (Mrs. A. F. Fleming); John B., and Clara C. (Mrs. C. C. Knight). Strict Presbyterian discipline was exercised over the household, and the children were early taught habits of industry and self-control. With the commencement of hostilities between the sections in 1861, the household was almost completely broken up; some of the children having previously married, and both of the brothers immediately setting out for the front upon the call of the Confederate government for volunteers. Trials and hardships succeeded each other in rapid succession until 1864, when General Sherman's advance from Chattanooga to Savannah made it necessary for the family to seek refuge in South Georgia, where they remained until the war was over. Directly after the war the family located in Atlanta. Here Clara Daniel met Capt. George Walton Knight, to whom she was married in 1866. Two children were the fruit of this union, viz., Lucian Lamar (literary editor of the "Atlanta Constitution"), and Marie Bertha

CLARA CORINNE DANIEL KNIGHT

(Mrs. T. R. Hardwick, deceased). Captain Knight lived only three years after his marriage, never having fully recovered from the effects of wounds and exposures incident to his service in the Confederate ranks. Soon after the death of her husband, Mrs. Knight became identified with the public schools of Atlanta, and such was her success from the start that the Board of Education, realizing her splendid executive ability, as well as her thorough mental equipment, soon made her principal of one of the new schools, which, under her wise and faithful administration, has become one of the best in the system. She controls her pupils through love rather than fear, and she encounters little difficulty in bringing them up to fixed ideals of decorum, as well as to high standards of scholarship. Mrs. Knight is thoroughly wide awake in her methods of instruction. She believes in keeping abreast with the world's progress; and in her quest of new ideas she spends much of her leisure time either in reading books, pamphlets, and magazines, or in visiting schools in the North and East. Last year she spent her entire summer at the University of Chicago, pursuing special lines of study. Though Mrs. Knight was prevented by the war from enjoying the benefit of collegiate training in early life, she has since schooled herself thoroughly in most of the branches of modern thought and research, and few women in the South possess broader general culture. Mrs. Knight is a member of the Atlanta chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is also a member of the Central Presbyterian Church.

Rebecca Freeman Hillyer was the only child of John Freeman and his wife Catharine. She was born July 11, 1786, in her father's home in Wilkes County, Georgia.

Her father was able to give his daughter the best educational advantages of that early period, within the region in which she lived, and also to introduce her into the best society of the country.

She grew up to be an attractive young lady; several suitors sought her hand. A young man from Connecticut, Mr. Shaler Hillyer, proved to be the accepted suitor, and in the autumn of 1803 they were married at "Poplar Grove," which was the family homestead.

Tradition tells us that the wedding festival was exceptionally brilliant for that early day, in the region of middle Georgia. As soon as the winter passed, the young couple set out upon their excursion to the North. In those days such a trip was a serious undertaking compared with what it is now. We may well imagine what pleasure the husband anticipated in visiting again his boyhood home, and in presenting to its beloved inmates this charming wife, and the delight the young wife anticipated in beholding what would be to her the novelties of the land and the mysterious wonders of the sea.

In three years after her marriage, Mrs. Hillyer's father died, and her mother was left a widow at "Poplar Grove." This sad event led to a change. When Mr. Hillyer married he was doing business in Petersburg, eleven miles from "Poplar Grove." He now found it necessary to make their home at "Poplar Grove," restoring Mrs. Hillyer to the society of her mother and enabling himself to superintend the estate.

This happy household continued till death dissolved it. Mrs. Hillyer's married life was a happy one. Her good sense, her true refinement of feeling and of manners, and her faithful love were met by corresponding elements in the character and deportment of her husband.

Six children were born to them, but only the three eldest reached maturity. The first born was Rev. John Freeman Hillyer, LL.D., late of Texas. He lived to see his eighty-ninth year.

The second was the late Hon. Junius Hillyer of Georgia, who lived to see his eightieth year.

The youngest, S. G. Hillyer, still lives, having reached his ninety-first year, and is now writing this brief sketch of his sainted mother.

Her married life continued less than seventeen years. On March 22, 1820, she stood by the side of her dying husband.

Other misfortunes soon followed, and Mrs. Hillyer and her children were left dependent upon her mother, who, fortunately, had a small property.

Their first anxiety was to provide for the education of the children. By great economy and self-denial this was accomplished, and nine years after the death of their father, each of the young men had received a diploma from Franklin College, Athens, Georgia, now the State University. Mrs. Hillyer's life continued with but few incidents till her death in 1843.

The brightest jewel that adorned this beautiful character was her devoted piety. While young she consecrated herself to a religious life by joining a Baptist church. This was to her the beginning of a new life. She put away her costly ornaments; she limited her toilets to the modest demands of a neat propriety, and turned away from all questionable amusements of social life.

Like David she could say, "I am a companion of all them that fear God and of them that keep his precepts." She had deep reverence for the Word of God. It was the foundation of her hope beyond the grave, and the source of all her consolations amidst the trials and sorrows of the present life.

For her children she wrestled with God by prayer, and did all she could to train them up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Nor did she labor in vain, for her three sons united with the Church in early manhood.

She delighted in the house of God. She longed to see the gay and thoughtless come to its life-giving waters, and they too might freely drink and live forever.

She once said to some friends, "When, in the Sunday-school, I look upon the bright young faces listening to the stories of Jesus, I feel as if I could take them in my arms and press them to my heart."

But her desire for the salvation of others found its most sublime expression in her compassion for the benighted heathen. She was in heart and soul a missionary. Such a life as hers reflects as from a mirror the likeness of Jesus.

Elizabeth Fain Trammell, my father's mother, was born in South Carolina, July 6, 1791. Her father, Ebenezer Fain, was of French parentage, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1762, and was a gallant soldier in the Revolutionary War.

In 1818 my grandmother, with her husband, Jehu Trammell, moved to Habersham County, Georgia; they were among the first white settlers of the beautiful Nacoochee Valley.

The country was full of Indians at this early period. I've been told that they were soon attracted to this gentle woman, whom they named "Fair-hair," and that the squaws would go to her home and beg her to loosen the heavy braids of her hair that they might admire its length and beauty.

Her husband's business took him much away from home, and during the winter months the winding Chattahoochee was often impassable for weeks, separating her from her valley friends; she was thus left alone with her small children, the Indians their only neighbors, except the mountain wolves, that paid their home occasional night visits. Let us hope that she was like most pioneers, too busy during the day to miss companionship, and too sleepy at night to be long disturbed.

It has been said of her that she was "grandly heroic."

An obscure life lived grandly may in the end be productive of the greatest good. As the sources of great rivers are hidden away in the mountain side, so some of the most lasting influences for good begin and flow outward to bless humanity; from homes hidden away from the world, where mothers direct lives aright, having nothing to divert them from daily home duties. One of her friends wrote of her: "She made her home a little Eden, in which all the domestic virtues and pleasures grew and flourished with unusual beauty and fragrance." (So the old-fashioned flowers: petunias, nasturtiums, phlox, poppies, etc., flourished in her pretty garden, as my childhood memory will attest.)

She raised eight children: Rosetta (Mrs. J. H. Starr); William T. (the only surviving member of the family); Mercer; Caswell; Mircilla (Mrs. J. R. Parrott); Jasper; Louvinia (Mrs. Sistrunk), and L. N. Trammell.

My father's love for his mother was unique; long separation did not affect it; manhood and age did not cure the boy longing to see and be with her. I've heard him say: "To me, my mother was absolutely perfect; she had not a single fault."

Among his papers were found, after his death, some "thoughts" written on his sixty-fifth birthday, with this tribute to his mother: "My earliest recollection is that of my mother—how her beautiful blue eyes, beaming with affection, still shine in my heart! How the gentle, caressing touch of her soft hand still rests upon my head! Her pure Christian life and heroic Christian faith have served through a disturbed and tempestuous life, to anchor my faith in the Christian religion."

The following is an extract from a sketch of her life written by Rev.

ELIZABETH FAIN TRAMMELL

William M. Crumley soon after her death in Cartersville, May 6, 1870:

"Her religious character was formed and developed on a broad basis; her Christian fortitude and patience were beautifully heroic. In those days there were but few or no churches in that country, and the itinerant and pioneer ministers had to preach in dwelling-houses or under the forest trees as occasion offered. The dwelling-house of Major Trammell became the regular preaching place for that neighborhood, and, like the house of Obed-edom, in which the Ark of the Lord rested, it was greatly blessed. Soon a gracious revival of religion took place—there the writer, in his ninth year, received his first permanent religious impressions. Here the weary minister found 'a prophet chamber' and a welcome home, as well as a church in the house of this woman of God.

"By the example and zealous effort of Mrs. Trammell a church was built on her own land and dedicated to the service of God, in which she delighted to worship. Here she had the inexpressible delight of seeing her husband and all her children, with many of her neighbors, brought into the fold of Christ. For many years her effort, her prayers, and means to a large degree sustained this church. Her hand and her heart were ever opened to the unfortunate and needy—in proof of this, when it was known that she was going to leave the neighborhood, those whom she had comforted and aided gathered from many miles around and wept as if their own mother was going to a far off land. She was truly the golden candlestick, the bright star, the angel of the church of Chattahoochee."

Ann Eliza Estill, mother of John H. Estill, editor and proprietor of the Savannah "Morning News" for a third of a century, and during that time prominently identified with the upbuilding and best interests of Savannah and Georgia, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 27, 1809. The Westminster Presbyterian Church occupies the site of her birth-place. She was the eldest daughter of John Pickering Lloyd and Rebecca Boswell. "Annie," as she was called by family, friends, and teachers, began school at a very early age, and it is said of her that she could read well enough at four years to undertake English history. Her father's library was well filled with the works of standard authors, and it was the delight of the little girl, and afterward of the young woman, to spend her leisure moments in a quiet nook with a book. It was thus that she gratified and cultivated a natural taste for reading, and stored her mind with information.

Throughout her long life her interest in literature—current, historical, and classical, was sustained. There was no subject under public discussion with respect to which she was not well informed. After her marriage she had a sympathetic companion in literary tastes in her husband, who, though never a public man, had the political, literary, and sociological history of his country at his fingers' ends. And no matter how exacting the cares of a large family, the wife and mother so systematized her daily duties as to leave some time for the perusal of favorite books, magazines, and newspapers.

At the age of nineteen Miss Lloyd became the wife of William Estill, who was also a native of Charleston. Eleven children blessed their union; and all of them save one reached the age of maturity. Her five sons entered the army of the Confederacy and there served their country.

The youngest, a delicate youth, died in her arms from the effects of disease contracted in the service. During the terrible days of the Civil War, Mrs. Estill was, like every other true Southern woman, faithful in act, word, and prayer to the cause for which her loved ones had offered their blood and lives, and were ready to sacrifice all save honor.

There was no moisture to be seen about her eyes as she said "Goodbye" to her sons when they left her to go to the front; but many were the tears shed in the sacred privacy of the chamber when she asked God's blessing and protection for them in camp and in battle.

She was the kindest and most devoted of mothers. No sacrifice was too great for her to make gladly, if it would contribute to the physical, moral, or intellectual progress, or the spiritual welfare of her children. It required no harsh words for her to control them. She governed the household with love, tenderness, and gentleness; a look, a word of caution, sufficed to secure ready obedience. She was direct and practical in her discipline, yet that discipline was simplicity itself. If a child erred, the error was explained. Dignity and self-respect were persistently inculcated, and stress was put upon the desirability of exercising these attributes in the home

ANN ELIZA ESTILL

as well as abroad. The cardinal virtues were taught by precept and example in a manner to create a life-time impression. Mrs. Estill was a home-maker and a home-lover, and she taught her daughters in those gentle arts and duties which make the well-ordered home the dearest spot on earth. She was one of those women:

" Nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

She was the idol of her children. They did not fear to tell her of their mistakes or troubles, for they knew they would be listened to with sympathy and love, and that correction or advice would be given with the kindest heart. Disparaging remarks by her children were not permitted; she often quoted the maxims, " By others' faults wise men mend their own," and " Judge not, that ye be not judged." System and neatness prevailed in her home. If unexpectedly called from household duties, she was not taken at a disadvantage, being always ready upon the moment to entertain a caller or perform an act of mercy, no matter how busily a minute previously she had been occupied with the domestic routine.

From pantry to parlor with her was merely a matter of distance, and not of time; still the most critical could never have detected about her the slighest trace of the work in which she may have been engaged. Nor did an interruption disturb the serenity of her manner; the visitor was always met with a smile of true welcome.

Mrs. Estill died in 1869 in Savannah, while on a visit to her son, passing away as though she had fallen into a peaceful sleep; so gently that those about her bedside could not realize that the kind heart had ceased to beat, and that the pure soul had winged its way to the bosom of her heavenly Father, to whom she had looked for guidance and support.

Her remains rest in the beautiful flower-decked graveyard of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, not far from the pew in which, with her husband and children, she had worshipped for nearly a half century.

" Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Keturah Pringle, mother of Hon. Coleman R. Pringle, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, in 1793. She was a daughter of William and Phœbe Fambro, who were married in 1787, and together with their three sons, Robertson, William L., and Allen G., and their daughter, moved to Clarke County, Georgia, in 1820. In a few years the family all moved to Monroe County. The three sons were very useful and honorable citizens, and occupied places of trust in Monroe and Upson Counties. Hon. Allen G. Fambro, having moved to Upson County, represented this county several times in the House of Representatives, as well as in the Senate, and was frequently mentioned for higher positions. In 1822 the daughter married Coleman S. Pringle, of Monroe County, who was also a native of Halifax County, Virginia, and, having moved to Pike County in 1844, died there, April 16, 1849.

Mrs. Pringle was the mother of six children, Mary Ann, Martha I., William Allen, Augustus C., Coleman R., and Angelina Louisa; all were born in Monroe County, and all have died except Coleman R., and Mrs. A. L. Pringle Campbell, who, with her children, is now living in Sandersville, Georgia.

Mrs. Pringle was one of the most popular and lovely women of her day, a consistent member of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, and attended faithfully upon the ordinances of the church. She was a woman with unusual sterling worth and pride of character, ever teaching by both precept and example those high and noble principles which have been, and ever will be, an inspiration to her children and friends to the end of time.

Mrs. Pringle was a kind and most self-sacrificing wife and mother, and as such had few equals. Her hospitality was proverbial, her home ever open to friend and stranger, and the needy never left her door unsupplied. She never considered any sacrifice too great to make for the comfort and good of others. During the Civil War much of her time was devoted to planning for the welfare of the boys in gray, and while a regiment of sick and wounded soldiers were encamped near her house, her daily ministrations and cheerful conversation proved a benediction to many a sick and sad heart, as she narrated incidents both pathetic and laughable to comfort and cheer them; in fact, doing and caring for others was a part of her nature, and she was never better satisfied than when doing a kindness to some one in some way; administering to the sick of her own family as well as that of others was one of her chief characteristics. Her children thought when they were sick, "there was no one else needed but mamma," and one of them can now testify that all through his life, whenever he was sick, if he could only be with his mother he wanted no physician, and he continued to ask and receive her kindly ministrations as long as she lived. He thought she could diagnose his case more quickly, knowing the patient so well, and prescribe a course of medicine (intuitively though it may have been in some cases) with as much skill, apparently, as the most eminent physician.

Mrs. Pringle was a most enthusiastic temperance advocate, and her son, Coleman R. Pringle, says: "I owe every thing I am, and ever expect to be, by the grace of God, to the early as well as the later teaching and influence of my mother. She often warned me against the intoxicating cup, and she often said I would not take spirituous liquors as a medicine even when a child, and I am very fond of the record my mother's influence caused me to make—having never taken a drink of intoxicating liquors in my life of over sixty years." Mr. Pringle has held many positions of honor and trust during his useful and self-sacrificing life, but, as space forbids, only a few will be mentioned here. He was the first mayor of Sandersville, about twenty-five years ago, and has been identified with the schools there; first he was president of the board of trustees for sixteen years, and is now chairman of the board of education. He was president of the Sandersville & Tennille Railway for eighteen years, and a director in two other roads for several years. He was elected to the General Assembly, and served in 1882, '83, '84, and '85, and represented the twentieth Senatorial District in the Senate in 1886 and 1887, and was vice-president of that body. He was elected and served as president of the Southern Forestry Congress in 1885 and 1886, and was elected president of the American Forestry Congress (now the American Forestry Association), in 1887, and presided when the Southern Forestry Congress was merged into the American Forestry Congress, in Atlanta, in 1888. When serving his State in both Houses of the General Assembly, he was president of the committee on temperance, and led the temperance forces in prohibitory legislation. He was elected president of the Georgia Prohibition Association in 1882, and has been reëlected every annual convention since.

No parents ever had a more loving and devoted daughter than the subject of this sketch; she was the ideal of her brothers; no husband ever had a better wife; she loved her children devotedly, and they in turn thought she was the best mother in the world.

Nancy Lane Colquitt. When Walter T. Colquitt returned from Princeton College, in the early twenties, to settle down in Walton County as a young lawyer, he met Nancy Hart Lane. She was only a girl, fifteen years old, but already a belle famed for her beauty.

Of the courtship there is no record. Those who would be likely to remember a romance of that day are dead. In a family Bible, for years hid away in an attic, have been found these entries:

"Nancy H. Lane, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Lane, born February 23, 1808."

"Nancy H. Lane, married to Walter Colquitt, Tuesday, June 24, 1823."

This was the mother of Alfred Holt Colquitt. It is in the influence upon her husband, in the impress upon her son, that the personality of this woman must be interpreted, for authentic records are rare and memories are misty.

She was directly descended from Sir Ralph Lane, Colonial Governor of Virginia, who commanded a fleet of ships sent out to this country by Sir Walter Raleigh. Her grandfather, Jesse Lane, rendered distinguished service in the Revolutionary War. The first Provisional Congress met at the home of her great-uncle, Joseph Lane, who founded the city of Raleigh, North Carolina. This house is still standing, by the way, and tenanted.

The links that bind the ancestry of Alfred Colquitt's mother to that picturesque spirit of the Revolution, Nancy Hart, are missing; but that she was a lineal offspring of that plucky old patriot whose cross-eyes, gleaming along the business end of a rifle, perplexed the red coats and caused their capture, is founded upon more than family tradition. Indeed, that is where the name comes from—Nancy Hart Lane!

Perhaps it was some transmitted trait of the original Nancy that gave her a fondness for hunting. The most notable recreation of her girlhood was to accompany her father on frequent shooting expeditions. Wild turkeys were plentiful; and deer, too, in those days. There were Indians to help in tracking down the game. It was rare sport. Nor has the fighting spirit of Nancy Hart diminished in succeeding generations. She was illustriously represented in the Mexican War, in all the large battles of the Civil War, and more recently in the conflicts in Cuba and the Philippines.

That her father had confidence in the judgment and the ability of Nancy Lane was shown by his decision to leave the plantation bookkeeping to her care. This was no insignificant responsibility for a girl of fourteen or fifteen. But the appearance of the Princeton graduate put a quick quietus to forest excursions and to the less exciting pastime of bookkeeping. It may be she had heard of Walter T. Colquitt before his collegiate sojourn in New Jersey. He was known as the bully of old man Beeman's school in Hancock County. His fistic prowess as a boy gave early indication of remarkable feats that characterized his career at the bar. It was admitted that if Colquitt did not win his case in the courthouse, which was rare, the opposing

counsel would have to show what kind of stuff he was made of mighty soon after court adjourned.

Whether it was athletic achievements of Walter T. Colquitt, or whether there were other qualities that caught the fancy of the girl of fifteen can only be surmised. Her girlhood became womanhood before the years to which that period is usually limited, and motherhood with its cares followed.

There is evidence that in the quietude of her home life, Nancy Lane developed a pronounced religious sentiment. She was strongly solicitous about the spiritual welfare of her children. There were no puritanical requirements. Her fervent nature and lessons of love for fellowmen—the true religion—colored Alfred Colquitt's career, and gave to Peyton Colquitt the character which made his piety no less conspicuous than his bravery, from the time of his entrance at West Point to the tragic charge at Chickamauga. Her husband felt, too, the force of her reverence. In a letter dated "Washington, D. C., Sunday morning, December 15, 1839," he writes, "This is a windy, drizzly day, and I have not thought it prudent to leave my room, so that I have failed to have the benefit of religious society. Doctor Sewall has called to see me and I have promised to pay him a visit after we get regulated in the House of Representatives; he is, after all, a rather dull-looking man. The Rev. Mr. Slicer and the Rev. Mr. Cookman, two Methodist preachers, called to see me yesterday, and I have promised to visit them. I calculate to connect myself with a class which meets at Doctor Sewall's house."

Further extracts from this letter are interesting. It was Walter T. Colquitt's first term in Congress. He was telling about the cordial reception given to the Georgia delegation:

"But the breath of applause is evanescent, and it affords but transitory pleasure; the laurel leaf worn by the man or the soldier is sullied and withers under the rude touches of ambitious partisans, and wriggling demagogues. And, after all, there remains but one earthly good, rich in the sources of enjoyment and pleasure; beyond the reach of changes while it endures; and far surpassing in consolation and happiness all that ambition offers or honors confer. This good grows and lives only in the bosom of my family, in the smiles and embraces of the wife I love, and in the doting fondness of my children, the ever pleasant pledges of our mutual affection."

His love for Nancy Lane was thus told:

"For, after all, it must be acknowledged that a letter, though the best means known to commune with each other while we are separated, is a poor, frigid channel in conveying the warmth of our feelings and affection. There is a stiffness and formality in every sentence, that destroys its tenderness and tells me when I have done, that words put on paper are very poor and meagre representatives of the feeling. You cannot realize my presence, feel my touch, sit on my lap, rest on my shoulder, tell by my eye the warm ardor of my soul, nor by my lips the kisses of enkindling affection. Yet to

write often is the only vent to my pent up feeling; and to read letters from you, and to know that your hand and your pen had rested on the sheet, and that your eye had been fixed upon each word and line written upon it, and that while you wrote, your thoughts were turned on an absent husband, is the only remedy left to make our separation tolerable."

Nancy Lane did not live to see greater honors bestowed upon her husband. She died a few months after this letter was written, before the return of Walter T. Colquitt from Washington, leaving four children, Alfred, Peyton, Emily, afterward the wife of Col. Samuel Carter, and Lizzie, who married Congressman O. B. Ficklin, of Illinois.

In after years, when the public career of Alfred Holt Colquitt, as Congressman, Governor, United States Senator, was nearly done, seated one summer afternoon on the veranda of his home at Edgewood, he told of a sweet-faced woman whose love he had always cherished, the memory of his boyhood—his mother—Nancy Lane. She was buried near La Grange.

This meagre memoir chronicles a life brief but potent.

Sarah Parham Hill. There is a tradition that in the early colonial days of the country three brothers, Ingraham, in Wales, built themselves a boat and crossed the Atlantic to make themselves a home in Virginia. In the course of years the name became "Parham," and one brother emigrated to the new colony of Georgia, settling among her red hills, and there, in a pioneer farm home, Sarah Parham, the mother of one of Georgia's most illustrious sons, was born.

The annals of that simple farm life, while traditionary, furnish us beautiful pictures of duty done, of frugal and industrious habits, of innocent pleasures, and honor to God. From this quiet religious home Sarah Parham went out the wife of John Hill; his ancestors were from Ireland, settling in North Carolina, and even in colonial times, one Ben Hill awakened the enthusiasm and held the hearts of his contemporaries by his magic eloquence.

John Hill came to Georgia and settled in Jasper County. It was here that he met and loved Sarah Parham. He was a man of moderate means and limited education, but a man of strong individuality, extensive reading, and deep reflection. He believed in religion, education, and temperance, and he gathered around his home a church, a school-house, and a temperance society. In the language of his illustrious son, "he was a deacon in the church, trustee of the school, and president of the temperance society; he was the leader of every movement having for its object public progress and improvement." These characteristics of the father gave color and substance to his entire family. The wife was of earnest gentle nature, managing his household with love and care—she was deeply religious and charitable.

In this home, where with simplicity of perfect faith God was honored and love reigned, Benjamin Harvey Hill was born, the seventh of nine children. "Blessed is she whose quiver is full." When Ben was ten years old the family removed to Troup County, and on this new land the labors were immense—the boys assisting the slaves in clearing and building. In winter the children attended school, and thus, with alternate work and study, the life ran smoothly along until Ben was fifteen. He was strong and robust, physically and mentally eager and ambitious. He had the privilege of being taught by Rev. Mr. Carbin, a graduate of Yale, and at seventeen was ready for college. His father had become discouraged at the outlay necessitated by the education of the older boys, but the mother came to the rescue. As was the custom in many sections, the wives of farmers would have "patches" about the house which the superabundance of house servants would tend in their leisure time; generally cotton was planted, a very clean and easy crop to cultivate. Mrs. Hill easily made an hundred dollars a season from this source, and she insisted upon donating this. Also an aunt having a small property came to the rescue—Mr. Hill making up the balance. Thus did these noble women open the door of opportunity to

genius. Ben promised not to exceed the amount given, also to bring home the first honor in his class.

He entered the university at Athens, joining the sophomore class. In these days the boys drove into the classical city in wagons, containing their furniture, wearing the jeans clothing made by the mothers and sisters at home. His college career was brilliant and successful—he was redeeming his promise to his mother. He carried with him to college the pure lessons of his country home, and was ever faithful to the family altar, where the father had prayed for him, and the mother had blessed him with her kisses.

The future life of Ben Hill belongs to State and national history how, step by step, he mounted rapidly into fame almost without a peer. We all know the grand tragedy of his death—his days of patient, heroic suffering, and how he testified to the justice and love of God, and made that memorable answer to the question: "How are the dead raised up, with what body do they come?" "If a grain of corn will die and then raise again in so much beauty, why may not I die and raise again in the infinite beauty of life?—how is the last a greater mystery than the first? and by so much as I exceed the grain of corn in this life, why may I not exceed it in the new life? How can we limit the power of Him who made the grain of corn, and then made the same grain again in such wonderful newness of life." General Evans in his memorable address said: "When the end had almost come he tottered to the room where hung his mother's portrait—as a child to gaze upon his mother's pictured face—a dear, good old face, well traced by marks of intelligence; the wrinkles are there, the stoop of age and other signs of failing life; long since she went away, but the wasted statesman became a boy again in feeling, and gazed with true adoring love upon the portrait, and murmured, "I will soon see her face," and then, above the faded picture, looked with eyes that saw home, heaven, and mother all in one vision of transcendent glory."

How blessed the mother able to give such a son to her State and country.

MATILDA SEPTIMA McINTOSH

Matilda Septima McIntosh was born June 20, 1826, at "Snow Hill," Lincoln County, Georgia, within a mile of old "Lincoln Camp Ground." She was the seventh daughter—there being nine daughters and two sons—of Dr. Thomas Kirby Sandwich and Ruth Blalock. Dr. Sandwich was born in England, being five years old when his parents came to this country and settled in Augusta, Georgia. In England they had great wealth; many heirlooms now in possession of their descendants indicate that they belonged to the nobility. Ruth Blalock was born in Lincoln County. After the death of Dr. Sandwich, a widely known and successful physician, the family moved to Jefferson County, Florida; here the mother and some of the daughters died very soon. Two brothers were killed—Henry Sandwich was shot from ambush, at night, on the highway; John Sandwich, who, with a party of friends, was out hunting, while sitting beside a lake, was surprised by Indians and killed, with one other of the party, and Mr. John McMillan wounded. About this time the house and contents of the Sandwich family were burned.

For some months following these misfortunes, the subject of this sketch, with other members of the family, were the welcome and needful guests at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, of Brooks County, Georgia, where they remained until they procured another home, in Lowndes County, Georgia. She was married on June 5, 1850, to John A. McIntosh, merchant and planter, of Thomas County, Georgia, who was a son of Murdock McIntosh and Katherine McMillan. She has lived continuously in Thomas County, except three years' residence in Monticello, Florida. Her husband died on May 9, 1879, in Thomas County, Georgia. Four children were born to them—Amelia Jane, who died a young lady, unmarried; Thomas M., a physician; Emma Sandwich, who devotes her time to art; and Charles Edwin, who is a travelling man; all these children are yet unmarried.

The childhood of Mrs. McIntosh was marked by no special events that were personally characteristic. She received the education that her surroundings offered; she has always been a great reader, has a most remarkable memory, pronounced in her views, uncompromising in her convictions and ideas of right and wrong. She is remarkably vigorous in body and mind for one of her years, though not robust in frame, and her dark hair is only now being tinged with gray.

Of her children, Thomas Murdock has been most known to the public. The "Atlanta Constitution" of November 29, 1894, has this to say of him:

"In selecting Dr. McIntosh as principal physician of the State Penitentiary, the Governor has chosen a man who stands very high in his profession, and one whose ability is recognized throughout Georgia.

"He was invited by the illustrious Willis F. Westmoreland to remain in his office in Atlanta, after graduating with honor. His father's health failed, and he returned to his old home in Thomasville, where his success has been

phenomenal. He is a hard student, and keeps fully abreast with the times, frequently taking post-graduate and hospital courses in New York, and in 1891 spent the year in the hospitals of Berlin and Vienna.

" His contributions to medical literature have been chiefly upon surgical subjects, this being his favorite branch of the science, and his success in these lines has established his reputation over the State. He has served as vice-president of the Medical Association of Georgia, and in his capacity as president of the Board of Health of Thomasville, he devoted considerable attention to sanitary matters.

" During his political life, he and Governor Atkinson became personal friends, and he was tendered but declined the place of Chief Surgeon of the First Georgia Regiment in the Spanish-American war."

Elizabeth Griffing Edwards was born at Gorham, Maine, May 27, 1822, the youngest daughter of Captain Daniel Hunt and Angelina Griffing Hunt. At the age of nineteen she was married to her cousin, James Carson Edwards, who had removed to Georgia from Philadelphia in 1821. Her father was prominent in the merchant marine of Philadelphia, and as the owner and commander of the "Louisa," a privateer of sixteen guns, in the War of 1812. A fine portrait of him, painted by Peale in 1802, and a painting of his ship are in possession of his grandson, Harry Stillwell Edwards. Mrs. Edwards is a descendant in the sixth generation from Jasper Griffing, who came to America in 1664, and whose tomb is still preserved at Southold, Long Island; also, a descendant in the sixth generation of Lieut. Nicholas Stillwell, who settled among the Dutch on Manhattan Island in 1636, and was conspicuous in the Indian wars of that period.

Mrs. Edwards's education was begun at the Gorham Academy, noted for the number of prominent New Englanders who have attended it. Among these was S. S. Prentiss, whose eldest brother, William, married her sister. S. S. Prentiss, as a boy at school, lived in the family of Mrs. Hunt. The education begun at Gorham was finished in Mrs. Okill's Seminary in New York City, probably the best educational institution for girls of its day. Her life since marriage has been spent chiefly in Macon, where, at the age of seventy-eight, she still resides, surrounded by three generations of descendants. Her living children are Mrs. C. D. Findlay, James Wilson Edwards, Joseph Alfred Edwards, and Harry Stillwell Edwards.

In their early Georgia life the family connections of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in the South consisted of one sister of the latter, who married John D. Watkins, Esq., a wealthy Georgia planter, and three sisters of the former. One of these married Joseph Nisbet, Esq., of Athens, afterward of Milledgeville, in the same State; another, Robert A. Allen, Esq., of Savannah, and Augusta, and the third, Rev. James Wilson, afterward a noted missionary to India. Mr. Edwards was distinguished as the author of many beautiful poems published between 1840 and 1861. These two groups of cousins presented a remarkable instance of inherited patriotism and moral and intellectual strength. They were the lineal descendants of the Griffings, Hunts, Stillwells, Edwards, Hands, Landons, and Kirklands, who were prominently associated with the military, naval, and commercial history of the coast country stretching from Virginia up to Long Island, and who, while active in business, chiefly that connected with shipping, found time to distinguish themselves in the early struggle of the colonies and States.

These cousins, transplanted to Georgia, devoted themselves to the welfare of their new home with all the fervor of their colonial ancestors; and every male descendant of theirs in the South, above the age of sixteen, fought under the flag of the Confederacy in the Great Civil War. Through their children and grandchildren their names have entered into many of the prominent families of the South, while through the lateral branches of their

ancestry, they are related to a multitude of noted people in the North. The Griffing genealogy alone in 1881 carried nearly two thousand names, and the Stillwells quite as many.

Mrs. Edwards is a woman of strong character and individuality, the sole survivor of the two groups described. For nearly half a century she has been a consistent member of the Presbyterian church in Macon. Deprived in 1861 of her husband by death, and in 1865 of her eldest son, Richard Somers, who lost his life at Petersburg in a deed of valor as desperate as that of his famous kinsman in Tripoli, she faced the hard conditions of the war with more than Spartan fortitude, successfully reared and educated her children, and in silence has submitted since to the heavy hand of fate, as death has relentlessly claimed most of these. In all these years, while bending to the rod, she has never despaired nor lost her pride in her people. No ancestor, no descendant has ever looked adversity in the face with a courage nearer the supreme. Marvellous in her intuition and memory, she has instilled into those about her, at all times, the value of character, the influence of lofty ideals, and the manliness of a dauntless endeavor. Her kinsmen have fallen in almost every land, have sunk in every sea, battling with disease, the elements, the savage and the civilized foe, but none have fought a better fight.

With hat in hand, I salute my leader.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

SALLY BROWN

Sally Brown, the subject of this sketch, and the mother of Senator Joseph Emerson Brown, was born on Duck River, in Middle Tennessee, February 12, 1797. She was the daughter of Dangerfield and Margaret Rice. Her mother's maiden name was Margaret Looney.

When quite a small girl her parents moved to Sinking Creek, Bedford County, Tennessee. When she was about six years old her mother died; four years afterward her father married Nancy Brown. On February 22, 1816, she married Mackey Brown, who was reared on Tugalo River, in Habersham County, Georgia. He had gone out to Middle Tennessee about the time the troops were starting to the battle of New Orleans, volunteered, and went with them, and was in the thickest of the fight. He returned to Tennessee, met Sally Rice, and they were married soon afterward.

They began life very poor, but soon accumulated enough to purchase a good tract of land and a likely negro, when the husband went security for a large sum of money, and had it to pay, which necessitated the sale of both land and negro, leaving them again without means. The wife's health becoming impaired, they found it necessary to leave Tennessee, and in the winter of 1821 they moved into Pickens District, South Carolina.

They had thirteen children born to them; seven daughters and six sons. The two eldest were daughters and died in infancy. Senator Brown was the third child, and was born April 15, 1821, and the people of Georgia are familiar with his history.

The next two were daughters, Mary Elizabeth, who married Joseph Watkins, and Edna Eliza, who married Beriman H. Turner.

The sixth child was James R. Brown. He is a lawyer; has served two terms in the State Senate, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1877, has served two terms as Judge of the Blue Ridge Circuit, and is the only surviving son.

The next child was William Carroll. He served two terms in the South Carolina Legislature and was a prominent physician in that State, and accumulated a large estate.

The next child was Nancy H. She married Freeman Lay. The next was Jemima Ann, who died in her young ladyhood. The next child was Sally M. She married John H. Boston.

The next child was John M. He was a student at law when the war began. His teacher said of him that, in an experience of thirty years, he was the brightest scholar he ever taught. He entered the service in one of the regiments of State troops and was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. He was killed while gallantly leading his regiment in a charge upon the Federal lines in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

The youngest child was George Washington Marion. He was studying medicine when the war began, volunteered, and went with Hampton's Legion; was wounded in the first battle of Manassas; afterward died in Richmond, Virginia, while in service.

From the time that Senator Brown was a small boy, he was required to take a hand in the field, and when the weather was too wet for him to work out of doors, his mother required him to spin on the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. He became quite an expert at it, and used to race with young ladies, but few of them could beat him.

Sally Rice joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church when quite young, but soon after her removal to South Carolina she and her husband joined the Baptist Church, of which she was a consistent member to the day of her death. She was a little under medium height, a brunette, weighed from 105 to 110 pounds, with strong nerves and unusual endurance, and did about the work of three women all through life. She was remarkable for her sound judgment, and her coolness amid great danger. It was impossible to excite her so as to throw her off her balance.

As an illustration of her coolness, her husband had cleared a large field and had deadened the timber, and on a dry, windy day, the sap having decayed, fire broke out in it, and came roaring down the valley, toward the buildings, like thunder. The neighbors hearing it for a mile or two around came to their aid. Four or five hundred panels of fence were soon on fire; men had to be kept on the roofs of the buildings to prevent their burning. Her husband became excited, and undertook to run across the creek on a small log. She remarked, "I wish he would fall in, and maybe it would cool him off"; and, sure enough, into the creek he went. She laughed heartily, and went to giving directions as coolly as though nothing unusual had occurred.

She was unusually popular among the neighbors. She died on May 11, 1874. The last words she uttered were, "How bright, how bright! Oh, how bright!" and soon her immortal spirit winged its way up to glory and to God.

ELIZABETH GRISHAM BROWN

Elizabeth Brown. In speaking of his wife, Joseph E. Brown, war Governor, Chief Justice, and United States Senator from Georgia, said, "She has always been more than three-fourths of my success."

After studying the life of this truly remarkable woman it will be easily understood why her husband, who was both a good and great man, should have spoken of her with such appreciation.

Elizabeth Grisham was born in 1826, in Pendleton, South Carolina. Her father, Joseph Grisham, was a Baptist minister of fine, honorable ancestry and of high standing both in his church and his community. Her mother, who was Mary Love Steele before her marriage, was descended from the Loves of Virginia and the Alexanders of Mechlenburg, North Carolina.

She was married to Joseph Emerson Brown, on her twenty-first birthday, and they moved to Canton, Georgia, where he was then practising law. The description of her wedding, written by herself, shows the abundant Southern hospitality of the home in which she was brought up, the influence of which remained with her through life.

Canton was her home until ten years later, when her husband was elected governor. Their home was then moved to Milledgeville, at that time the capital of the State.

During the four terms that her husband filled the chief executive office of the State, her grand character was first shown to the public. These eight years covered the period of discontent preceding the secession, the outbreak, and all the trying times of the war. Her great heart went out to the soldiers on the field, and to those left in sorrow or destitution at home. She was the embodiment of all the qualities which constitute the highest and truest womanhood—in wifehood, motherhood, and loyalty to friends and convictions. Her energy was untiring in the performance of duty, in carrying on her many charities to those less fortunate than herself, and in giving that large-hearted human sympathy which makes the whole world kin.

From the time when her husband was first elected governor in 1857, until his duties as Chief Justice were at an end in 1870, she acted as his private secretary; copying every message and every State paper of any importance, every opinion delivered from the Supreme bench, and innumerable letters. Notwithstanding all this, her duties in presiding with grace and graciousness over the affairs of the mansion were never neglected.

She was a devout Christian, a devoted mother, and a kind and indulgent mistress to the slaves, who were part of the Southern household of that day.

The homestead in Canton having been burned by Sherman, in 1865 the family moved to Atlanta, to the Washington Street residence, where most of the remainder of her life was spent.

In 1880 she accompanied her husband to Washington, where his duties as United States Senator kept him for eleven years. At the end of this time his illness made it necessary that he retire from public life, and through the

five years of his invalidism she was the joy, the comfort, and the solace of his last days. Six months after his death, in June, 1895, she left home with her daughter, Miss Sally Brown, and her granddaughter, Miss Mary Connally, for an extended trip abroad, covering the usual European tour, as well as Norway, Sweden, Russia, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, ideally spending Christmas Eve in Bethlehem of Judæa—a wonderful trip for a woman of seventy. Two months after her return to Atlanta, after a week's illness, she died, just at the Christmas time of the year 1896.

She had eight children, six of whom survived her: Julius L., Joseph M. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Connally, Elyah A., Sally Eugenia, and George M. Brown.

Her children have risen up to call her blessed, and can say truly that she was

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Susannah Tomlinson Fort, mother of Dr. Tomlinson Fort, lived before the days when women's doings were chronicled in the society columns of the daily papers.

Family tradition tells of her usefulness and of her singular power of making people love her. She was a Quaker maiden and true to our ideals of such maidens, was soft of voice, gentle in ways, and had tender brown eyes.

Her first husband, Mr. Whitehead, died, leaving her a young widow with one son. She afterward married Arthur Fort, a Georgia gentleman of English descent, and when the Revolution broke out they were living in Burke County, Georgia.

She shared in the life of a strong, energetic man, one of those who helped carry and steady our State through the Revolutionary War. It sounds rather humdrum to say that she lived on a Middle Georgia plantation, and saw to the crops and the chickens and the butter, while practising the large hospitality of a prosperous Southern planter's wife. Well, scarcely "humdrum" to the wife whose husband was out fighting the Indians. She knew of his wild ride almost naked on a fleet horse, how he dashed from the starving fort to get relief, while the crouching Indians shouted and sent shots after him. Such thoughts do not breed ennui, and she jumped at every sound as she rocked the cradle.

She expected surprises too, for now and then her soldier would pay a short and stolen visit to his little Quakeress. It was death to be caught! Tories were all about them, and a neighbor who hated him watched and waited. At last! "Yes, Fort was at home again!" Quickly the spy got a band of Tories together, and they silently entered the house. In a moment one of them started to shoot, when the wife threw herself in front of Arthur Fort, just like a heroine in fiction, or better, a genuine Daughter of the Revolution. "Get up, little woman," said the Tory, "I'll spare him for your sake." Then they vented their wrath on those symbols of luxury, the feather beds, ripping them and filling the air with down, and alas, they cut out the precious cloth from the loom, and she shed bitter tears, and forgot she was a heroine.

Arthur Fort vowed to kill his treacherous neighbor on sight, but when the opportunity came and the wretch on his knees begged for mercy, he did better, he kicked him with all the strength of a strong man, and said he "could not kill such a dog."

Susannah Fort is but dimly seen across the successes of her husband, who became one of the Council of Safety who ruled Georgia until State government could be established. He was afterward for many years a member of the Methodist Church, and lived to be eighty-five, interested in politics to his last moment; asking, "Who is elected?" just as he passed away, and bowing satisfaction that it was his candidate.

He was a tall man, Susannah a very small woman, and all of their chil-

dren were tall. Five sons six feet tall was not bad for the tiny Quakeress, who showed her soul was strong when trying to protect her husband's life at the risk of her own.

She died December 30, 1820. Her children: Sarah, who married Appleton Rossitur; Moses, who married Eudocia Walton; Arthur, who married Miss Newsome; Tomlinson, who married Martha Lowe Fannin; Elizabeth, who married Mr. Smith; Susannah, who married Mr. Robert Jamison; he died, and she married Samuel Hunter; Zachariah Cox, who married Amanda Beckham; Owen Charlton, died at thirty, unmarried.

Her fourth child, Dr. Tomlinson Fort, was a model of physical manhood, six feet two inches tall, and of splendid constitution. It is not too much to say that his mind and temper were in harmony with it. A student, a statesman, the tried physician, the father, the most intimate friend of his children. His daughter might naturally be partial; she appeals to any one who ever knew him or knew of him.

His book called "Fort's Medical Practice" in its day was the comfort and stay on many lonely Southern plantations, and is not dry reading now, being singularly clear and attractive in style, while some of the scientific speculations in certain lines are strangely up to date, as original minds always are.

He had inherited his mother's talent for attracting love, and during his term in Congress was intimate with the finest men in public life, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

MARTHA FANNIN FORT

Martha Fannin Fort. In 1652 an Irishman, James Fanning, settled on Long Island. His father, Dominicus, who was mayor of an Irish city, had been beheaded by Cromwell's order. James brought his wife, who was a daughter of the Earl of Connaught, over to the wilds of America. A hundred years later his son James was living in Pamlico County, North Carolina. With the Revolution came a family split—one of the Fannings went into the English army, became a general, and then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The family were furious; several duels were fought about the taint of "Tory blood." The Southern branch dropped the final "g" in their name on this ground, and when after the war James moved to Georgia he was "James Fannin." They had for neighbors a family of Lowes, English by descent. Daniel, who was a captain under Washington at Valley Forge, had also come from Rockingham County, Virginia, like a patriarch of old, with his flocks and his slaves. He had an only daughter, Betsey, who danced, and spoke French, and ended by marrying her neighbor Joseph Fannin, the handsomest man in the county. He was stunning in his wedding finery—white cassimere pants, buckles of brilliants at the knee, white silk stockings, and hair plaited, tied with a white ribbon, and held with a long comb. Like many a swell he had little money; if his aggravated father-in-law would give him nothing, all right. He bestirred himself and had the first plank house in his section, every plank sawed by hand. His children were Martha, who married Tomlinson Fort; Ann, who married John Porter; Minervia, who married Seaborn Johnson; and Joseph Decker, the genial, witty old bachelor-in-ordinary to Dr. Fort's children; Sarah, who married Stewart Floyd.

Martha Fannin grew up in a newly-cleared country, chills and fever a natural product. Every morning the negroes came for doses of the nauseous Peruvian bark. She spent from her fourteenth to her seventeenth year in a Philadelphia school, becoming a fair French scholar, a beautiful performer on the piano, harp, and guitar; a handsome, intelligent girl. To get home to Putnam County, Georgia, meant three weeks' travel; she afterward said the sound of the coach horn always came back to her on moonlit nights.

From polished Philadelphia to rough Middle Georgia! Only her mother's love and plenty of books made it bearable; she fairly lived on the country roads, driving her gig—a servant in shabby livery on horseback behind. She found what her education meant when three years later both parents were gone; she got a teacher for her sister, and laid the foundation for that close love and respect that never failed between them during fifty years.

When twenty, she married Dr. Tomlinson Fort. In 1826 he was sent to Congress. Think of going from Milledgeville to Washington in a carriage, wife, baby, and nurse besides—it took weeks. Mrs. Fort enjoyed Washington life; she always loved society, and it loved her. Among her intimates

were the Everetts, Websters, Clays, and Calhouns. Dr. Fort said she preferred Calhoun because he flattered, and always took her in to dinner. Dr. Fort's family and large practice made him leave public life, but his home was the centre of bright society; he had a wife who understood public questions. Nine of the large family lived to be grown: Julia E., who married Edward Huguenin; George W., who died single; Martha F., who married Robert J. Morgan; Susan died unmarried; Kate H. has not married; Tomlinson has not married; John P., who married Tallulah Ellis; Sallie F., who married Harvey Milton; and Fannie F., who married Julius L. Brown. Did she find time for anything but babies? She it was who read first the new books; she went to parties, and gave them; she had fourteen varieties of orange trees in her greenhouse, and the whitest brandy peaches in her pantry—but Aunt Nancy, faithful colored nurse, made those.

When the first female college in the world was founded—old Wesleyan—she was on its board of women trustees. When Georgia seceded in 1861, she sat in darkness, and would not let her house be illuminated, yet in six months with sons in the field, who worked hard for the cause. All those four years of war she was president of the Soldiers' Relief Society; one room in the house was piled high with army supplies. When she moved to Macon the sickening hospitals knew her, and great bowls of soup and heaps of vegetables went to them from her kitchen. Peace!

At her door she met the conquering soldiers, weeping and saying, "I had rather die than see this day." It was during this season of darkness that "Ole Miss" became lawyer and doctor for the poor darkies.

She rode on the first passenger train that ever made a trip in Georgia. She saw railroads, telegraphs, and telephones cover the land, and steamers cross the sea; saw slavery abolished, and the country trained to the hand of man.

The work of her old age was charity; its amusement, friends, books, and chess; her greatest lovers and admirers, her children.

In 1881 John P. Fort and his partner, J. Marshall Johnston, of Macon, began to bore the first successful artesian well in Georgia on their plantation, "Hickory Level," near Albany. There had been repeated failures in artesian wells since 1840, and expert geologists had announced that no artesian water could be reached in this section—a section so unhealthful because of its poor water that it was given over almost entirely to large plantations of negroes. The effect of Colonel Fort's persistency has been that all South Georgia and Florida are the beneficiaries, and thousands of free wells furnish an unlimited supply of pure water for man, beast, and farms, and the land is full of healthy, prosperous people, thanks to this benefactor, to whom, Henry Grady says, "Georgia owes an obligation as great as to any one man."

Mary Brent Hoke Smith was born in Lincolnton, North Carolina, June 29, 1834, and lived there until her marriage, May 20, 1853, to Prof. H. H. Smith, president of Catawba College, with whom she went to reside, at Newton, North Carolina.

Here the two oldest children, Frances and Hoke were born, and here the young mother and home-maker became proficient, by actual experience, in all the arts that go to make a success of these two greatest callings.

Miss Hoke had left a home of elegant and charming surroundings; she was the oldest child of Michael Hoke and Frances Burton. Miss Frances Burton was eldest daughter of Judge Robert Burton, who, a fine lawyer and influential man, was honored by being one of General Lafayette's body-guard on his visit to our country in 1824. This Robert Burton was the son of Robert Burton, who was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and a member of the first Continental Congress. Miss Frances Burton was only seventeen when she married Mike Hoke, a young lawyer of twenty-one, but their home was blessed, not only by deepest mutual affection, but by luxury as well, their parents on both sides remembering the new household not only with advice and kindness, but with substantial gifts of all kinds, among them a handsome new house, which still stands on a hill at the edge of Lincolnton.

Mary Brent Hoke was brought up by a wise mother, not only affectionate but sensible; a woman of fine mind, determined character, and great piety; a woman who thought out the problems of her life and carried out her conclusions with rare concentration of purpose; one of those rare women who could say to a son engaged in honest conflict, "With your shield or on it."

Michael Hoke died before his brilliant and successful life had reached its prime, suddenly and away from home, leaving his family to regret an irreparable loss. The death of her father leaving Mary Brent the oldest of a family of little children, developed in the child those womanly traits of sympathy, unselfishness, and self-control which she has retained through life and used for the good of others. Her children were always taught that when anything was difficult it called for more exertion, not abandonment. She taught them truthfulness, charity, and self-respect. She taught them to hate anything dishonest or underhanded; to try to be worthy of the best and highest aims and ends in life.

She is a woman of great executive ability, which she has been contented to confine to domestic affairs, not being a new woman in any sense. It is only natural that the men of her family, husband and sons, are really men.

When the oldest son arrived he was a welcome guest, not because there was money for him to inherit, but because he was a mind and soul and body to be trained for usefulness and happiness by parents who never shirked nor dreaded their responsibilities.

Much of his tact and cheerfulness, and his indomitable conquest over

difficulties the Hon. Hoke Smith inherits from his mother. Though a devoted Episcopalian, Mrs. Smith attended the German Reformed Church at Newton, there being no Episcopal Church there; but on removing to Chapel Hill, where Professor Smith became one of the faculty of the State University, she had the pleasure of her own chosen church services again. Although brought up a Presbyterian, her husband joined her church, and has always attended it with her. At Chapel Hill Elizabeth and Burton, her other children, were added to the family circle.

Mrs. H. H. Smith is an elegant lady, whose appearance and manners would grace an earthly palace; whose heart and soul will entitle her to a heavenly mansion; whose dignity secures the respect of all, yet whose unaffected kindness has made friends for her among all kinds and conditions of people.

She was gently born and bred, indulged and petted in her youth, saw the hardships of the Civil War, sees prosperity slowly returning to the South, and has lived long enough to know that fortune is fickle indeed, but that those pleasures which we may enjoy with a clear conscience were intended for our comfort. We may believe that the success and high position of a dear son have been highly appreciated by this mother of one of our distinguished men, whose other children, though not famous, unite with him in saying, " Blessed art thou among women."

MARY ANNE McDONALD ATKINSON

Mary Anne McDonald Atkinson, oldest daughter of Governor Charles James McDonald, wife of Col. Alexander S. Atkinson, and mother of Judge Spencer Roane Atkinson, was born at Fort Hawkins, Georgia, August 14, 1823. Her mother was Anne Franklin, married at Clinton, Jones County, Georgia, in 1819, to Charles James McDonald. She was a direct descendant of Col. Benjamin Cleveland, the hero of King's Mountain, and also of the parents of Governor Jesse Franklin, of North Carolina; her mother, Mary Cleveland, having married her cousin, Bedney Franklin. In her day and generation Mrs. Franklin was a noted woman. Left a widow at the age of thirty-five, with a moderate competency, she removed with her large family of five sons and one daughter from her home in Madison, Georgia, to Athens, that she might educate them. That being accomplished, at the age of sixty-two she with her son Bedney settled the plantation adjoining, and developed the now famous Franklin gold mines of Cherokee County, Georgia, where she died after a most useful life, in 1858, truly a woman of history. On her father's side, Mary Anne McDonald Atkinson was descended from Charles McDonald, a Scotch gentleman, who came to Charleston, South Carolina, in 1760; fought through the Revolutionary War; removed to Georgia in 1793, where he died at his home, "The Vintage," in Hancock County, in 1820, leaving many descendants, of whom some have been distinguished in the pulpit, in letters, in war, and politics.

On both sides Mrs. Atkinson's family have always been distinguished for their unity of purpose and great devotion to each other. The family of Charles James McDonald left Fort Hawkins in 1825, to live at "The Lodge," their home near Macon, Georgia, and finally moved to Macon, where Anne McDonald, always a delicate woman, lost her health entirely; in 1835 she died, and was buried at her mother's home in Athens, leaving three little daughters and two sons. It has been said that she was beautiful and accomplished; nearly always an invalid, she was shielded from every care by her devoted husband and loving mother. After the death of Mrs. McDonald, her mother, Mrs. Franklin, faithfully cared for the three young sisters until their father sent them in his carriage to be educated at the famous Moravian school in Salem, North Carolina. The journey was long, and not without its perils, over the mountainous roads of North Carolina. On the route they encountered the hardships of the "cold Friday and Saturday" famous in history. They were driven by faithful "Daddy William," who was the trusted body servant of Governor McDonald, and who stood mourning for and waiting on him when death claimed the master, and age had made the man gray and infirm. His daughters remained at Salem until 1839, when Governor McDonald, recently elected, having married an accomplished lady of Virginia, Mrs. Eliza Roane Ruffin, brought his children to live in Milledgeville. There Mary Anne McDonald met and was married to Col. Alexander S. Atkinson, a rising young lawyer of St. Mary's, Georgia, just appointed aid on the Governor's staff. The marriage occurred at the old executive man-

sion, on May 5, 1843, this being the only wedding ever solemnized in that historical house. A mere girl, she went—the journey being made in a stage coach from Milledgeville to St. Mary's—with her husband to make new friends and found a home on the sea-coast of Georgia. After some pleasant years the planting interests of Colonel Atkinson necessitated his presence at Incachee, the family residence, now owned by their son, Dr. Burwell Atkinson, in Camden County, where were born most of their nine children, of whom Charles James, a child of four, died in 1850, and John Atkinson, lieutenant in the Confederate army, died of typhoid fever in 1863. In 1861 a pressure of business obliged the family to remove to Marietta, where Governor McDonald had died in 1860. Colonel Atkinson and his eldest son went into the army at once, and then was developed the strength of character and beautiful womanly traits that ever distinguished the personality of Mrs. Atkinson. Day and night, in the hospital, in the kitchen, in her sewing-room, she worked heroically for the great Cause we all still love. After all was over, no repining marred the comfort of her home. Up to every emergency she was equal. A large young family needed her care. Always loving, never weak, she felt her full responsibility and acted accordingly. When Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, lately of the Supreme Court, and her fourth son, needed a thrashing, he got it; and once, when more heroic treatment became necessary, she caught him gently but firmly by his jacket collar, and, holding him over the back piazza, poured cold water on his naughty little head until a cessation of his warlike yells announced to the neighbors his complete submission, if not repentance. Her watchful care was, however, rewarded by his tender devotion and unbounded reverence long before she was called to a better world. She died suddenly at her residence near Marietta, Georgia, on the 12th of July, leaving four sons—Dr. Burwell Atkinson, of Camden County; Judge S. R. Atkinson, Dr. Dunwody Atkinson, and Judge Samuel Carter Atkinson, of Brunswick, Georgia; also three daughters—Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Irwin, of Marietta, and Mrs. Blanton, of Brunswick. Colonel Atkinson died ten years later in Camden County, aged seventy-nine years.

Rhoda Paisley Gaulden was the great-granddaughter of Colonel Stafford, of Blackswamp, South Carolina, who perished in the Revolutionary War. Her grandmother, Mrs. May, daughter of Colonel Stafford, lived to the great age of 106 years, and deserves special mention, for, from her four daughters are descended many well known Georgia families. The eldest, Asenath, married William Maner, of Savannah. The second, Mary, married Samuel Maner, and thus became the ancestress of the Robert family of Savannah; also of the Erwins, of which Mr. Robert G. Erwin, president of the Plant System, is a member; and also Mrs. Eran P. Harrell, of Atlanta, and the Peyton Wades. From another daughter of this old Mrs. May, who married Henry Gindsat, are descended the Osaban Island Morels; and the late Judge Richard Clark, of Atlanta, was also connected with this branch of the May family. The remaining daughter, and the mother of Rhoda, the subject of this sketch, married John Clarence Paisley, of Savannah. Their five daughters, Mrs. Rhoda Gaulden, Mrs. Sarah Ann Hollis, Mrs. Jerusha Pierce (Reeves), Mrs. Elijah Robert, and Mrs. Mary Caroline Brasch, were noted for their culture and strong intellectuality.

Rhoda, the eldest, born in 1788, was a woman of brilliant conversational powers, and remarkably well read. She married Jonathan Gaulden, of Liberty County, a planter and Baptist minister. Her strong character and high culture are shown in her children; for, moving to Brooks County, Georgia, at a time when there were almost no advantages for education, she still managed to bring up and educate her children, so that all six of her sons became lawyers, and her descendants bear the stamp of her intellectual vigor to this day.

She was the mother of ten children, two dying in childhood, and one daughter very young; another daughter, Caroline, became the wife of Col. W. S. Dilworth, lawyer, late of Monticello, Florida. While of her six sons, John P., of Bainbridge, Georgia, who died unmarried, was a well known lawyer, as was also William B., late of Liberty County, Georgia, colonel in the Confederate Army, and Albert, captain in the Mexican War, where he was killed. Two sons, Edward and Brantley, both lawyers, died young. Brantley was said to have been the most brilliant of the family, but perhaps the most distinguished was the late Rev. Charles Scriven Gaulden, lawyer and Baptist divine, well known throughout Georgia. His family are Charlie, widow of the late John Tillman, of Quitman, Georgia; Judge D. L. Gaulden, of Florida; William T. Gaulden and Dr. Samuel S. Gaulden, both of Quitman. It was through the influence of the Rev. C. S. Gaulden that the Supreme Court of Georgia was established, he having caused a bill to be introduced into the Legislature establishing it, and the early reports of this Court bear witness to the striking ability and large practices of these three brilliant sons of a remarkable mother, John P., William B., and Charles S. Gaulden, all men of marked individuality, sterling worth, and brilliant intellectual and oratorical powers, and all acknowledging that whatever worth

there was in them was largely due to their mother, who, though their father's plantation was large and rich, and they had many slaves, early impressed upon them the necessity of not depending upon the number of their negroes, but that it was their own worth that told, and that she expected each to make a place for himself in the world. And while she was completely wrapped up in her children, it was with no weak sentimentality, for she fostered the individuality of each one, making each feel that he must carve out his fortune for himself, and that there was no road to real fame but hard mental work and strict adherance to honor and duty. And never was there a family reared who could surpass in devotion to truth, or in bravery, chivalry, and gentleness these six sons of a noble mother.

Rhoda Paisley Gaulden died May 19, 1853, and is buried in the family burying-ground on the Gaulden plantation at Okapilco, Brooks County, Georgia. Her tombstone bears witness to her life-long devotion to her children.

JANE ELEANOR MARTIN FOSTER

Jane Eleanor Martin (Zinn) Foster was born in Augusta, Georgia, March 24, 1814, and received her education in the schools of this city. Her father, Henry Zinn, was of Dutch descent; his ancestry having settled in Beech Island, South Carolina, after reaching America. He was a man of wealth and a soldier of the Revolutionary War, and at his death was buried with military honors. Her mother was Jane Dourbon Brown, of Newberry, South Carolina. The incidents of her childhood and girlhood may be passed with mention of the fact that she was raised in a home of dignity, refinement, and piety, and thus early impressed with the characteristics of her father and mother, they abided with her throughout life. At eighteen years of age she was married to John Foster, a highly respected citizen of Augusta, who for twenty-five years was an alderman, and subsequently mayor of the city. Her married life was full of happiness. She loved, highly respected, and ever looked to her husband as her guide and counsellor. She was the mother of fifteen children, and literally spent her life in ministering to the comfort and welfare of her family. While by no means wanting in appreciation of the social amenities of life, she seemed ever impressed with the fact that her fireside was the one place above all on earth for her. She was deeply impressed with the conviction that "the bearing and the raising of a child is woman's wisdom." She was ever mindful of the necessity for educating her children mentally, but appreciated the fact that mere intellectual development of the school-room is but a fraction of education; that the higher, better part of education of children is imparted to them in the home life; that home training includes not only mental development but the formation of character. Therefore, she presided over her home in such manner that the spirit of love and duty pervaded the household. in governing her children her demeanor toward them and before them was circumspect, sensible, kind, affectionate, yet firm. She knew the immense power of example of the mother in the eyes of children; that they followed her example, not her precepts; that in the home school children daily learn lessons of patience, self-control, cheerfulness, helpfulness, and duty through the mother's example.

Through her long life she daily evidenced the fact that in her estimation life was but a cheap toy unless consecrated by duty. With her duty was not a mere sentiment, but the all-pervading principle of life, and she illustrated it in her daily conduct. She impressed the fact upon her children that life is centered in the discharge of common, every-day duties. She found her greatest happiness in fulfilling her every-day duties, guided and inspired by the conviction that the life on earth is but that of a training school, intended to fit and qualify us for the higher life to come. She was a pious woman, and ever remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and taught her children to do likewise. Every Sabbath she personally took them to Sabbath-school. She loved her church, and at each service was in her pew unless detained by sickness. She was one of the most energetic of women,

mind and hands ever occupied. Her life was characterized by sustained work. No hour passed but found her doing something. " She organized the hours and gave them a soul. Her days, months, and years were as the stops and punctual marks in the record of duty performed." No one of her children can recall one day spent by her in idleness. She was a patriotic woman. In the Civil War she sent four sons to do battle for the South. While her sons were in camps and on the battle-fields, her mother-heart busied itself in nursing and feeding sick and wounded Confederate soldiers in the wayside homes in Augusta. Soon after the war closed her husband became an invalid. During the three years of his painful illness she was his devoted, self-sacrificing companion and nurse, never having suffered anyone to take her place in the sick-room for one hour. She lived twenty-one years after the death of her husband, and though her health was shattered by her heroic services to him and her spirit crushed by his death, yet with patience and unfaltering perseverance she filled out the measure of her days in self-sacrificing services to her children. Old age sat upon her like a crown of glory, and her last days were characterized by that contentment and peacefulness which attends upon a life of righteousness.

Like all true mothers she was proud of her sons, inspired them with lofty purposes in life, and encouraged them to the performance of duty, and rejoiced in their successes. She was the mother of five distinguished men. The oldest son, John P. Foster, devoted his life to commercial and agricultural pursuits, and although he died at the age of years, he was one of the most successful business men in Augusta. He was one of the tenderest-hearted and most benevolent of men. Her second son, W. H. Foster, is one of the most learned physicians in the State, and a man of rare literary attainments. The third son, H. Clay Foster, died at forty-six years of age, but for many years prior to his death he was regarded as one of the foremost lawyers in Georgia. At the request of the bar, his portrait hangs upon the walls of the court-room of his native county, Richmond, as an exemplar of the great lawyer, the upright citizen, the Christian gentleman; the fourth son, Marcellus P. Foster, who died at years of age, was also a distinguished lawyer, and a man noted in his community for his benevolence and inflexible adherence to duty; the youngest son, Eugene Foster, is, and for many years has been, one of the most prominent physicians in this State. The positions with which he has been honored by the medical profession and citizens of his native State mark him as a man of exceptional ability. He is a member and ex-president of the Medical Association of Georgia; member of the American Medical Association; American Public Health Association; the New York Medico-Legal Society; the American Academy of Political and Social Science; President of the Board of Trustees of the Lunatic Asylum of the State of Georgia; President of the Board of Health of Augusta; President of the Governing Board of the Hospitals of Augusta; Professor of Principles and Practice

of Medicine and State Medicine; and Dean of the Faculty of the Medical Department of the University of Georgia. By reason of his long experience and special studies, he is one of the highest authorities in the South on sanitation and its collateral branches. He has written much and ably upon the leading lines of his profession, and his writings have obtained a flattering reception. He is the writer of several of the leading chapters of "Buck's Reference Hand-Book of Medical Science," and author of the article on "Vaccination" in Vol. IX. Transactions of the American Public Health Association. He was one of three physicians in America selected to read papers before the American Medical Association at the Centennial Celebration of Vaccination. He is, also the writer of a medical history of Georgia. He writes after most careful preparation, and his wide, general reading adds life and clearness to what would otherwise necessraily be very technical and abstract discussion. He is a great student, and possesses a private library which is one of the finest in the South. He is a prominent Mason, and occupies a prominent position in the council of his church. All of the five brothers were and are noted for diligence in business affairs, devotion to duty, inflexible integrity, and benevolence. Thus the mother lives again in her sons.

Sara Jane Kirby McClendon was the mother of Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, and the daughter of Judge Kirby, who moved to Georgia when she was a young child. His ancestors, the Kirbys, Molders, Talliaferros, and Smiths were of gentle birth, and came to America before the Revolution. They lived in Virginia and South Carolina. For many years Judge Kirby was a leading member of the Legislature in Georgia; he was a man of influence and wealth, and the subject of this sketch was his only daughter, a belle and beauty, and presided with her mother as a charming young hostess in the old colonial home, surrounded by a magnificent estate and many slaves. Here magnates of Church and State were royally entertained by a hospitable father and mother, herself and two brothers, and it was here that she married before she was sixteen years of age; and, in this old manor house, with its fluted columns and long verandas, her children were born. Her mother was Miss Theresa Elizabeth Wilkins, whose father was an influential man, and married Miss Sara Lipscomb, the first cousin of Chancellor Andrew Lipscomb. She was of the Pickens family of South Carolina. Her grandfather, William Wilkins, moved from Culpeper County, Virginia, to North Carolina, where he was a member of the House of Commons. He married Miss Elizabeth Terrell, of Virginia.

Sara Jane Kirby married Jonathan Jackson McClendon, of Scotch ancestry, who was a planter in Coweta County, Georgia. He refused a fortune offered him by an uncle if he would change his politics. He was, as his war comrade, Governor Candler, of Georgia, says, one of the bravest soldiers he ever knew. He served in the Confederate army the entire time of the war as adjutant of the Thirty-fourth Georgia Regiment, and, later, as Major of the Consolidated Forty-second Georgia Regiment. He served several terms in the Legislature, and was one of the most beloved men in Coweta County. After the war, when his fortune was broken, he moved from his plantation to Newnam, Georgia, to educate his children, and from there he moved to Atlanta, where he and his wife, with beautiful Christian spirits, were leading lights in their church, and made many friends in their consecrated lives of usefulness and unselfishness to church and society.

The father of Jonathan Jackson McClendon was Joseph McClendon, who was a soldier with General Jackson in the last British war, and who was such a just man that matters of justice were frequently left to his decision by his neighbors, both sides believing so in his justice and judgment as to be perfectly satisfied with his decision, instead of taking their affairs of disagreement to law. Joseph McClendon's father was Thomas McClendon, of Georgia, who was severely wounded as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and his mother was Miss Sara Cooper. Joseph McClendon's wife was Miss Olive Blake, whose father, William Blake (who married Lucy Allen), and whose grandfather, Thomas Blake (who came from Wales), were both soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

Sara Jane Kirby McClendon, the beautiful woman who is the subject

SARA JANE KIRBY McCLENDON

of this sketch, with the gentlest of blood as an inheritance, married to the man of her choice, with his sturdy Scotch and Welsh characteristics inherited from soldier ancestors, was the devoted mother of five children. The youngest child died when very young, and her first born, Judge Orlando McClendon, of Newnam, who bore the blended characteristics of both father and mother, was honored in his county, and was one of the highest Masons in the State, died last year. Her other children are, Mrs. John S. Bigby, of Atlanta; Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, of Atlanta; and Mr. John T. McClendon, of Jackson County, Alabama. Her grandchildren are, Mrs. Mae Allen Marsh (who was Miss Louise Bigby), Mr. Hammel Bigby, Miss Mary Katherine Bigby, Miss Nellie Randolph Bigby, Miss Mabel Bigby, and Miss Berine Bigby, who are the children of Judge and Mrs. John S. Bigby; Mr. John Leslie McClendon, Miss Marie McClendon, Master Terrell McClendon, and Master Orlando McClendon, the children of Judge and Mrs. Orlando McClendon; Mrs. Walter Smith Thompson (who was Miss Lute Gordon), of Bremen, Germany, and Miss Linda Lipscomb Gordon, the children of Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon and the beloved and lamented Captain Walter S. Gordon, who was the youngest captain in the Confederacy—at fifteen years of age. He was the youngest brother of Gen. John B. Gordon. The only great-grandchild of the subject of our sketch is little Miss Rebecca Gordon Thompson, who was born on Robert E. Lee's birthday, in far away Germany, in 1900; she is the granddaughter of Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon.

From the home of her father Mrs. McClendon went to her own new home, a gift from her father, where she was a devoted wife and mother, a gracious hostess, and a conscientious mistress to the slaves she and her husband owned. All of the four long years, while her husband defended his home and his property, she remained with her small children, and managed the plantation under the protection of the slaves. What an eloquent proof of her bravery and sense of duty and practical strength of character, and what a striking picture of contentment and devotion and loyalty on the part of the faithful slaves that they protected the beautiful mistress and her little ones while their master was in the war!

Mrs. McClendon was filled with patriotism during the war, and sent many boxes of clothing and socks made by her own graceful fingers to the soldiers. She was always a friend to girls and young men who were struggling to secure positions to make their own livelihood; many of these girls and young men tell her children how she unostentatiously helped them on their way. At her funeral in the Second Baptist Church, in Atlanta, where her husband was chairman of deacons, and she a beloved and useful member, Dr. Henry McDonald, who was her pastor, said that "in her charm of refined friendliness to friend and stranger, and ever present helpfulness and beautiful cordiality, no one could take her place in the church." Her husband and children rise up and call her blessed, and they revere with sacred tenderness and pride her strong and gentle personality and noble life.

Nancy Harris Slaton, wife of John Slaton, of Kentucky, was born in Hancock County, Georgia, on November 2, 1807, and died near Prattville, Alabama, August 16, 1882.

Her seventy-five years of life were adorned by no adventurous heroism, but were thickly studded with the brighter virtues of feminine endurance, uncomplaining self-sacrifice, and calmness under trials, of which civil war is so fruitful. Her father, Henry Harris, was the son of Absalom Harris, who came down from Greenville, Virginia, and located in Hancock County. Her mother, Elizabeth Harris, was a daughter of Samuel Harris, of Maryland, also one of the pioneer settlers. Both the Virginia and Maryland Harrises were of Revolutionary blood, and foremost in Church and State at a time when only men of high character and worth held these positions. Their friends and intimates, with some of whom they married, were the Crawfords, Terrells, Abercrombies, Stephenses, and many others whose names have added lustre to Georgia.

Educated at Mt. Zion, Georgia, under that noted teacher from a family of teachers, Nathan S. S. Beman, it is small wonder that she should have sent her son, William F. Slaton, at the age of fifteen, to school to his brother, Carlyle P. Beman, who has taught so many of Georgia's distinguished sons, and from whom Maj. William F. Slaton learned so well the art of discipline.

Nancy Harris's father moved to Meriwether County, and with them Mr. and Mrs. Slaton, for she had married at the age of fifteen. In 1835 they moved to Alabama, when their son William was only four years old, and located in Autauga County, near Prattville. Here John Slaton died, leaving considerable property, and a widow in the bloom of youth, with seven children. Nothing daunted, she managed her plantations without an overseer, riding over them on horseback, for she was a superb horsewoman. It is said of her by one of her sons-in-law, "Although the cares of the plantations were hers, she was of such never-flagging energy that she did not forget to cultivate her more gentle nature. She delighted in the beauties of her vegetable garden, flower garden as well, and it was a real joy in springtime to meet the odors of her rarest flowers, so artisticallydisplayed, so carefully cultivated. By her superior sagacity, energy, and good management she was in a few years the owner in 'fee simple' of more than double her real estate; at the same time a liberal giver to children, church, and neighbors."

In appearance she was quite tall, very erect, even to the day of her death, with hair as black as a raven's wing, wavy and beautiful, and a voice said to have been remarkable for its sweetness and carrying power. She was gentle, but firm, and believed in the old rule of hope of reward and fear of punishment. To illustrate: when she sent her son, W. F. Slaton, off by the lumbering old coach of those ante-railway days, she said, "My son, take first honor, and I'll give you a handsome watch; fail to take it, and I'll give you a whipping." And so between these two alternatives he chose the watch. And from his mother to-day he inherits the noble qualities and firm

character she has bequeathed him. For many years he has been the able superintendent of Atlanta's public schools, having laid the foundations for the college at Auburn, Alabama, and prominent in every undertaking pertaining to educational work. And for his success he gives due credit to his mother's training. George Washington attributed everything to his mother, as did Lord Bacon; and who will deny that Alexander believed he owed more to the lofty ambition of Olympia than to the wisdom or cunning of Philip?

What she suffered while this son was in the army, wounded, or in prison at Johnson's Island was borne with Spartan heroism, for she had in her veins the blood of soldiers. She was essentially of the old South, which, as Thomas Nelson Page has so beautifully said, "made women tender and brave and true; it made domestic virtues as common as light and air, and filled homes with purity and peace. It has passed from the earth, but it has left its benignant influences to sweeten and sustain its children."

Jamima Briggs Hall, the mother of Major Wilburn Briggs Hall, was born in Fairfield County, South Carolina, December 3, 1819, in the "White House," a name given the family mansion in those early days because of its magnitude and color. Her father, Dr. Thomas Briggs, was one of the wealthiest men in the South of his day, owning vast estates and many hundred slaves. Her mother was the daughter of Darling Jones, an English gentleman of affluence. Her family were staunch Whigs in the Revolution, except a granduncle, who was an English peer. Her grandfather, Major Briggs, of the Colonial Army, was, with a number of other patriots, captured by the British and sentenced to death. His comrades were shot, but at the last moment he seized an English officer's horse and dashed away, while volleys were being poured upon him. His faithful slave Cæsar, who was held as a cook by the English officers in charge, helped him to make good his escape.

Dr. Briggs sent his daughter to a celebrated school in Columbia, and she was one of the most splendidly educated women of her time. Having been a great reader from girlhood, her culture was broad and comprehensive, combining erudition with great strength and depth of character; she was a fluent reader of the Latin classics, and deeply read in English literature.

She was married, December 2, 1837, to James Gregg Hall, a young lawyer of fine attainments and family. He was a first honor graduate of South Carolina College, a nephew of Gen. Maxey Gregg, who was killed at Chancellorsville, and a near relative of the late Bishop Gregg, of Texas. The Bishop said Mrs. Hall was the most beautiful and brilliant bride ever brought to Columbia. After four years of wedded happiness, her husband died, triumphant in the Christian faith. His beautiful young widow with her two children returned to her girlhood home. She subsequently married Col. J. J. McMullen, of Lancaster County, South Carolina, a distinguished lawyer, and author of valuable legal literature. His wife was soon widowed again, and from then her life was clouded by financial reverses.

She came to Macon in 1847 and established a private school for girls, having the patronage of many of the best families in the city. In 1851 she became the wife of Dr. J. T. Cox, a successful physician, and professor in a medical college then located in Macon. Major Hall says of his mother, "Her belief in duty was next to her belief in God. God impressed Himself on her great spirit by impressing her life with the stamp of duty." I will relate just here an incident showing that duty was her ruling principle. Being the youngest and favorite daughter, her father bequeathed her half of his large estate, the other half to be shared by her brother and sister. She disregarded the will and insisted that the property be equally divided among the three heirs.

With a spirit of wonderful cheerfulness she bore the reverses that came to her in the evening of her days. While faithful in all the relations of life, it was as a mother that her virtues were most resplendent. Her distin-

JAMIMA BRIGGS HALL

guished son remembers her tenderly as the "best, noblest, gentlest, bravest, and most self-sacrificing of mothers." At the tender age of nine years she sent him from home to school. She bade him good-by in the early morning, and pointing to the morning star, counselling that his purpose be as fixed as that beautiful luminary, she said, "My son, remember the prayers learned at your mother's knees; borrow no money, contract no debts." He gave the promise, and its strict observance was the basis of his fine moral and religious character.

One of the most beautiful features of her life was her devotion to the "Lost Cause." She spent much valuable time visiting and ministering to the inmates of the hospitals. Many a dying soldier owes the transmission of his last message to her kind heart and willing hand.

In her later years a sad fate cast her lot among people uncongenial with her refined nature. Instead of repining, she began at once to inaugurate plans for the elevation and enlightenment of her neighbors. Her mission Sunday-school formed the nucleus of a Presbyterian church, erected later. She said she hoped her epitaph would be those memorable words of the Saviour, "She hath done what she could."

Her eventful life, so filled with lights and shadows, closed in Macon, January 25, 1886. "If she had been a man," writes her illustrious son, "history would have sung with the praises of her heroic soul; but as she was a woman, she ranks now with the angels who stand nearest God's throne."

The subject of this sketch was the mother of Major Wilburn Gregg Hall, a first honor graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy, and an officer in the United States Navy. He cast his fortunes with the South in the Civil War, and served with bravery and distinction in the Confederate Navy. After the war he spent several years in Egypt in the service of the Kedive. He was four years Consul at Nice under Cleveland's administration. He is now engaged in literary pursuits. Like most of our distinguished men, he lays his honors at his mother's feet.

Margery Spalding Baillie Kell, the mother of Capt. John McIntosh Kell, was born at "Laurel Grove," McIntosh County, Georgia, on July 14, 1794. Her mother, Hester McIntosh, was the daughter of William McIntosh, who was the eldest son of John Mohr McIntosh, who came over with Oglethorpe, bringing with him a hundred Highlanders of his own clan to found a colony in Georgia. Hester McIntosh married Alexander Baillie, and died very soon after the birth of her infant daughter Margery. The babe was reared by her aunt, for whom she was named, Mrs. Margery McIntosh Spalding. Her distinguished uncle, Gen. John McIntosh, was the guardian of Margery, and she grew up to womanhood in an atmosphere of love and refinement calculated to bring out all the noblest qualities of a truly noble nature, made so by heredity and assisted by environment. Margery and Hester McIntosh were the sisters of Generals John and Lachlan, the latter the aid and friend of Washington. Margery Baillie was educated at what was then the fashionable school of the South, "Madame Julie Datté's," a French school at Charleston, South Carolina. She painted beautifully, was quite a musician, and a very cultivated woman. In 1816 she was married to John Kell, of Sunbury, Georgia, a lawyer of distinction. Six children blessed this happy union. One died in infancy; the rest lived to fill their places in life, worthy representatives of their parentage. The father of this family died in the very prime of his life, leaving a desolate, broken-hearted widow, and five little children, the eldest eleven years old. After the frantic grief of the loss subsided, the mother consecrated her life to God and her children, and living for and in them only, reared them in His faith and fear; teaching them that duty was more holy and more to be desired than happiness.

Besides the care of her children, the care of her servants was very great upon her; but no mistress was ever more beloved and reverenced, and being of very strong will and character, a woman of heroic mould of mind, though fragile in body, she held the hearts of all within her grasp, and her word was law in her household, where truth and honor reigned supreme, where duty was the watchword, and the example of mother and mistress was faithfulness and loyalty, unselfishness and devotion to others. The Civil War desolated most of the coast, and swept away her property, for though many of her old people clung to her, she had no means with which to care for them. She came to the up-country home of her son and passed the evening of her useful life in Spalding Co., Ga. Feeling that her departure was at hand, after some weeks of sickness and suffering, she summoned her children about her, and gave them sweet words of motherly counsel, and bade them "never to do anything in life that they could not ask God to prosper." She died Oct. 17, 1871, honored and beloved by all who knew her, and in her children do not "her own works praise her in the gates"?

Blessed indeed is the man who has had such a mother, "a woman who opened her mouth with wisdom, and her tongue was the law of kindness."

Elizabeth Alexander Winship was born in Hayneville, Alabama, March 3, 1838. She is of distinguished ancestry, being the daughter of William and Mary Blanton Alexander, the former a descendant of Lord Sterling, the latter of a noted Southern family. Her parents were in affluent circumstances and the future promised fair; but the sweet young life, so auspiciously begun, was shadowed by orphanage at the tender age of two years, when she lost one parent. In four more years her father died, leaving her, with four other children, to the care of a guardian. She is the only survivor of the little group. At the age of twelve years she became an inmate of one of the most elegant and hospitable homes in Georgia, Judge John Reid's, of Griffin, whose wife was her maternal aunt. Here everything was done to banish from her heart the sad consciousness that she was an orphan. The thoughtful care and lavish fondness of her aunt made life almost "a dream of untroubled sweetness." She had every social and educational advantage that position and wealth could secure. She graduated at the Synodical College in Griffin, which ranked with the best institutions of learning in that day. Meanwhile she developed into an extremely beautiful and attractive young woman. At the age of nineteen she was married to Mr. Emory Winship, of Macon, Georgia, a young man of wonderful personal attractiveness, prominent family, and many fine attributes of character. Of this marriage ten children were born. The storm of war had scarcely burst upon our ill-fated Southland when Mr. Winship pledged his life and fortune to the defense of the Confederacy. He filled efficiently positions in various branches of service. He was present at the shelling of Atlanta, the evacuation of Savannah, and witnessed with sad heart the entrance of General Wilson into his native city of Macon. His mother was Mrs. Isaac Winship, who, perhaps, did more for "the boys in gray" than any other woman of our State during the war, and for the perpetuation of their memory when the conquered banner was "furled forever."

While her young husband was at the front, Mrs. Winship, enfeebled by continued illness, was alone with only the protection of her faithful slaves. About this time her only sister died, leaving three small children. She took the little ones into her heart and home, and gave them the same fond care so lavishly bestowed upon her own. The early years of her orphanhood created in her heart an abiding sympathy for the bereaved. Later, an orphaned cousin, daughter of the aunt whose kindness had made Mrs. Winship's girlhood so happy, became a member of her household. The tender, sympathetic nature of Mrs. Winship prompted her to many sweet charities, unostentatiously bestowed. It is due largely to her efforts and those of her husband that the Macon Orphans' Home owes its present status and efficiency. She has worked indefatigably for the success of the institution and the happiness of its inmates.

Mrs. Winship has all the elevation of character, grace, and elegance which distinguished Southern womanhood under the ante-bellum regime.

Our peculiar civilization and the exigencies of the time produced in the Southern woman a unique type of character. Her position was one of authority. She had the regal dignity of those who govern, with a gentleness and refinement that has become proverbial. When the Civil War came, she met the various demands made on her with wonderful heroism, directing the cultivation of the farm, looking to the welfare of her slaves, encouraging and providing for the material comfort of her brave defenders at the front.

Mrs. Winship has seen life in many phases. There has been a blending of shadow and sunshine all along the way. Though always in affluence and comfort, she has spent much time in the midnight of affliction and grief. When far past the meridian of life she lost her husband, who, through all the years of their wedded happiness, had been so tender and true. One of her greatest sorrows came to her in the evening of her days when death claimed her only daughter, a lovely young girl with the promise of a splendid womanhood. She came forth from her ordeal of suffering staggering from the terrible blow, but she took up the burden of life bravely, and we find in her at present the same gentle dignity and charming affability of manner that has endeared her to her friends and won the admiration of acquaintances. The shadows are lengthening about her now; the once lovely brown hair adorns with snowy beauty the deeply-written brow, but she retains much of the old magnetism. Her many friends love her for her purity and sweetness of character, and Macon honors her as the mother of her distinguished son, Lieut. Emory Winship, U. S. Navy, who is easily the most distinguished Georgian of his age now living. He is twenty-six, and is a graduate of the Naval Academy. His father was a Confederate officer; his grandfather, Maj. Phil Cook, was in the War of 1812, and his great-great-grandfather was a gallant Revolutionary soldier. On March 5, at Malabon, Philippines, Lieutenant Winship was five times wounded, and his courage and gallantry at this time won him national applause.

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER WINSHIP

Sarah Trulee Park was the second daughter of John S. Robertson and Martha Brown, his wife, who were born in Bottoway County, Virginia. Her paternal grandfather, John Robertson, was a Continental soldier, under the cavalry command of Light Horse Harry Lee, and her maternal grandfather, Samuel Brown, was also a Virginia soldier of the Revolution, and their names are to be found on the Virginia records. Her middle name, Trulee, was from her French Huguenot grandfather on her mother's side. His name was Henry de Trulee, and he came to America with General Lafayette, and took an active part in the Revolutionary War.

In the early part of the last century, about 1801, her father and mother emigrated to Clarke County, Georgia, where the subject of the sketch was born, March 19, 1805.

She was educated at Watkinsville and Athens schools, and among her schoolmates were such distinguished Georgians as Mark A. Cooper, William L. Mitchell, Charles, William, and Robert Doughtery, Ashbury Hull, and others.

In October, 1827, Sarah Trulee Robertson was married to Major John Park, and they moved to Gainesville, Hall County, Georgia. Major Park was the son of William Park and Margaret Campbell, his wife, who moved from near Fair Forest Church, Union County, South Carolina, in 1799, to near Sandy Creek Church in Jackson County, on the border of Clarke County, Georgia.

John Park was educated at Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, and in his senior year married Miss Mitchell, a sister of Hon. W. L. Mitchell, who died, leaving an infant daughter, who is now Mrs. Alsa Moore, of Maysville, Georgia.

The subject of this sketch was his second wife, and was the mother of Rev. William Park, D.D., formerly president of the Le Vert College, and now editor and proprietor of the "Sandersville Herald and Georgian"; Mrs. Martha C. Huntley, of La Grange, Georgia; Major John W. Park, attorney at law, Greenville, Georgia; Hon. James F. Park, Ph.D., LL.D., recently mayor of La Grange, Georgia; Howard Pope Park, of Mt. Meigs, Alabama, who died in 1898; Mrs. Volumnia V. Blalock, of Greenville, Georgia; Robert Emory Park, of Macon, Georgia, and Lemuel Madison Park, president of Park Mills, Troup Factory, Georgia.

In September, 1849, after a wedded life of twenty-two years, Mrs. Park became a widow with eight children to care for. A tribute to her, written at this time, says:

"Never, perhaps, was a mother more distrustful of her ability for her arduous task, yet we doubt if one ever addressed herself to her work with a more childlike trust, or stronger faith in Him who declared He would be a friend to the widow.

With an insuperable aversion to mere show and undue prominence, she sought to fill her sphere of duty in the humble vale of retirement.

The sphere of her magical influence was the family circle. Here, over the hearts and wills of her children, seemingly unconsciously to herself, she held undisputed sway.

Her deep love and veneration for the God of the Bible, her reverence for His house, the meek submissiveness with which she bowed to His will, and owned Him as her Lord and Master, beamed forth in her countenance, spoke in her words, and found expression in all her conduct. In this silent, quiet, and imperceptible way were woven the strong meshes of that abiding affection by which her children were bound to their mother. They could not fail to see that, lying back of that gentleness of spirit, that amiableness of temper, that untold wealth of fond maternal affection, there was the humble truthfulness and the purity of heart that belong to the child of God.

For over half a century she was a faithful member of the Methodist Church, and when the summons came that morning of October 28, 1882, she was ready to enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

At Greenville, Georgia, on a bright Sabbath afternoon, she was laid to rest in the village cemetery beside her husband. Six stalwart sons and two sons-in-law acted as pall-bearers.

Tenderly and reverently the body was lowered by the children, whose hearts from earliest childhood to mature manhood, and even part of life's meridian, had ever, with filial love and gratitude, honored and respected the mother who had discharged her whole duty towards them.

Louisa Ropeler Lucas Stovall, the mother of Gen. M. A. Stovall, and the daughter of John and Mary Lucas, was born in Sparta, Georgia, December 13, 1800.

John Lucas was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and was present at the siege of Yorktown, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. His home was in Surry County, Virginia, and there lived also Mary Ropeler, whom he married in 1796, emigrating to Georgia the same year, and settling in the then village of Sparta.

John Lucas and his wife were devoted Methodists, and at their house the first Methodist Conference of Georgia was held, and their spacious and hospitable home gave entertainment to all the ministers and delegates, and their well-stored barns yielded of their plenty to the beasts. He gave of his possessions twelve acres of ground for the site of a Methodist church and parsonage and burying ground, and it is in this resting place that their bodies lie this day, marked by handsome monuments.

In this God-fearing Methodist home Louisa Lucas first saw the light, December 13, 1800, and her youthful days were spent amid its pure influences. The social life of this section of Georgia was as cultivated as that of the older settlements on the seaboard, and of stronger characteristics. Education was considered of vital importance; most of the planters had ample means, and every effort was made to employ the best teachers, and many of the most successful men of Georgia derived their power from that rigid training received in her field schools. The Misses Lucas were renowned over the State for their wit and brilliancy, and were very popular in society. Very soon Louisa met and loved Pleasant Stovall, of Augusta, Georgia, and they were married in Sparta, January 6, 1818. They made their home in the lovely border city of Augusta, and there were born unto them nine children, Marcellus A. (General Stovall), Thomas P., Elizabeth Dearing, Louisa, Cecilla Shellman, John Lucas, Bolling Anthony, and Anna Pleasant, who died in infancy. During the brief years of wedded life Mrs. Stovall made a lasting impression of Christian gentleness on all who knew her, then she passed into the great Choir Invisible, leaving her husband and motherless children. A daughter writing of her says, "It was our father's greatest pleasure to talk to us of her gentleness, her goodness, and the love she elicited from every one." She died August 23, 1827, and was laid in the family burying ground at Sparta besides her parents.

Mattie Wilson Stovall, the mother of Pleasant Alexander Stovall, was the only child of Rev. Alexander Erwin Wilson, M.D., of Catarrus County, North Carolina, and Mary Jane Smithey, of Richmond, Virginia.

Her father was the son of Rev. Dr. John Makennie Wilson, one of the pioneers of North Carolina, and of Presbyterianism in that State. Her mother was descended from the Virginia Cloptons and an old English family from Staffordshire, England.

Early in their lives these two consecrated young people met, plighted their troth, and went as the first missionaries to Africa, sent by the "American Board Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Their destination was Mosika, in Matabeleland, South Africa, a few miles west of Pretoria of modern fame. It was at Kuruman that Mattie Smithey Wilson was born. The first white baby that had ever been seen in that dark part of the land, she was regarded as a great curiosity by the natives, and was the daily pet of one of the warrior chiefs. Before reaching their destination, the journey of these missionaries for three hundred miles lay through desert and sand. They travelled in covered wagons drawn by teams of eighteen to twenty oxen; the heat of the burning sand at times was so great that the very dogs howled with pain. Often when camped out at night, after the long day's travel, their lullaby was the roar of the lions in the neighboring "bush." Such privation and exposure was too great for the delicately reared young mother, and a few months later she died of African fever, leaving her little babe only eight months old.

To avoid the horrors of the war breaking out at this time between the natives and the Boers, Dr. Wilson thought it best to send his little daughter to America to her relatives. A returning missionary took charge of her, and with her Hottentot nurse and his own motherless girl they started for the homeland. After sailing from port, a terrible storm wrecked their vessel, and they had to put back for repairs. Again sailing, they touched at St. Helena and Liverpool, and after four months' voyage reached New York, and from there by packet to Richmond, Virginia. There loving hearts and open arms of grandmother and aunt received the little missionary child.

The continued war soon broke up the station at Mosika, Southeast Africa, and Dr. Wilson was sent to Western Africa, where he died near Cape Palmas, when his little daughter was five years old.

Both of Mrs. Stovall's parents lie buried beneath "Afric's sun," but a thousand miles apart.

In Richmond, Virginia, she was reared and educated at Dr. Moses D. Hoges' Presbyterian school for young ladies. She is devotedly attached to the Presbyterian Church and very proud of her Presbyterian ancestry.

Miss Wilson married Mr. Bolling Anthony Stovall, of Augusta, Georgia, in 1856, having met him the year previous, while there visiting relatives. Pleasant A. Stovall, her eldest child, was born in this place, and

MATTIE WILSON STOVALL

fitted for college. Then the family moved to Athens, Georgia, for educational advantages. Mrs. Stovall still resides in Athens, a widow, surrounded by all her children, except one. Her life has been an eventful one; checkered scenes of sunshine and shadow have followed her, but a strong faith in the "God of her fathers" brings the promise that "at the eventide it shall be light."

Augusta George Anna Kirkland Black, born February 12, 1812, in Barnwell District, South Carolina, was only child of William Kirkland and Elizabeth Robison.

Richard Kirkland, her father's father, received land from the crown; in the Revolution was an American officer.

George Stewart Robison, maternal grandfather, was of Virginia parentage; was an early settler in Barnwell; owned large interests in cattle and land; operated a noted line of " pole-boats " on the Savannah.

Soon orphaned, George-Anna came under the indulgent care of her grandfather Robison. A piano given her was the first in all that country, attracting many curious visitors.

Miss Kirkland grew to be a large, handsome woman, brunette in type, open of countenance, features regular.

March 20, 1832, she married Edward J. Black, of Georgia, planter, lawyer, statesman. Mr. Black was a versatile, sociable Southern gentleman of fine presence. He was in Congress six years. Miller's " Bench and Bar of Georgia " contains an appreciative memoir of him. Mrs. Black shared in her husband's popularity. A clipping from a Washington paper speaks pleasantly of her charm of person and manner.

Mr. Black died 1849, aged forty-three.

His widow returned to her Carolinian home. Possessing strong common-sense and self-reliance, she successfully managed the affairs of a large plantation. From the broad piazza of her home, embosomed in cotton fields, she would herself watch and direct the dusky laborers.

Business, however, did not preclude social pleasures. Neighborhood dinner parties—all-day affairs they usually were—have always met with favor in the South. In penurious " Reconstruction " days they scarcely abated. Mrs. Black contributed abundantly to this interchange of hospitality. Indeed, she peculiarly excelled as housekeeper and hostess. Whether to the guest of a day or a month she fulfilled the Apostolic maxim, as one " given to hospitality."

Her conversation was sprightly, humorous, original. " She was like no other woman I ever knew," says a correspondent. Her sayings were often quoted; her ways thought unusual. Though vivacious, none accused her of unkindly speech. Beneficent and benevolent, she held the affection of black and white. In the Civil War, from pure patriotism, she exchanged a fine carriage horse for a distressed trooper's broken-down jade.

She was totally undemonstrative; objected to being kissed, yet children and grandchildren were confident of her love. Candor, outspoken speech, hatred of deceit and hypocrisy, were points in her composition. Her simplicity was democratic. She threw to the winds many figments of conventionality. Perhaps this boldness—this democracy—was her most striking trait. But in all she was the sane and respected woman. Possessed of

an even, sunny disposition, she had, writes one, "a certain quaint philosophy which tided her over many of the ills of life."

Whatever her faults—and who has them not?—they were counterbalanced by qualities which won her many warm friends.

It is difficult to draw a flesh-and-blood picture of the dead; but that Mrs. Black had an individuality vigorous and genial there are living witnesses to certify. She died June 26, 1880.

Only one of Mrs. Black's seven children, George Robison, spent his career in Georgia. He was born, 1835, in Screven County. Some of his mother's qualities lived again in him, and he had his father's aptitude for public life. Like both parents, he loved the soil. For years he was a vice-president in the Georgia Agricultural Society. He was educated at two State universities. Beginning lieutenant, he wore at twenty-seven the Confederacy's stars of lieutenant-colonel. As a lawyer, he attained an extensive practice. In politics, by integrity and ability he advanced to the National Congress. Towards the close of his first term paralysis laid its heavy hand upon him, and in 1886, after a patient illness, he passed to the fuller life.

A modest slab in a country graveyard near Millettville, South Carolina, and an upright granite in the little cemetery of Sylvania, Georgia, mark the dust of a mother and son who lived somewhat in the public eye. That public is no worse for their examples, and it may be that it has been enriched by two influences which were altogether on the side of goodness, integrity, generosity.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

R. M. W. B.

Adaline Elizabeth Wright, the subject of this sketch, is the wife of Hon. Augustus R. Wright, deceased, and is the mother of Hon. Seaborn Wright, two of Georgia's most distinguished men.

She was born near Asheville, North Carolina, in 1828, the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Alleman. Her father was a prominent and wealthy planter. Early in her youth the parents of Miss Alleman moved to the mountain regions of North Georgia, and in the Empire State of the South the daughter was reared and received her education. From the days of her college life Miss Alleman was famed for her beauty and manifold attractions. Among her many admirers was the Hon. Augustus R. Wright, whom she married in 1846, and who later achieved a national reputation as statesman and orator in the halls of both Federal and Confederate Congress. Soon after marriage her husband was elected Judge of the Cherokee Circuit, then extending over a large part of North Georgia. He was often away from home, "riding the circuit" of this frontier judicial circuit, for many weeks. During his long absences the management of the large estates were left in the hands of the young wife, whose skill and discretion rose to the emergency.

In 1858, when her brilliant son, Hon. Seaborn Wright, was an infant, her husband was elected to the Federal Congress. The young wife and mother was thus transferred from the almost frontier farm life, with its simple duties, to the brilliant social functions of the national capital. The beauty and gentleness of Mrs. Wright early won the friendship of Miss Lane, the mistress of the White House during the administration of President Buchanan, and this friendship of the "first lady of the land" she treasures among the happy memories of the past.

When the war came her husband, though steadfastly opposed to secession, cast his lot with the people of his State, and during the years of that bloody struggle served his country on the field and in the halls of the Confederate Congress.

Again the responsibilities of home government devolved upon the wife. Loved and almost worshipped by her slaves, she rested safe with her children in their unfaltering devotion. No war-wrecked stranger was ever turned empty handed from her door, but her gentle and full benevolence fell like a benediction upon her unhappy countrymen.

Since then her life has been but the life of ten thousand Southern women, given unreservedly to her husband, her children, and her friends.

She is the mother of ten children. Her sons, Seaborn and Moses, have risen to more than State prominence. Her youngest child, Adaline Wright, has inherited the wonderful beauty of her mother and is universally loved.

At the writing of this sketch Mrs. Wright is seventy-two years old, but her loved ones think the white hair as beautiful as the raven tresses of yore, the light of her gentle face sweet as in the sunny days of youth, and the tender grace of her dear form untouched by time.

ADALINE ELIZABETH WRIGHT

Polly Buford McFadden Gaston was born October 15, 1805, in Chester District, South Carolina. Her parents were James Ewing McFadden and Susanna Buford, who were married Dec. 27, 1804, exactly twenty years before the birth of Dr. J. McFadden Gaston, their first grandson.

The subject of this sketch was brought up in the country and went to the best schools, and, among others, to one taught by Mr. John Brown Gaston, who studied medicine, and later married his former pupil, March 4, 1824.

Her early married life was spent in the birthplace of Dr. J. McFadden Gaston, on Fishing Creek, in Chester District, South Carolina. We can not do better than quote from an article of the late Rev. J. H. Saye, of Chester, South Carolina, published in the "Chester Reporter," August 12, 1886: "He and his wife believed that good education was about the best thing parents could aid their children in procuring. As a result of this conviction, a good school-house arose in the grove where the Cedar Shoal Church now stands, and a good classical teacher occupied that house so long as Dr. Gaston had children needing the services of such a teacher. In this he was heartily aided by some good and intelligent neighbors. As a result of his efforts in this line, five of his seven sons took degrees in the South Carolina College, and his four daughters were at the proper age sent to the best schools to complete their education begun at the ancient school-house in the grove."

Her husband was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, as was also his father, and as was to be one of their sons and a grandson. She was a consistent member of the same church. Her care of her children is well-illustrated in the high moral and social character of each and all. As Mr. Saye remarks in the same article: "Every son that reached maturity could have been safely exhibited as a model of true manhood and gentlemanly qualities."

Her son Isaac died of disease in the army in 1861; Capt. J. L. Gaston and his younger brother, William, were killed near each other in the battle of "Seven Pines," in 1862; Hon. T. C. Gaston, of Chester, South Carolina, who died August 15, 1885, was solicitor of his Circuit for three successive terms, and was a successful lawyer; Dr. J. B. Gaston, of Montgomery, Alabama, is another son of Mrs. Gaston, and is at present Probate Judge of Montgomery County, having already served as mayor four terms, and made a reputation as a physician and surgeon. Dr. J. McFadden Gaston, of Atlanta, is the oldest child, and bears his mother's maiden name. His son, Dr. J. McFadden Gaston, Jr., gives a brief summary of the characteristics of the lady whose name he also bears: "Small, but wiry and full of energy, she impressed me, even when she was seventy-eight years old, as the strong, active woman she was in youth; she would attend to all the various wants of the laborers on the place, and personally preside at the dinner table. In her latter years she was fortunate in having the assistance of one of her

daughters, Miss Mary B. Gaston, now of Chester, South Carolina. Her other daughters were married and had great responsibilities of their own; but one of them, Mrs. T. C. Howze, lived on an adjoining plantation, and was a frequent visitor and help to her mother until the death of Mrs. Gaston, whom she survived only a short time. Mrs. R. A. Torrance, of Charlotte, South Carolina, is another daughter, who exemplifies the good qualities of mind, soul, and body transmitted to her by Mrs. Gaston.

Polly Buford Gaston died August 7, 1886, age 81. "Her children arise up and call her blessed." Proverbs xxxi., 28. "Give her of the fruit of her hand; and let her own works praise her in the gates." Proverbs, xxxi., 31.

LOUISA M. HOUGHTON EDWARDS

Louisa M. Houghton Edwards, the mother of Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, was, before her marriage, Miss Louisa M. Houghton, a beautiful, well-born, and accomplished young woman, whose birthplace and home, until she married, was Athens, Georgia. Her ancestors came from England, and both her grandfathers fought for freedom in the Revolutionary War. The Houghtons who came to North Carolina were a branch of a titled English family of which Lord Richard Houghton, poet and philanthropist, was a distinguished member.

Joshua Houghton, the grandfather of Louisa, came to Green County, Georgia, about the last of the eighteenth century, and purchased a large tract of land, on which he settled around him his seven sons and two daughters. The place was known as Houghtonville.

Joshua Houghton was noted for his strength and independence of character and his devotion to his friends. He had as a neighbor John Crutchfield, who had moved to Georgia from Virginia, and was soon well known throughout the section in which he settled for his wealth, his hospitality, and his sturdy uprightness. He was a noted Methodist, and his home and that of Joshua Houghton were the headquarters of the Methodist divines in that day, as is noted in Smith's "History of Methodism in Georgia," and "Life of Bishop Pierce." His daughter Elizabeth married William Houghton, the son of Joshua. These were the parents of Louisa Houghton Edwards, the mother of Mrs. Mary E. Bryan.

William Houghton removed to Athens, Georgia, to educate his children, and died there two months before the birth of Louisa, whose mother a woman of noble character and sincere piety, reared and educated her five children, dying when the youngest was fourteen years old.

Louisa was left to the guardianship of her uncle by marriage, Daniel Grant, who had married her mother's sister, Lucy Crutchfield. Julia, the eldest daughter of William Houghton, had married Judge James McBride, and moved with her husband to Florida, where she became one of the best known and most widely useful women pioneers of that then sparsely settled territory, being as active in its social and religious development as was Judge McBride in his political evolution.

It was while on a visit to this sister that Louisa met Maj. John D. Edwards, who had won his military title while a mere youth in the war with the Seminoles, and was then a member of the Florida Legislative Assembly. They were shortly afterward married in Athens, Georgia, at the home of Mr. Daniel Grant. Mrs. Luther Glenn, who as "Milly Cobb" attended the large wedding, has said, "Louisa Houghton was the most beautiful bride I ever saw."

Major Edwards took his young wife to his stately plantation home in Jefferson County, Florida, known as "The Castle," and in excellent preservation until recently, when it was burned. The plantation was large, there were few near neighbors, and no good schools. Mrs. Edwards instructed

her three little girls at home, with the aid of a good library, until Mary was eleven years old, when Major Edwards removed temporarily to Thomasville, Georgia, that he might send his daughters to an academy there.

The home in the suburbs of Thomasville was known as "Woodlawn," and became noted, as the more imposing one in Florida had been, for its beautiful grounds, its vine-covered pavilions, hedges of cape jessamine, and variety of flowers, which owed their blossomy abundance and tasteful arrangement to Mrs. Edwards' industry and love of flower culture.

Many visitors enjoyed the beauty of "Woodlawn." The hospitality for which her family was noted historically was seen in the warm and graceful welcome Mrs. Edwards gave her friends. She was loved for her sincere and charitable spirit and her sweetness of temper.

This latter was her distinguishing trait. "I can truly say," attests her daughter, Mrs. Bryan, "that I never saw my mother angry, never heard a harsh or an uncharitable word from her lips. She was cheerful and brave-hearted, comforting and sustaining my father in the reverses of fortune that came to us when I was quite young. She was almost worshipped by her slaves, whom she nursed in their sickness and consoled in their troubles. She taught her house servants to read, and instructed all the negroes on the plantation in religion. Her manner was often praised. It was the expression of her inner nature—the flowering of its simplicity, gentleness, dignity, and good will to all. I have never known any being so pure in heart, so wholly devoid of suspicion or ill thought of others."

Her old age was beautiful. The wealth that had been hers so abundantly in her early married life had flown; the husband who had loved her devotedly was dead; but her deep trust in God remained to her, and true friends came to her in her cottage home, and she welcomed them with her old unselfish cheerfulness and sweet dignity. She still gave all she could to the poor, and followed the teachings of Christ, in whose footsteps she had walked through her beautiful, blameless life, which ended peacefully in the spring of 1891. Of her it was truly said, "None knew her without being better for it; she had not an enemy in the world."

Sarah Joyce Hooper Alexander was born June 6, 1836, in Pontotoc, Mississippi. She was the daughter of John Wood Hooper and his wife, Sarah Joyce Wood, through both of whom she was descended from an ancestry whose patriotism since colonial days had been frequently illustrated in field and forum. Her father was the first judge of the Cherokee Circuit, embracing the larger part of Northwest Georgia, and resided in Cassville, then the metropolis and intellectual centre of that section. The extent of his circuit requiring protracted absences from home, rendered it necessary, after the early death of his wife, for Judge Hooper to place his children at school. Little Sarah Joyce was at first entrusted, with her older sisters, to the care of that distinguished educator, Rev. Charles Wallace Howard. Soon thereafter, however, Mrs. H. V. M. Miller, the niece and former ward of Judge Hooper, lost her only child, and she and Dr. Miller united in such an earnest plea for the charge of Sarah Joyce that her father consented, and so devoted did Dr. and Mrs. Miller become to their little charge that, thereafter, she was ever claimed by them as a daughter. Following the completion of her education, first under the direction of that notable instructor, Mrs. J. M. M. Caldwell, and later in the Cassville College, of which she was the first graduate, she spent most of her time as a young lady with Dr. and Mrs. Miller, at Coligni, their beautiful home near Rome. In this hospitable home, where the brightest minds were wont to congregate, she first met her future husband, Thomas Williamson Alexander, a member of the honored Scotch-Irish family of that name in Carolina. Also, at Coligni she was married, November 25, 1857. Near by, the young husband built a new home, "Casino," where they resided until his election to the legislature, in the troubled days just prior to the War, necessitated a short residence in Milledgeville, followed by the establishment of a home in Rome, where the young wife could be assured of better protection when her husband entered the army, as he did soon after, at the head of a gallant company, organized by his efforts. Mrs. Alexander's history, during the next four years was that of many noble women of the South. The responsibilities and privations incident to war were borne bravely. Time, substance, and tender care were given to the soldiers in camp and hospital. Cheer and comfort to the bereaved and necessitous at home. Upon the approach of Sherman's army in 1864 her husband, now Colonel Alexander, securing a short furlough, hurried home and removed his family to a place of safety below Atlanta, then returned to his post of duty in the army. After Johnston's surrender, in North Carolina, he made his way on foot to the South Georgia plantation owned by Judge Hooper, where Mrs. Alexander, with her household, had taken refuge. From this retreat the little family returned to the devastated home in Rome, there to resume life under new and hard conditions. Despite these conditions, however, Mrs. Alexander forgot not her duty to the heroic dead. Uniting with other noble women of Rome, a Ladies' Memorial Association was soon formed, in which she was an active

member from organization. Elected president soon after, she served in this capacity until her death. Under her administration, and largely by her efforts, were erected the Confederate Monument, on Myrtle Hill Cemetery, and the marble headstones which there mark the graves of several hundred Confederate dead. By executive appointment she served on the Board of Lady Visitors to the State Normal and Industrial College from its establishment until her death, at which time she was also the president of the Floyd County Industrial Aid Association, and vice-regent of Xavier Chapter, D. A. R. Her death occurred December 7, 1895. The universal esteem and regard in which she was held was attested by the attendance at her funeral of such organizations as the Bar Association of Rome, the Confederate Veterans Association, the Ladies' Memorial Association, and the Daughters of the American Revolution. Besides her husband, she left four children. Hooper Alexander, her only son, is a successful attorney in Atlanta, where he is honored for his integrity and intellectual attainments. The two older daughters, Martha Lamar, wife of Samuel F. Pegues, and Hallie Miller, wife of James A. Rounsaville, married representatives of old French Huguenot families. The youngest daughter, her mother's namesake, is the wife of Chas. Wm. King, of the time-honored Savannah family of that name. Through both father and mother they have inherited sterling and admirable qualities of mind and heart, but unite in attributing all that is best in their lives to their mother's ever faithful efforts, by precept and example, to bring these qualities to their highest development. "Verily, her children arise up and call her blessed."

AUGUSTA DOROTHEA WENTZ

Augusta Dorothea Oelenheinz Wentz, the mother of Madam Sophia Sosnowski, was born at Pforzhein, Grand Duchy of Baden. She was remarkably beautiful and of lovely characteristics, highly educated and cultured.

Because of her many attractions and the high standing of her family, she had many suitors for her hand, and while in the first bloom of young womanhood she was married to the already very distinguished court physician, Christian Frederick Wentz. Their married life was very happy and brilliant, the husband's exalted position giving them entrée to the highest circles, and there is an historical incident handed down to the granddaughter, that, at a large court ball at Baden, Frau Wentz danced with the Duke d'Enghein a night or two before his arrest by order of Napoleon. The dress worn by Frau Wentz on this occasion was of finest linen lawn, embroidered profusely with gold, which has not tarnished in all these years.

Dr. Wentz survived his wife, and at his funeral, which was set for three P.M.; the crowd was so great and so persistent in their effort to see their beloved physician, that the last ceremonies did not occur until three o'clock in the morning.

Madam Wentz, surrounded by wealth and elegance, still had leisure for the training of little Sophia, and embodied in her young mind all those lofty attributes which distinguished her through life.

After the Polish Revolution in 1833, she was married to Joseph Sosnowski, an officer in the Polish army, albeit an exile. Joseph Sosnowski was the grandson of that Joseph Sosnowski, Governor of Lithuania, who refused, by reason of a difference in rank, to give his daughter, afterward Princess Lubomirski, in marriage to Kosciusko, because of which the Polish patriot never married.

Joseph Sosnowski was decorated with the cross of the Polish Legion of Honor, was born at Kleszezel, Lithuania; he was the son of François Sosnowski and of Lady Antonia Borowska.

Joseph Sosnowski and wife, with ample means, came to the United States early in their married life, bringing with them letters of introduction from General La Fayette, Fenimore Cooper, Bancroft, and Lilewell, the Dictator of Poland.

Unfortunately Captain Sosnowski's health was impaired from the effect of wounds received at Warsaw, and after a few years of suffering he died, leaving his wife Sophia with three children.

Madam Sosnowski from this moment took an energetic interest in the support of her children. A beautiful musician and a highly cultured woman, her services were eagerly sought by the first institutions of the land. She chose a home in Columbia, South Carolina, and opened a school for young ladies; with what success, hundreds of cultured women of the South can attest.

During the Confederate struggle, this noble lady took an active part in

relieving the sick and wounded soldiers, and during her summer recess went as a voluntary nurse, to give her services to the hospitals of Virginia.

After the disastrous results of the war, Madam accepted an invitation to establish her home in Athens, and there in the home school she and her daughter Callie have aided in the development of beautiful characteristics in the young women of the land.

In the refined and cultured atmosphere of Athens, after the gentle days of peace returned, this noble German lady and her family lived, and in July, 1899, she passed into her rest, and the words of a distinguished friend writing to her daughter Caroline says, " I have just read the announcement of the death of your mother. In the great grief which you so naturally feel, it must be joy unspeakable to you to recall what her life has meant to so many people—an inspiration to so many to love the right, to despise the false and hollow. For such a one to have lived a long and active life is an incalculable benefit to any country and community under its influence. My sympathy for you is almost dwarfed by my admiration of her life work. An ideal old age, full of honors, in keen and loving touch with the world, and yet ready, like the ripe corn, for the sickle. A long life well spent, a life work well done—finished. We cannot wish her back. There must indeed be joy in the presence of the angels of God when such a one enters their glorious realm."

Elizabeth Caroline Jones-Young was born at Laurens, South Carolina, November 28, 1808.

She was educated in the best schools the country afforded, graduating in Dr. Johnson's Seminary at Greenville, South Carolina.

She was married October 12, 1826, in her eighteenth year, to Dr. Robert Maxwell Young, an eminent physician of Spartanburgh, South Carolina. They resided in Spartanburgh twelve years, when they moved to Cass County, now Bartow, and settled on a fine plantation on the Etowah River.

Mrs. Young was a lady of fine appearance and of marked characteristics, cultured and refined. She was always distinguished for her good sense, her pride, ambition, and courage, and for her sterling virtues as a daughter, sister, wife, and mother. She was a noble type of South Carolina's oldest families, and ever inspired those around her with respect and love, and with veneration in her old age. Hers was a home of generous hospitality, after the old times of Southern entertainment, without ostentation, yet elegant and refined. Dr. and Mrs. Young reared and educated four children, three sons and a daughter.

When the war came they gave their sons to the Southland cause. The eldest son, Dr. George William Young, surgeon of Fourteenth Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, died in service in Virginia, September 20, 1861.

Col. Robert Butler Young fell at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, while gallantly leading his regiment to the charge.

Pierce Manning Butler Young was born in Spartanburgh, South Carolina, November 15, 1836. At an early age he evinced a taste for military life, and at the age of fourteen entered the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta; at fifteen he was appointed captain. Graduating at seventeen, he entered West Point, and remained until the war began, when he entered service, and fought to the end. He rose to the rank of major-general. After the war he was elected to Congress, and served in the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Congress.

In 1878 he was appointed one of the commissioners to the Paris Exposition. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland, United States Consul General to St. Petersburg, Russia. In 1893 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary of United States to Guatemala and Honduras, Central America. He died in New York City, July 6, 1896.

Dr. Young died at his beautiful home, "Walnut Grove," on the Etowah, January 13, 1880, respected, admired, and loved by all who knew him.

Mrs. Young died at the same place, May 26, 1884.

Husband and wife lie buried in Oak Hill Cemetery at Cartersville, Georgia. The daughter, Louisa Jones Young, survives. In 1860 she was married to Dr. Thomas F. Jones, a prominent physician of Georgia, and she, with her five children, resides at the old homestead.

Caroline Rebecca Harriss, the mother of Sarah Berrien Casey Morgan first saw the light of life on Dec. 30, 1822, in Columbia Co., Ga.

Her father, the Rev. Juriah Harriss, was born in Northumberland County, Virginia, and was of Welsh stock. In physique, brain, heart, and estate he was a splendid type of the Southern planter of ante-bellum days. Her mother, *née* Elizabeth Thorn, through her English parentage, had the English talent for moderation, its love for order, its delight in a wise reticence—a self-respect—that many called hauteur, but which was only a well-proportioned reserve, that melted quite away in the charmed circle of her friends.

Caroline was one of eight children, and was the fairest of four daughters, all of whom were fair.

Born and reared in the old ancestral home; shut away from the dusty highways of life; knowing little of the struggles perpetually waged there for money, place, recognition; nothing of its tragedies, its failures, its heartaches; she budded into life and girlhood, and blossomed into maidenhood, wifehood, and motherhood, a sweet, fair embodiment of that grace, *esprit*, purity, and nobility of sentiment and unselfish devotion to duty which made the "dainty darlings of the Southland" the acknowledged "patterns of excelling nature."

With none of the swarms of annoyances that now so much afflict the home-keeper in the South—and which mean more than a load of sorrow—to cloud the sunshine and blue sky of her serene life, her days and nights were given to promoting the happiness of home, the interest of husband, children, and friends, and the care of her slaves. Far removed from the scandals, the social agitations—if it may be so expressed, the *publicities of private* life—and never even dreaming of the speculations and doubts that seem to have crept into the hearts of churchmen and laymen alike, her too short life was spent with a song of joy on her lips and the peace of God in the depths of her hazel eyes.

Her small, well-shaped head was covered by clustering curls of a rich Titian red, "golden in the sunshine and brown in the shade," and gracefully poised on her slender neck; her complexion was very fair, with a color that came and went as a reflex to every thought and emotion.

She married in 1841 Dr. Henry Rosier Casey. Dr. Casey was the lineal descendant, on his father's side, of Sir John Edgeworth, of Longworth, Ireland; on his mother's side, of Sir Thomas More, England's Chancellor; of the Berriens, of Bremen, Finisterre, France; of the Stryckers, of Holland, and later of "Nieu Amsterdam"; of Thomas Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard; and of Macduff, Thane of Fife. Dr. Casey was an acknowledged factor in the social and political life of the State. During the "war between the States" he was made Surgeon-General of the State, and when the war was over and "a people's hopes lay dead," he used wisely his influence to help uplift their down-trodden liberties, and to infuse new life where life seemed wrecked beyond resurrection.

At the home of Dr. and Mrs. Casey, Alexander H. Stephens was ever an intimate and welcome friend; Robert Toombs, Ludovic Stephens, Herschel V. Johnston, Benjamin Hill—those Titans of the '60's—often gathered around the hospitable board of Waverly Hall.

Mrs. Casey's life was a short one; when she was most needed, when the demands upon her love and judgment were most incessant, death came and "kissed her eyelids down."

So ends the brief sketch of a brief but beautiful life. Shut in by trees and flowers, educated in all the customs, traditions, and exclusiveness of the old life of the South, enveloped in the tenderest love and protection, there is little to record to make brilliant the lines that tell of her; her memory were more fittingly left to the "sweet lavender of recollection."

The nation or individual that has made history must have written many a line in blood or tears; the life of this good woman knew little of pain or sorrow or heartache. She fell asleep, having met life's gentle questions, fulfilled its loving duties, knowing its sweetest happiness.

Alas! the days are ever past when the women of the South, like the subject of this sketch, lived walled away by love and plenty from contact and contest. They must now, in ever-increasing numbers, go forth in the broad fields of experiment and win for themselves, and often for others, a home and the means to live.

Then, in the name of humanity and the higher civilization; in the cause of justice and right; for the betterment of the race; for the sake of the individual, the home, and the State, Georgia should provide for her daughters every educational advantage, that they may meet worthily the changed condition and environment, thereby bringing greater success and happiness to these women in their enlarged sphere of action and usefulness in the present, and strengthening the State in the future, by the uplift of its citizenship through the wise use of this educational lever that compels the onward movement of civilization.

Theodora Phelps Atkinson, the mother of Gov. William Yates Atkinson, was born in Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, July 22, 1820. Her parents were Dr. Iddo Ellis, a man eminent in his profession, and whose character exemplified every manly virtue, and Mrs. Lucy Phelps Ellis, the latter the descendant of a long line of ancestors, whose origin is traceable to a period far back of the Elizabethan age. This fact, however, although interesting in itself, could add nothing to individual merit, excepting through the entailment of virtue and refinement.

In 1849, Miss Ellis, living at the time in Columbus, Georgia, was wooed and won by Mr. John Pepper Atkinson, of Brunswick County, Virginia, a man whose fine intelligence and sterling moral character rendered him worthy of her confidence and affection.

Through her marriage, there devolved upon Mrs. Atkinson the delicate and responsible duties of stepmother to three interesting children, the offspring of her husband's former marriage. To say that her faithfulness and tenderness in this relation are attested by the devoted affection of those children is but a just testimonial to a character amiable in itself, but relying for strength and wisdom upon the great Counselor.

About six years after their marriage Mr. Atkinson purchased lands in Meriwether County, Georgia, to which he removed with his family, and where he conducted large farming operations. Here, in their Oakland home, was born, November, 1854, their bright, beautiful boy, William Yates, their third child—a daughter, now Mrs. D. P. Ellis, and son, Theo. E. Atkinson, of Newnan, Georgia, having been given them in their Virginia home. Afterwards, two other sons, Thos. A. Atkinson, now of La Grange, Georgia, and R. J. Atkinson, now of Greenville, Georgia, were sent as claimants on their parents' loving care.

Living a retired life in the country, Mrs. Atkinson devoted herself to the training of her children and to the arduous duties pertaining to the *ménage* of a large Southern household before and during the war.

In the meantime, the vicissitudes to which families are subject had invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, each making its demand upon the mother's love and sympathy. The older daughters had married happily and settled in Virginia homes. The oldest son, John P. Atkinson, Jr., a noble youth of twenty years, fell a victim to his ardent patriotism in the first battle of Manassas, and was laid by his mother's side in the soil of his native State. In this crushing bereavement a second mother's heart in Georgia mourned the handsome, loving boy who held a son's place in her warm heart. In 1873, Mr. Atkinson, for the benefit of his younger children, moved his family to Senoia, a village in an adjoining county affording excellent educational facilities. Soon after their removal to that place the hand of death deprived the family of the guiding, protecting hand of husband and father—a man whose life had been so regulated, as concerns both the present and the future, that he was able to say, when the summons for an exchange of worlds

THEODORA PHELPS ATKINSON

was imminent: "I am prepared for any emergency." Had he left to his family no other legacy, the example of his consistent life and noble character had been a rich bequest.

Thus, to the mother was left the responsibility of the further training of the three sons whose characters and consequent destinies were yet to be determined.

As years in their courses sped, the mother's tender solicitude, faithful counsel, and fervent prayers were rewarded by realizing in their characters some of the high aspirations of her heart for them, and as each attained to manhood, she rejoiced to see him fill a place of honor and usefulness.

In witnessing the elevation of her second son to the gubernatorial chair of his native State, who can say that her heart did not swell with maternal pride? for she felt that the faithful discharge of the duties of his position meant service to the commonwealth and the consequent appreciation of her citizens. But the cup of her happiness was dashed with bitter dregs, for she dreaded lest his physical strength should prove unequal to the demands made upon it. And when, soon after the completion of his second term, she saw his manly form stricken by a disease that refused to yield to medical skill; when she was called to look her last upon the noble face that had ever lighted, for her, with reverent tenderness, only God's grace could have bestowed the beautiful resignation that tempered the bitterness of her grief.

Mrs. Atkinson is now in her eighty-first year, not robust, but in good health, and enjoying the full use of her faculties, mental and physical. Her presence is the light of her children's homes, and her companionship a joy to all who are privileged to associate with her. May she long be spared to those who love her; a gentle, pure exemplar of Christian womanhood, living, as she does, for the good and happiness of others!

Sara Straus, the wife of Lazarus Straus, was born in Otterberg, Rhenisch Bavaria, on January 14, 1823. She died in the City of New York on July 21, 1876. She was the cousin of her husband, and comes from a family whose lineage runs back to the beginning of the middle ages, many members of which were distinguished as scholars and in professional walks. Her grandfather, Jacob Lazare, was a member of the Sanhedrin, or Congress of seventy notables among the Jews, that was convoked by Napoleon, in 1806, at Versailles, when the emporer granted full civil rights to the Jews within the then extended limits of the French Empire. Rhenisch Bavaria was at that time a department of France, and sent as its delegate to this Sanhedrin, or Congress, Jacob Lazare, who took a prominent part in this notable gathering, and was a member of the leading committees which conferred with the commissioners of the French Empire, and which resulted in the full liberation of the Jews. The father of Sara Straus was Solomon Straus, of Otterberg, a man of moderate wealth consisting of landed estates. He was a farmer and a grain merchant. In 1844, when Sara Straus was twenty-one years of age, she married Lazarus Straus, and from this union there were five children born, four of whom are still living, namely, Isidor, one of the leading merchants of the City of New York, head of the firm of L. Straus & Sons and of R. H. Macy & Co., and who during the second Cleveland administration was a member of Congress from New York City; Hermine, who, in 1864, married Lazarus Kohns; Nathan, who is known throughout the country for his philanthropic work in supplying the poor with cheap coal, and who for a number of years has maintained sterilized milk depots in the City of New York, which have so materially reduced the death rate among the poor children in the crowded districts of New York. His milk laboratories have been copied in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and in several other cities in this country and in Europe. Oscar S., the youngest of the three brothers, is the President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and was Minister to Turkey from 1887 to 1889, and again from 1897 to December, 1900, having served in that capacity under three different administrations. He is also the author of several historical works, namely, the "Origin of Republican Form of Government in the United States," and "Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty."

In 1849, during the revolutions on the Continent of Europe for liberal and parliamentary form of government, Lazarus Straus took an active part, and when this movement failed he, together with many others who afterwards attained distinction in the country of their adoption, became a political refugee, and emigrated to the United States to begin life anew. In 1852 he came to Georgia, and in 1854, as soon as he was able to ensure a modest support for his family, he sent for his wife and children and established his home in Talbotton. As the sons arrived at a school age they were sent to school to Collingsworth Institute. The youngest son, Oscar, was sent

SARA STRAUS

to a primary school kept by Miss Anna Jackson, and afterward to Miss Cottingham's school.

Sara Straus was a refined woman of great natural ability. She devoted her time and attention to the bringing up of her children, her recreation being her garden. As the daughter of a farmer she had acquired considerable knowledge in the cultivation of vegetables and of fine flowers. She had a beautiful, expressive face, with a graceful figure, a little over medium height, black hair, and ruddy complexion, and large brown eyes. When twenty-six years of age she suffered a paralytic stroke, from which she never completely regained the use of her right limb and arm, but being a woman of extraordinary energy this did not materially lessen her activities. She superintended the cultivation of her garden, and took the greatest pleasure in teaching her friends and neighbors in the cultivation of vgetables and flowers that had not been grown in that part of the country. She sent to Europe for seeds that were not then obtainable in Georgia, and in that way, in her limited sphere, encouraged her friends and neighbors to add new plants and flowers to their gardens. Her garden was one of the show places in Talbotton, and from it she derived both pleasure and satisfaction.

The formative period in the lives of her children was passed in Talbotton. In 1862 the family moved to Columbus, where they resided until after the civil war, when the Straus family went North and located in New York City. While in Talbotton, Sara Straus formed warm attachments with many of the ladies of her adopted home, with whom she continued to keep up a pleasant relationship after the family had removed to New York City and until her death in 1876. She was kind and generous. Her insight into character was extraordinary and her sympathies were acute. She was always engaged in being helpful to her friends and neighbors, especially in sickness or in sorrow. "Love thy neighbor" was a natural impulse of her sympathetic heart, and the cordial friendship she extended to others equally attracted to her their love and affection. She had such an attachment for Talbotton and for her friends there that it took her many years to feel at home after the family removed to New York City. She was a kind and helpful neighbor, a devoted friend, and a self-sacrificing mother and wife. Her children were her jewels; she took the greatest pride in their education and advancement; she entered into their lives, studying the individuality of each, and encouraging them in their several spheres, always holding up the highest ideals for their attainment. Such qualities as these, glowing with the charm of simplicity and affection, have made their impress upon our generation, and garlanded the memories of Georgia mothers of bygone years with reverence and devotion.

Frances Isabella Garterey Urquhart Garrard (born, September 14, 1818; died, August 13, 1890), spent the early part of her life between her father's home in Augusta and his country place on the Savannah River, called "Hilton," after one of the ancestral homes of the Urquharts in Scotland. This life she varied by the usual visits of a Southern "belle" to neighboring States and to the North.

Her father, David Urquhart, was a Scottish gentleman of intense aristocratic prejudices, who led the customary life of a wealthy planter. He cared nothing for the ordinary inhabitants of the State, and when they came to his house made them go to the back door. He loved all beautiful things. With the Highlander's fondness for music, he was a fine violinist, played the flute, and possessed a good voice. From his inherited standard of a gentleman he never swerved.

"Un chevalier, n'en doutez pas,
Doit férir haut et parler bas."

David Urquhart came to Charleston from Cromarty, Scotland, 1796, on a visit which changed to permanent residence in this country. Chancing to accompany a friend, a young Virginia gentleman, Mr. MacGehee, to his father's home, for Sunday, and arriving too late for church, the two young men were ushered by mistake into a room where were gathered a crowd of negro children. These children were listening spellbound to "Dr. Dodd's Sermon," as recited by a young girl who stood upon a large linen chest, and who threw into her peroration a fiery eloquence generally lacking from the good doctor's words. This girl was Katherine Brooke Garterey MacGehee, the future Mrs. David Urquhart. She was the representative of Highland clans as old and as distinguished as that of the Urquharts, the MacGregors, and MacDonalds; a lineal descendant of King Robert II., and a woman noted for her beauty and for her gracious, winning manner.

Reared in this atmosphere, my grandmother, while of lovely character, intensely charitable and unselfish, absolutely refused to allow anybody to approach her socially, unless she considered them her equals in birth and standing. It gave her no pleasure to mingle with people at large.

On October 11, 1843, she was married to William Waters Garrard, of an ancient Huguenot family of England. Their early married life was spent in Columbus, Georgia, and Savannah; Columbus being finally selected for their permanent home. In the suburbs they built a palatial mansion, the third "Hilton," where my grandfather died in October, 1866.

This home, its elegance, and its liberal hospitality, became a byword in that section of the South. It was the seat of refinement, at which all strangers of any consequence visiting Columbus were entertained. During the war, commanding officers of that department, with their staffs, and the

officers generally on duty in and around Columbus, treated it as an "open house."

After the war, my grandmother could never conform to the new order of things. She saw people becoming prominent through the agency of money whom in her day she never recognized as her equals. She could not keep abreast of the times. Still, her life, beyond her constant amazement at the shifting kaleidoscope of society, was a happy one. A woman of her high intellectuality could never lack resources. She was an omnivorous reader, and few books, on any line, escaped her notice. She had the cultured taste in literature by which the Urquharts for many centuries—since old Sir Thomas Urquhart translated Rabelais—had been noted.

Up to the last year of her life she was a most imposing old lady. One could not say that she had the remains of great beauty, because the beauty still existed, in the shape of handsome hazel eyes, a marvellously regular profile, a humorous mouth, a well-preserved figure, and such a straight back that we were sure she must, when young, have spent several hours of each morning strapped to a board, like the little girls of Colonial days. That she had had some such rigid training we judged from the maxims she preached to her grandchildren—maxims original and otherwise, of which this one struck most terror to my soul: "If you play too roughly with your hands they will become so large and brawny that you cannot wear rings and bracelets when you are young ladies." And when her grandchildren were unusually noisy she silenced them with this trite bit of Goldsmith: "A loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind." We had a great awe and reverence of her, and decided that she had never laughed loudly in her life; in which premise we were quite correct.

She had an exquisite taste in dress, which took the form of perfection in details and fineness of materials rather than lavishness of display; in which she more nearly approached the French standard of the Faubourg St. Germain than is the case with most Americans. Her old-fashioned horror of publicity prevented her understanding the new type of woman who allowed her picture in the papers, and short paragraphs in her praise in the ten cent magazines. She was the ideal Southern gentlewoman, of low voice, and perfect modesty. And from her parents she had inherited a stately grace and bearing never seen in these latter days.

Col. William Urquhart Garrard, a prominent lawyer of Savannah; married Mary Robert Lawton of same city; lieutenant-colonel of Second Georgia Regiment in Spanish-American War; colonel of Savannah Volunteer Guards since 1882, up to their disbanding in 1900. During Civil War was promoted for bravery at Vicksburg by Gen. Stephen D. Lee; was assistant adjutant-general to Brigadier-General Peltus, but never left the fighting line until the end of the war. Served with the Thirty-first and Thirty-third Alabama Regiments; educated at Tuscaloosa Military Academy, and Lexington, Kentucky.

Eva Garrard, married Humphreys Castleman, of Kentucky.

Hon. Louis Ford Garrard, lawyer, of Columbus, Georgia. Married Anna Foster Leonard; served through Civil War with Nelson Rangers, and was commended for bravery at Franklin, Tennessee, and at Nashville, Tennessee, by Gen. Stephen D. Lee; educated at Tuscaloosa Military Academy, Alabama, and at the University of Kentucky, Lexington; took the law course at Harvard; sent to the Legislature in 1878; speaker of the House, 1882-1883; delegate to Chicago Democratic Convention, 1892.

Helen Augusta Garrard married John Thomas Glenn (son of Luther Judson Glenn and Mildred Lewis Rootes Cobb, his wife), April 26, 1873.

Gertrude Kate Garrard married James Walton Harris, of Columbia, Mississippi.

Ada Frances Garrard died in infancy.

Julia McPherson Berrien Whitehead was a daughter of Maj. John Berrien of the Continental army, also a member of the order of the Cincinnati, at one time secretary for Georgia, for that society. Major Berrien was only seventeen years old when appointed brigade-major.

Her mother was Williamira Sarah Eliza Moore, daughter of Dr. James W. Moore of Charleston, South Carolina. Julia M. Berrien was born in Savannah, Georgia, but when a small child, her mother having been left a widow, moved to Jefferson County, Georgia, and they lived on a plantation called "Oakland," near Louisville. She was said to be one of the most beautiful ladies of Georgia, and of brilliant intellect, she was quick at repartee, but never did her wit at any time embarrass those who were thrown in her society. She was indeed a womanly woman, so gentle, unselfish, and thoughtful, not only of her immediate family but of all who came in contact with her, she was truly loved by the rich and poor.

She was descended from an old Huguenot family of Berriens, who lived at Berrien, Finisterre, France; her ancestor, Charles Jansen Berrien, fled to Holland in 1685, at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he came to Newtown, Long Island, in 1669, where he married Jannettie Stryker, daughter of Jan Stryker. The Stryker or Van Stryker family have been noted for more than eight hundred years at The Hague.

On her mother's side, her progenitor was Sir John Moore, of Farley, Berkshire, England, who was knighted by Charles I., on May 21, 1627, he lost his life and fortune in the cause of the martyr king.

When Julia M. Berrien was fifteen years of age she was sought in marriage by the Hon. John Whitehead, of Burke County, Georgia. Judge Whitehead was an intimate friend of her brother, the Hon. John McPherson Berrien, and eighteen years older than Julia. She could remember when a tiny child he would visit at Oakland, and would make a great pet of her, taking her on his knee and calling her his little sweetheart; his love savored too much of a fatherly affection and she discarded him. At sixteen she was married to Dr. Lloyd Belt, a handsome young physician who had come to Georgia from Maryland. There were three children from this marriage, a daughter, the late Mrs. General Frederick Henningsen; and two sons, Dr. Richard Berrien Belt, and Dr. Lloyd Carleton Belt. They were prominent physicians. Dr. Carleton Belt lost his life in the Confederate War. When Dr. Belt died his widow was about twenty-two years old. Judge Whitehead had also married, and he had lost his wife. These two were again thrown together, and the love that had always been bright in his heart was offered again to the young widow. He was accepted, and it was his greatest pleasure to lavish every luxury that could be gotten in this country and England upon his beautiful young bride, whom he positively adored. There were eight children from this marriage. Two died in infancy. The six who lived to be grown were: Maj. John Randolph Whitehead and Maj. Charles Lowndes Whitehead. They were both in the war between the States, and

both wounded. The others were: Mrs. J. Gordon Howard, Mrs. Thomas W. Neely, Mrs. Charles Colcock Jones, wife of the historian for Georgia, and Mrs. Augustus Ramon Salas. Mrs. Salas was the first regent for Georgia, for the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was also one of three who founded the United States Daughters, 1812; she was regent general in charge of organization for the United States Daughters, 1812; she worked faithfully and arduously for both societies, and her work speaks for itself; Mrs. Salas' health became much impaired, and in 1895 she resigned.

Mrs. Julia M. Berrien Whitehead, from early womanhood, was a devoted Christian. Her family were Episcopalian, but when she married Judge Whitehead she united with the Presbyterian Church. The Whiteheads were Scotch Presbyterians, and were the founders of the Presbyterian Church in Waynesboro, Burke County, Georgia, and at Bath, Richmond County, Georgia. Mrs. Whitehead was the favorite sister of her brother, Hon. John McPherson Berrien, and her cousin and adopted brother, the late Governor Charles J. Jenkins, was devoted to her. Mrs. Whitehead died very suddenly, in the fifty-sixth year of her life, of heart disease; she was beautiful even then, her lovely dark-blue eyes had lost none of their lustre, and her complexion was still beautiful and scarcely a gray hair to be seen in her soft chestnut-brown hair. She was certainly a woman of whom it could be said, "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

Susan Ann Howard Smith. She sprung from a long line of distinguished ancestors on her father's side as well as that of her mother.

My mother's maiden name was Susan Ann (Susannah) Howard. Her father was John Howard, a Methodist preacher. Mr. Howard belonged to that family of Howards whose first American progenitor was John Heyward, of York River. He came to America as early as 1620, and was a member of the House of Burgesses during the time when Cromwell was the Protector. I think he was a Puritan, but not a Nonconformist. He died in 1661, and left two sons, John and William; from one of these my mother descended. Her grandfather was Thomas Howard, who married Mary Bayless. He certainly was not a Puritan, but his wife was one of the first Methodists in Virginia. He was a rollicksome blade, and her estate, for she was an heiress, except one plantation and forty negroes, went for his debts. When my great-grandmother was thrown upon her own resources she bought a home in Wilmington, North Carolina, and opened a boarding-house. My grandfather was a clerk in his brother's store when he was converted and became a Methodist. When he was of age he was licensed to exercise in public. He was not a preacher, but, as we Methodists call them, an exhorter. He married as soon as he was of age, Susannah Paythuss Hall. His wife, too, sprang from a family of English gentry, and was connected with the Pleasants and Paythuss families, and was named for Susannah Pleasants, a Quakeress, who preached. Her mother was Selina Lackey, who was named in honor of Selina, Countess of Huntington, the famous Methodist of the eighteenth century. My grandfather was not a preacher till 1817. He had a good house, servants, and a good income when a call came to him to enter the travelling connection of the Methodist Church. He yielded to the call and went to Georgetown. In my little book, "William Hall and His Friends," I have told the story of his first years as a travelling preacher. He was very popular and had the best stations, but his salary was small and his family growing, and he located and taught school in Charleston. A friend, who was a widow, died and left him a handsome bequest, and as he had been trained to trade, he went into business in Charleston. Here my mother received her first schooling, and in the little girl's story, of which I have told, the account of her sad experience is told as she told it. Mr. Howard was not at ease as a merchant, so he sold his property and moved to Georgia, and buying a town house in Greensboro and a plantation, he entered again on his work as a travelling preacher. My good mother had now an excellent teacher in Mrs. Scott, and went at twelve years of age to the best female academy in the State, the one at Sparta, taught by Mrs. Warner. Here she finished her education. The new city of Macon was laid out, and Mr. Howard bought a house in it. Before this, at old Hastings camp ground, my mother was happily converted, and joined the Methodist Church; she was then eleven years old. When the family moved to Macon she was only fourteen, but she taught in the first Sunday-

school in the city. My father, a talented young physician, was in Macon practising medicine. She had a long attack of illness. He attended her. She recovered, and her attending physician won her love, and they were married—he thirty-eight, she seventeen.

Up to this time life had been all sunshine, and the day grew brighter still. Her husband was pious, accomplished as a physician, and had a good practice. They had a home of their own, and a good family servant, and life was brightened by the coming of their first born. Then the shadows fell, the little boy died, her father died, the husband fell ill. An unwise entrance into mercantile life, an unwise removal to a new land, and disaster coming to ventures, for it was in 1837, when nearly all merchants failed, brought her into the deepest depths. It was then when I remember her first. The sweetness, the tenderness, the prayerful care of my mother in those earliest hours has gone with me to the present hour. We were in Oxford. Judge Longstreet, Bishop Andrew, Dr. Lane, Mrs. Judge Lamar, and people of that kind were her friends. There was no real want, but it was a life of trial. My father's practice was small, his income limited, and she had privations and cares that even now make my heart bleed, but she bravely struggled on. She taught her children; she taught the village school. My father thought he saw an opening for a better practice, and went to Atlanta. Thither we moved. She taught the first select French school in the young city. She had the best girls under her tuition, and the aid she gave my father enabled him to pay all men their dues. Then there came what might have been a brighter day, and she left the schoolroom, but her work was done, and in full sight of Heaven she passed from our sight when she was thirty-nine years old. The best people in Georgia knew her and loved her, but only her children knew her. I have known many women, and some have been very dear to me, but my mother stands higher in my estimate than any woman I ever knew. She never saw the results of her work, but it abides.

GEO. G. SMITH.

Catharine Huling Toombs, the mother of Robert Toombs, was born in Virginia, January 15, 1789, and died in Wilkes County, Georgia, May 11, 1848. Robert Toombs was a widower with one son five years of age when Catharine Huling, at the age of nineteen, became his wife. She was devoted to her stepson Lawrence Catlett Toombs, and he loved her as an own mother. Catharine Toombs became the mother of four sons and one daughter. They lived on their plantation, on Beaverdam Creek, five miles from Washington. Robert Toombs, with his younger brother Gabriel, rode into Washington to school when they were little fellows, Gabriel riding back of his brother and holding on to his coat. Mr. Toombs every day after breakfast had his children brought to him, and he played with them and talked with and learned to know them, and saw nothing more of them for the rest of the day. They ate at the nursery table. Necessarily these children fell more to the care and attention of their mother, who was untiring in love and affection. I imagine she had very little mirth or gladness in her nature. But her husband had enough of these traits for them both. The old daguerreotype of her represents a sweet-looking old lady, with black silk dress and lace collar; hands folded quietly in her lap; spectacles on her eyes (which were large and gray), that looked wide open and with a kind of firm patience in their expression—it is not a sad look, but rather brave, with fortitude. She was a woman to whom people in trouble intuitively turned, knowing they would find comfort, and she was a law unto herself. Being early left a widow, and not wishing to be separated from her boys during college life, she moved to Athens, Georgia, and stayed there while they were being educated. She idolized her daughter Sara Ann, who married Mr. Henry Pope, a gentleman of great charm of personality. After the marriage of her boys Robert and Gabriel, she lived with Gabriel. Her son James accidentally shot himself while hunting in the woods near his plantation home. He was engaged to be married to a relative of his half-brother Lawrence, a Miss Catlett, of Virginia.

Catharine Toombs was noted for refinement, godliness, and charity. She gave annually half of her income toward the maintenance and education of poor and orphan children. She was a woman of such spirituality that her influence always, even after death, was potently felt by her sons. Their pride was to deserve her approval. As late as 1899 Dr. Francis Willis of Richmond, Virginia, while on a visit to Washington, called to see the writer of this little sketch, and in the course of conversation he said: "I called on Mr. Gabriel Toombs this morning, and he told me a remarkable thing. Mr. Toombs said that he had never been in doubt as to the right course to pursue on any question of importance that he did not first pause, and ask himself, 'What would my mother advise?' and invariably he followed the course he thought she would approve, even though it might not be his preference. Mr. Toombs," said Dr. Willis, "is eighty-six years of age, and I consider that he told me a remarkable and beautiful experience."

What a wonderful influence that mother possessed! A woman who died at the age of fifty-nine, yet was the guiding influence of a son of eighty-six. This son, Gabriel Toombs, lived to be eighty-nine years of age, but his mother was always with him. Robert Toombs' chiefest aim was to have his mother's approbation, and with what pride her loving heart must have glowed when she looked upon this brilliant, beautiful, and devoted son! Her death was the immediate result of a broken heart. She could not live after the death of her idolized daughter, and without any apparent cause she died—her doctors said "of a broken heart."

The writer drove out to her grave yesterday, November 9th. She is buried near the old homestead, in a beautiful oak grove on a gentle slope. Rock walls enclose the ground, and ivy covers the ravages of time. The leaves were in their autumn hue, the air was balmy and sweet, and the repose that lies on every height lingered lovingly there where Catharine Toombs lies sleeping.

K. T. C.

Sarah Ellis Hardee, the mother of Lieut-Gen. Wm. J. Hardee, was born on Cumberland Island, Georgia, 1777.

Her father, Henry Ellis, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Georgia, in August, 1756. He had early distinguished himself as a student of the natural sciences, and by his enthusiasm for geographical discoveries, and was in 1746 selected by a committee of Parliament to find a new passage to the Pacific. He published a relation of his voyage and discoveries which was translated into German, French, and Dutch. The merit of the performance and the value of the service to the cause of science being so great, he was in 1749 elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The government also rewarded his services by appointing him deputy commissary general. Through the influence of his godfather, the Earl of Halifax, he received the nomination for the vacant government of Georgia, and was confirmed by the king in 1756. The "Gazette" of the day noticing the appointment adds, "Such an active, sensible, honest man is much wanted." The administration of Ellis was highly beneficial to Georgia. By nothing was his ability more tested than by his management of Indian affairs.

Governor Ellis's health being impaired, he resigned and returned to England, and was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia. Resigning this he located at Naples, pursuing his favorite maritime researches until he died in 1806.

During Governor Ellis's residence in Georgia, he had a home on Cumberland Island, and here in 1777 Sarah Ellis was born. Much of her young life was passed on this beautiful sea-girt island, wintering in Savannah. When seventeen years of age Sarah Ellis was married to Maj. John Hardee, and at their home "Rural Felicity," in Camden County, Georgia, their seven children were born: Thomas, Sarah, Noble, Carrie, Washington, and William Joseph; of these Thomas rose to distinction as a physician; Noble, a well-known and successful cotton merchant, of Savannah, Georgia; and William Joseph, the youngest, born 1818, entered the United States army as second lieutenant in 1838, in the class with General Beauregard. His advancement was so rapid that the Secretary of War sent him to the military school at St. Maur, France. He returned to America, and was one of the officers who crossed the Rio Grande with General Taylor in 1846. For gallantry on the field he was made brevet-major in 1847; was appointed to commander of cadets at West Point, in 1855, with rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1861 he resigned his commission in the United States army to enter the Confederate army as brigadier-general and was soon promoted to major-general.

General Hardee was in command of the Third Army Corps at Shiloh in 1862; was at Perryville, and distinguished himself at Murfreesboro and Chattanooga, and was made lieutenant-general. He surrendered to Sherman with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Durham, North Carolina, 1865. Gen. Hardee died November 6, 1873. As a tactician he is widely known, his "Hardee's Tactics" having been used in the United States army.

The capable mother did not live to enjoy her son's greatest honors—only the glowing promise of his early career. With quiet surroundings she lived her peaceful life, a devoted Christian and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. Her position as the wife of a planter and the mother of a large family, developed the strong as well as the gentle traits of her character. A devoted wife and affectionate mother, a kind mistress, over her children and slaves she exercised a watchful care, and often, on her nightly rounds, she would find her favorite child, William Joseph, by the light of a candle poring over his books in the late hours of the night.

Sarah Ellis and her husband lived their lives, died, and were buried at their old homestead, " Rural Felicity." Her tombstone inscribes the date of her death 1847, so she lived to the good old age of seventy-two.

SARAH R. TERRELL

Sarah R. Terrell, mother of Gov. Joseph M. Terrell.

"The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle care, a noble man."

The influence exerted by the mother in moulding the character, and fixing the destiny of the son, can never be fully, accurately estimated. It was the training of Hannah, the peerless mother of Israel, that gave to the Hebrews their wisest judge and most conservative leader, in the prophet Samuel. But for the early lessons instilled in the mind of the youthful Moses, by his mother, Jocabed, he might have preferred the learning and riches of Egypt to the dangerous task of braving Pharaoh's wrath, and becoming the leader of God's chosen people through the Red Sea, and the wilderness and deserts of Arabia, to the promised Canaan. Coriolanus, when all efforts had failed, was persuaded by his mother to withdraw his victorious legions from the gates of Rome, and lost his life at the hands of his infuriated soldiers.

"Oh, wondrous power! how little understood,
Entrusted to the mother's hand alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,
Inspire a West, or train a Washington."

Such a mother was Mrs. Sarah R. Terrell, the mother of Gov. Joseph M. Terrell. Like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, she regarded her five manly boys, and her lovely daughter, as her most precious jewels, and cherished them accordingly. Her father, Dr. J. W. Anthony, was a skilled and well-beloved physician, prominent in his church, and leader among his fellow men. He belonged to the family of that name in Eastern Georgia, distinguished in medical annals and successful practice. Her mother, Martha Render, was descended from the best people in Wilkes Co. A good neighbor and devoted Christian, her daughter enjoyed the finest training possible to fit her for the high duties of wife and mother. To this training was added the highest culture and education obtainable from the best schools of the day. She was a graduate of the Southern Female College, at La Grange, when the gifted Bacon was at its head. Leaving college a beautiful, accomplished, and amiable young lady, she became the light and life of every social circle, so that when Dr. J. E. G. Terell won her heart and hand he was the envy of many a gallant suitor.

She was well fitted to adorn the happy home which she and her noble husband combined to make the abode of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty. The duties of an active and extensive practice calling the father from home much of the time, to Mrs. Terrell was left the task of training the young

minds of her sprightly, handsome boys. Though full of life, and in every-day contact with the boys, good and bad, in a small country village, her sons were never charged with any of the youthful, thoughtless improprieties that occurred in the town. At school they were neatly attired, most exemplary in deportment, and first in all their classes. At church and Sunday-school their places were never vacant, and they never showed by irreverent conduct a forgetfulness that they were in God's house. She made home so pleasant, so attractive, that to her children it was the most delightful place on earth; and her boys were not to be seen on the streets at unseemly hours.

Mrs. Terrell was gifted with the rare talent of impressing her own individuality and admirable traits of character upon the children that blessed her home. Her firmness was devoid of harshness, and her rebukes always given in love. Good books were put in the hands of her loved ones and bad ones kept away.

It is no wonder that with such care and training all her sons have grown to be men conspicuous for ability and usefulness. In the ranks of medicine and law—two are physicians and two are members of the legal profession—and active business life, they achieved notable success. Her only daughter, Mrs. Hines Holt, of Columbus, is a most admirable, accomplished and Christian lady.

It was once said that the mother of Washington lived anew in the noble life and deeds of her illustrious son. So are the rare virtues and graces of Mrs. Terrell reproduced in the attainments and records of her children.

Perhaps the most fitting tribute that could be paid this good mother is the epitaph that Governor Terrell had placed upon the beautiful shaft erected by the children over the remains of the precious mother in the village cemetery at Greenville. It reads as follows:

" Sarah Rebecca Terrell, eldest daughter of Dr. Joseph W. and Martha Render Anthony,

Born in Wilkes County, Georgia, August 13, 1832,

Joined Baptist Church in Greenville in 1853. Married Dr. J. E. G. Terrell, April 2, 1856.

Died December 9, 1895."

" In memory of our devoted mother. She lived the life of the righteous, and died in the full triumphs of the Christian's faith. She ruled wisely and well in her household; moulding and shaping the characters of her loved ones so as to render them useful here, and the recipients of everlasting happiness in the world to come. Adorned with the graces of a true believer, she possessed the virtues that the wise man valued as beyond the price of rubies.

" Her love blessed her children while she lived and will ever remain a precious legacy."

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